★ June 3, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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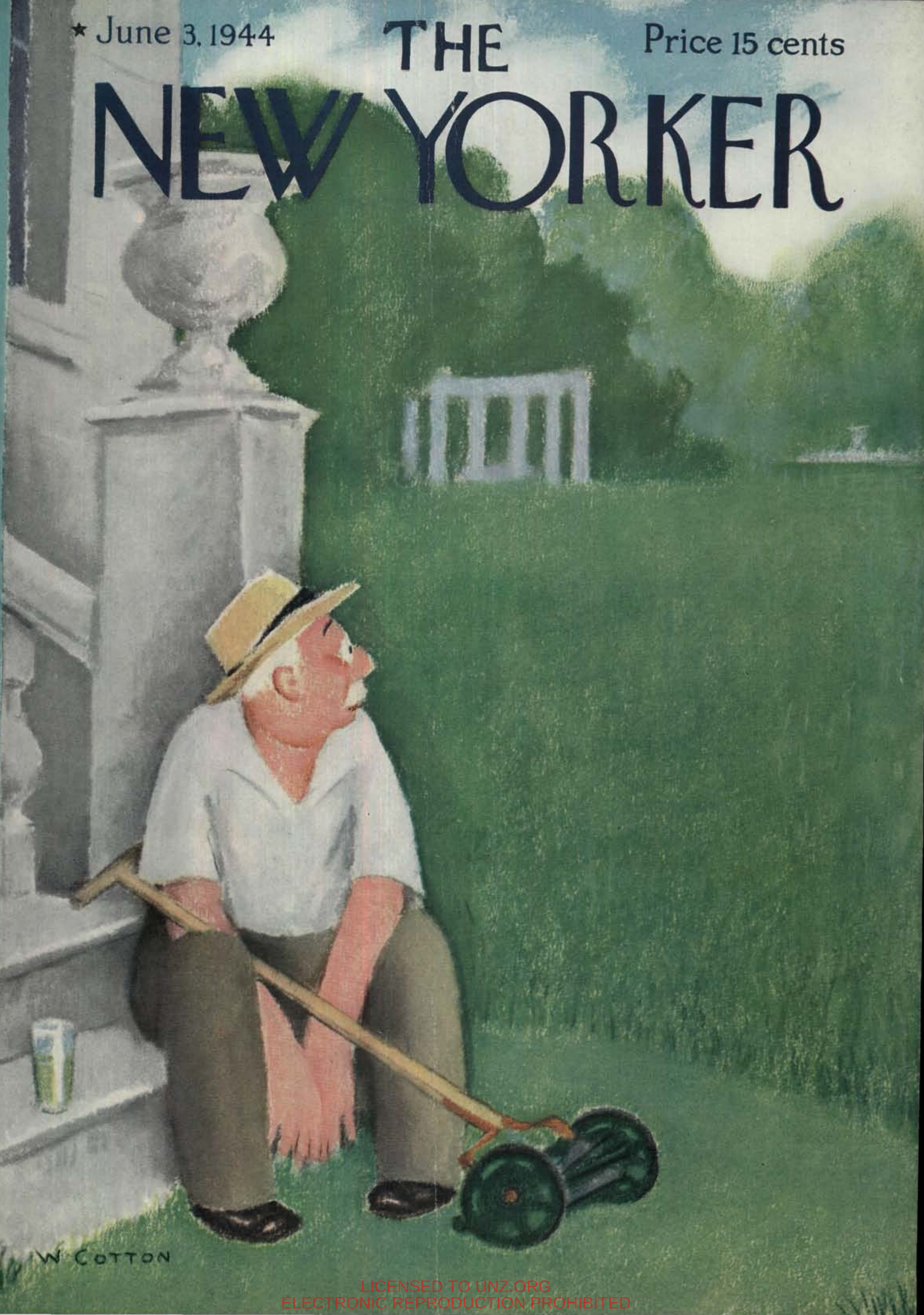

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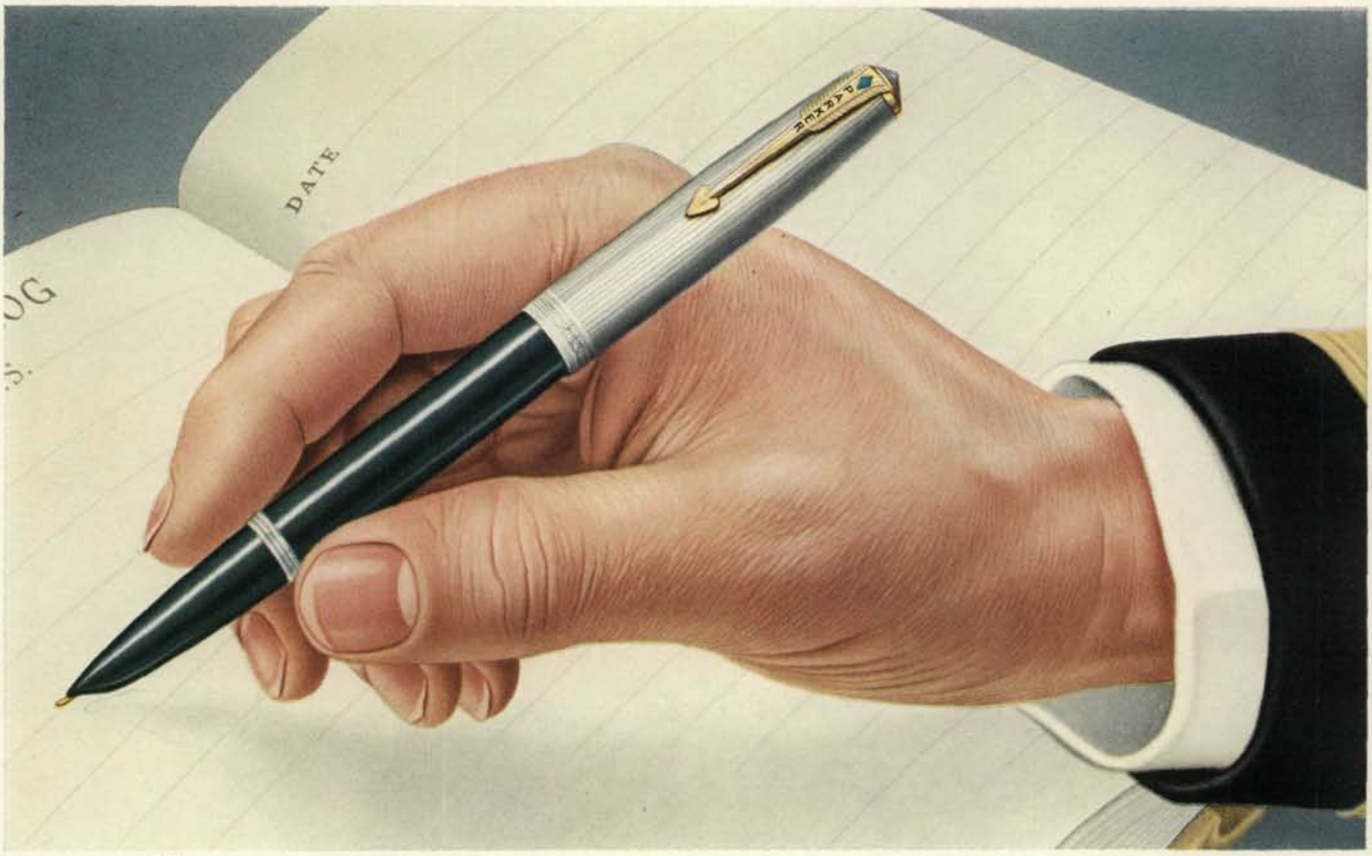

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CHANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller, now in its third year, by the author of "Rope's End." With Viola Keats and Cecil Humphries. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is in its fourth year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Career Angel—Brother Seraphim (Whitford Kane) and his Guardian Angel (Glenn Anders) prove that faith can remove mortgages. A mild little play for a very special public. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband, with a cast headed by Mary Philips and Sidney Blackmer. You might do much worse. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. With Raymond Greenleaf and Gwen Anderson. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The ladies who upset the government—Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan—will be replaced on Mon., June 5, by Betty Furness, Leila Ernst, and Peggy French. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs., except June 1, and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith head a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—A magnificent production, staged by Margaret Webster and sponsored by the Theatre Guild. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. Among the others are Uta Hagen and James Monks. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Over Twenty-One—A comedy by and with Ruth Gordon that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officer Candidate School. Not as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Pick-Up Girl—A rather glum sociological document explaining how little girls happen to take up with sailors. The action takes place in a courtroom, with William Harrigan in charge. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Thurs. and Mon., June 1 and 5, at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—A melodramatic farce that is too amateurish and confused to be quite satisfactory, but Zasu Pitts may make you laugh. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Thurs. and Mon., June 1 and 5, at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing to her admirers. Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Barbara O'Neil, and Montgomery Clift are in it. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. The cast includes Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, Una Merkel, and William Wadsworth. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

WINTER GARDEN
WINTER GARDEN
MEXICAN HAYRIDE
ZANZIBAR

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 10.

Tomorrow the World—A sober, if not always credible, attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. Skippy Homeier and Shirley Booth will leave the cast on Sat., June 3. Conrad Nagel will stay on. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 5-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Wallflower—A plain girl gets her man in an almost completely typical farce. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Dream with Music—Vera Zorina falls asleep at her typewriter and wakes up in Bagdad. Big and expensive but not very bright. With Joy Hodges, Ronald Graham, and Leonard Elliott. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a musical about nothing very much. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Frank Parker, Irina Baronova, and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Helen Goes to Troy—Quite a lot of new minds have collaborated with Offenbach on this revival of "La Belle Hélène," and the result may be a little untidy. The music, however, is lovely, and attractive people like Jarmila Novotná, Ralph Dumke, and Ernest Truex ornament the cast. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Celeste Holm, Joseph Buloff, and Betty Garde are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services, Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Pershing Square.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. Milton Berle is in charge of a very large cast. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

A Strange Play—A play by Patti Spears, with "According to Law," by Noel Houston, as a curtain-raiser. Produced and directed by Eugene Endry. Opens Thurs., June 1. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

That Old Devil—J. C. Nugent and Luella Gear in a comedy written and staged by Mr. Nugent and produced by Lodewick Vroom. Opens Mon., June 5. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

New York City Center—A revival of "The New Moon," the first of a series of operettas and musical comedies to be presented here. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Roller Skating Show—An extravaganza staged by Gae Foster. Opens Sat., June 3. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly, except Fri., June 9, at 8:30. Mat. Sun., June 4, at 2:30.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group in "A Mortal in Fairyland," "The Enchanted Spring," and "Troubles of Mother Goose," Sat., June 3 and 10, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.) . . . The Dramatic Workshop of the New School presenting "Kings in Nomania," Sat., June 3, at 3 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. For tickets, call GR 7-8464.)

Dance Recital—Pearl Primus and her group, Thurs., June 1, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Hall, Park at 69.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's mannerly orchestra plays in this pleasant, summery room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, and Mildred Bailey, who are par for anyone's course; Bill Harris's orchestra for dancing.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The old, original, down-cellar stand, with jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra, folk songs by Josh White, and piano music by Bonds and Cook.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Life in a boiler factory, with a rambling show and a couple of or-

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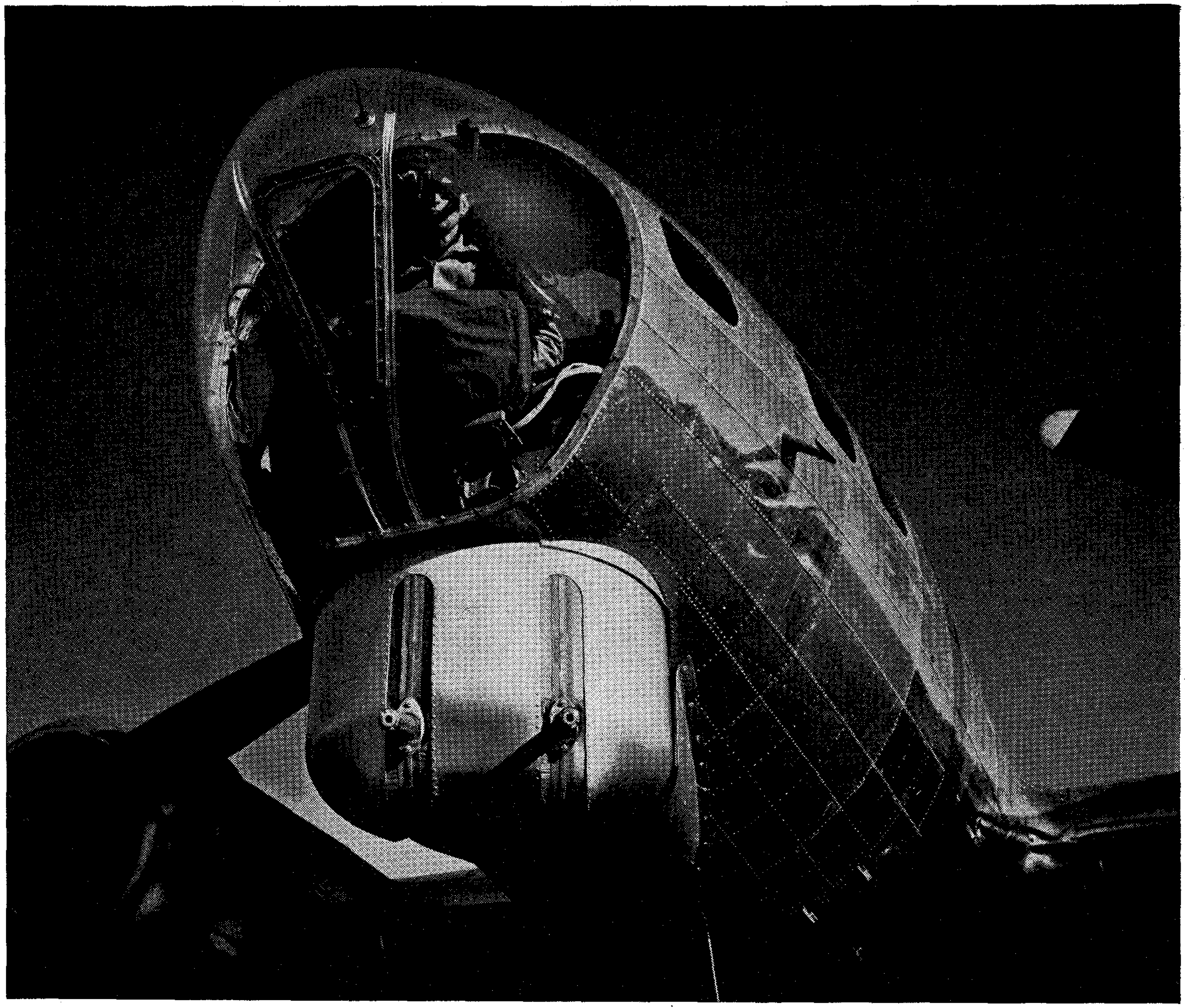

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chestras. . . . The gaudy Copa Bar has the Marty Reid Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Peacock Alley, Vanity Fair, and Navy Day rolled into one. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play for the parade.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Houseparty atmosphere, aided and abetted by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras after 10 P.M.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very pretty in its new spring dress. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band. Joe Ricardel's band plays for tea dancing daily.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mind reader, and Stanley Melba's orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde singing and romping in the Persian Room for dinner and supper. Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just the place for a romantic summer vacation, with Fred Miller's orchestra for dinner and supper dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge, large and dressy, offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folks at home. Peyson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has upper-register songs by Morton Downey at the supper hour and dance music by George Hamilton's orchestra throughout the evening. Mischa Borr's orchestra helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey being very funny in a very fine show which also includes Billie Holiday being very blue. . . . **blue angel,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): dim and handsome, with bright and handsome entertainment by the Revuers, Eddie Mayehoff, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Stuart Ross. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy and her songs about life in the big city. . . . **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): a new décor as background for old favorites on Roger Stearns' piano.

Miscellaneous—At the **versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson and some tasty show girls; Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): little and luxurious; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): cheerful and casual; George Morris's orchestra plays for dancing from 11 P.M. on. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **astor roof,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James' orchestra. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra will be replaced by Harold Stern's on Sat., June 3; dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Tony Pastor's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.

●

Mostly for Music—At **nick's,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Bobby Hackett, and Eddie Condon are nearing their Diamond Jubilee here; no dancing. . . . **pied piper,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's new hot band and unique piano solos by James P. Johnson; no dancing. . . . **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): the Clarence Profit Trio makes it one of the town's best cellars. . . . **onyx,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): nobby jazz by the Al Casey Trio, Oscar Pettiford's band, and Hot Lips Page; no dancing. . . . **downbeat club,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' eminent saxophone and his band; no dancing. . . . **three deuces,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Harry Gibson's mad singing and piano playing, and, beginning Fri., June 2, still more piano playing by Art Tatum; a small band for dancing. . . . **hickory house,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Red Norvo, his vibraphone, and his sextet at work behind the bar; no dancing. . . . **ringside,** 8 Ave. at 49 (LO 3-8084): over where the Wild, Wild West begins, but it has Wilbur de Paris's fine hot band. . . . **jimmy ryan's,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio thumping away; no dancing.

Al-Fresco—The **claremont inn,** Riverside Dr. at 124: for the fine view of the Hudson and (after 9:30 P.M.) dance music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53: lunch and tea are served in the garden. . . . **central park zoo:** the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but pleasant for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 10.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave.: the **brevoort,** 5 Ave. at 8; **fifth avenue hotel,** 5 Ave. at 9; and **longchamps,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way at 155—The annual show of work by new members and winners of scholarship grants. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 30.

Clay Bartlett and Arthur K. D. Healy—Paintings and water colors: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 3.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, prints, furniture, and costumes, from the Museum's collections, reflecting the cultural life of America from 1744 to the present. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 22.

Cloisters, Fort Washington Ave. at 191—The history of falconry, shown in medieval tapestries, illuminated manuscripts, and falconers' equipment. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Folk Art—Early American paintings and some quilts: Folk Arts Center, 670 5 Ave., at 53. Tues. through Sat., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 15.

French—At the **bignou,** 32 E. 57: Dufy, Picasso, Lurçat, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 10. . . . **feigl,** 601 Madison, at 57: contemporary water colors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 10. . . . **rosenberg,** 16 E. 57: Gauguin, Pissarro, Manet, Corot, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **american british art center,** 44 W. 56: paintings from Corot to Picasso; also, drawings by Robert Henri; a benefit for the Red Cross. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through June 23. . . . **niveau,** 63 E. 57: Derain, Utrillo, Matisse, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31.

Groups—At the **rehn,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: new work by members of the gallery's group, including Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, and Edward Hopper. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **babcock,** 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 2. . . . **o'connor,** 35 Jane, at 8 Ave.: work by Patrick and Roderic O'Connor, Maxim Kopf, Aristide Mian, and others in this new gallery's first show. Weekdays 2 to 10 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **perls,** 32 E. 58: Darrel Austin, Carol Blanchard, Frederick Haucke, and others who have exhibited here during the past season. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **contemporary arts,** 106 E. 57: recent paintings by Stephen Csoka, Louis Bosa, Gerard Hordyk, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **argent,** 42 W. 57: new work by the National Association of Women Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 23. . . . **buchholz,** 32 E. 57: twentieth-century painting and sculpture by Braque, Masson, Despiau, Lipchitz, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 1. . . . **downtown,** 43 E. 51: Raymond Breinin, Charles Sheeler, Jacob Lawrence, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

Iranian Institute, 9 E. 89—A large but hodgepodge collection of Persian, Indian, and Chinese art. Weekdays 2 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

María—Sculpture and sculptured jewels: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 3.

Joseph Meierhans—Abstractions: Artists', 43 W. 55. Tues., 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 10.

Carlos Mérida—Recent paintings by the Mexican artist: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 9.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—All the Museum's old masters brought out of hiding, hung against a newly decorated background; also (through Sept. 30), Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and a large loan show of Russian ikons. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Mané-Katz—Painting and sculpture: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 3.

Peter Miller—Paintings influenced by American Indian art: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 2.

Joan Miró—Pastels, oils, and gouaches: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 3.

Enrique Moret—Sculpture: New School, 66 W. 12. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 24.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An anniversary exhibition of the development of modern art in painting, sculpture, architecture, industrial art, photography, the theatre, and motion pictures. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 8.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—Graphic arts in the 118th annual show. Weekdays 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 24.

New York—Paintings of the city by artists of various nationalities, including Moïse Kisling, Maxim Kopf, William Gropper, and Reginald Marsh: American Common, 40 E. 40. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. (also Tues. and Wed. Eves., 7:30 to 10); through July 1.

B. J. O. Nordfeldt—New paintings: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 10.

Waldo Peirce—Recent oils: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 3.

Pre-Columbian Sculpture—Stone figures and implements from Costa Rica, Guerrero, Vera Cruz, and from the Aztecs: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., June 5.

Luis Quintanilla—A group of water colors and pastels with the war in Europe as the theme: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 2.

Sally Ryan—Many heads and a few heroic figures by the sculptress: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 3.

Louis Schanker—Woodcuts in color: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30.

Seventeenth-Century Dutch—Thirty-eight paintings which have never before been shown in this country: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 3.

Note—The semi-annual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will be open daily through June 11, from 11 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

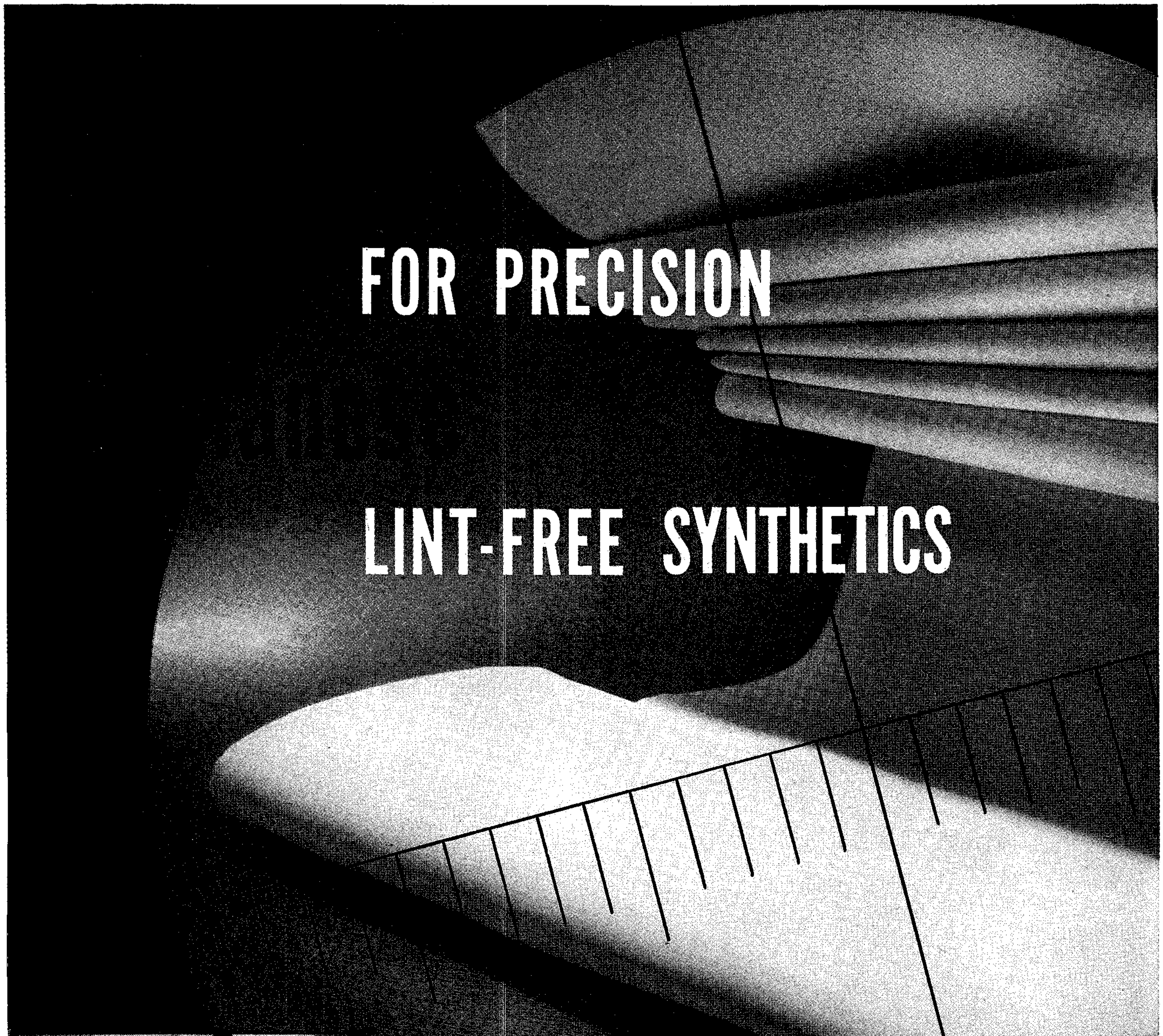
All-Nations Concert—Alexander Kipnis, bass; Zinka Milanov, soprano; Ray Lev, piano; and others, including a few speakers, in a program in support of the "Free Port for Refugees" movement. Sat., June 10, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

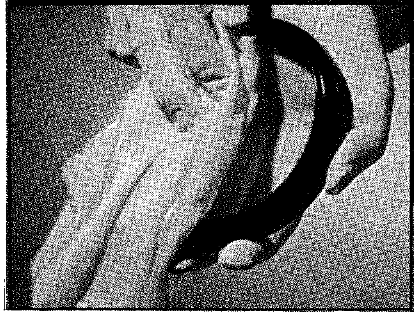
Museum Concert—Webster Aitken, piano; a string quartet; and others playing music by Virgil Thomson, with commentary by Mr. Thomson. Sun., June 4, at 4 P.M. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **polo grounds:** Giants vs. Chicago, Thurs., June 1, at 8:45 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri. and Sat., June 2-3, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., June 4 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M.; Giants vs. Boston, Wed., June 7, at 8:45 P.M., and Thurs., June 8, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Sat., June 10, at 8:45 P.M. . . . **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs., June 1, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Fri., June 2, at 8:45 P.M., Sat., June 3, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., June 4 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Tues., June 6, at 8:45 P.M., and Thurs., June 8 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri., June 9, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., June 10, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Tippy Larkin vs. Freddie Archer, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 2; Al Davis vs. Henry Armstrong, welter-





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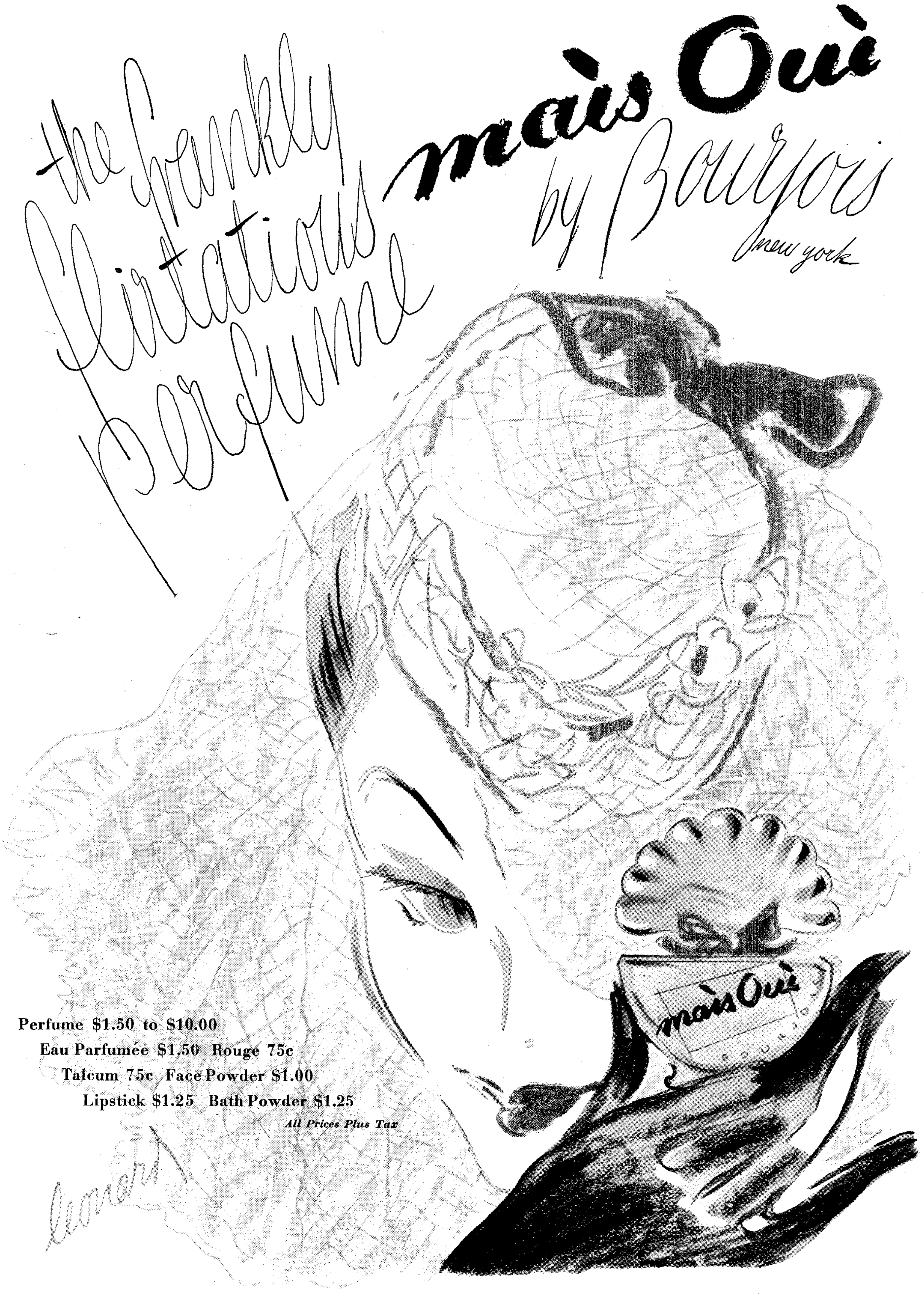
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 10.

weights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 9. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Racing—Daily at Belmont at 1:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 3. (The National Stallion and the Belmont, June 3.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Thurs. and Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:30 P.M. . . . Weekdays at Aqueduct at 2 P.M.; beginning Mon., June 5. (Queens County Handicap, June 5; Carter Handicap, June 10.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:20 P.M.

Track—Metropolitan A.A.U. Championship Meet, Sat., June 10, at 1:30 P.M., at Randalls Island.

Trotting—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L. I., at 8:40 P.M.; through July 15. (A special train will leave Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Championship regatta on the Sound: Knickerbocker Y.C., Sun., June 4, at 1:45 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 50: the development of the U. S. Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use; also, an Army Air Forces show featuring a P-47 fighter plane and gun turrets and other plane equipment. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 15. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER, 9 W. 54: action photographs of the war in the Pacific, taken by W. Eugene Smith. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . FREEDOM HOUSE, 5 W. 54: "Underground Europe," an exhibition of anti-Fascist material smuggled out of Nazi-occupied countries, including photographs, newspapers, and a small model of a printing press used by the underground movement. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 10.

City Planning—New York City's postwar plan for new health centres, parks, schools, airports, etc., shown in a large exhibition of scale models, maps and architects' plans: 500 Park, at 59. Mon., Wed., and Fri., 1 to 9 P.M.; and Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

Communications—Old and modern telegraph, radio, and telephone equipment, including a replica of Samuel Morse's first telegraph: New York University, 100 Washington Sq. E. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 8 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Wed., June 7.

Americana—At the MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: life-size tableaux of scenes along the New York waterfront a century ago, and ship models, paintings, and prints of the period, in a show celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the Seamen's Church Institute. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 5. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: models of famous old American ships; old uniforms, logs, and letters; the diary of an ensign who was with Perry in Japan; and other material relating to the history of the U.S. Navy. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

Latin America—The history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating from 1500 to 1900: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Religious symbolism, shown in a collection of illuminated manuscripts from the ninth through the sixteenth centuries. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 20.

Planetarium—"The Sun and Eclipses" is the title of the June lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Georgian and Continental silver and English furniture owned by Emil and Gertrude Turnovsky and the late Frank Scott Geerish, Ernest M. Currier, and others: Thurs. and Fri., June 1-2, and Wed. through Fri., June 7-9, at 2 P.M. . . . Books on Oriental art, formerly owned by Yamanaka & Co., and to be sold by the U.S. Government: Tues., June 6, at 2 and 8:15 P.M., and Wed., June 7, at 8:15 P.M.

ON THE AIR

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Vladimir Golschmann conducting, Sun., June 4, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Jazz concert, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., June 3 and 10, at 3:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Racing: the Belmont, Sat., June 3; Carter Handicap, Sat., June 10; at 4:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Boxing: Tippy Larkin vs. Freddie Archer, Fri., June 2; Al Davis vs. Henry Armstrong, Fri., June 9; at 10 P.M., WOR.

News Commentators—Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Waverley Root, Sat. at 7:30 P.M., WAAT. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, nightly at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Fri. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

News via Short Wave—Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

MOTION PICTURES

The Bridge of San Luis Rey—Rather extravagantly different from the book, but tolerable when judged on its own merits. Lynn Bari, Francis Lederer, Akim Tamiroff, Nazimova, and Louis Calhern. (Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., June 5. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. and Sun., June 3-4. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., June 5-7. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., June 6-7.)

The Eve of St. Mark—A fine picture about a soldier at home and at war, very possibly better than the play it was adapted from. Anne Baxter, William Eythe, and Vincent Price. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

Going My Way—Light, agreeable tribute to the Catholic clergy, with Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald, and Risë Stevens. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

The Hitler Gang—Hitler and his gang portrayed, with surprising authenticity, by Robert Watson, Roman Bohnen, and others. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., June 2.)

It Happened Tomorrow—Lively developments arising from a man's getting the morning paper twenty-four hours ahead of time. Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie. (Gotham, B'way at 47.)

Jane Eyre—A pretty good adaptation except for the acting of Orson Welles, which is weird. Joan Fontaine is Jane, and there's also Henry Daniell. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Sun. and Mon., June 4-5.)

Lady in the Dark—A lady editor's dream world, in color, with costumes to end all costumes. Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., June 5. . . . Ziegfeld, 6

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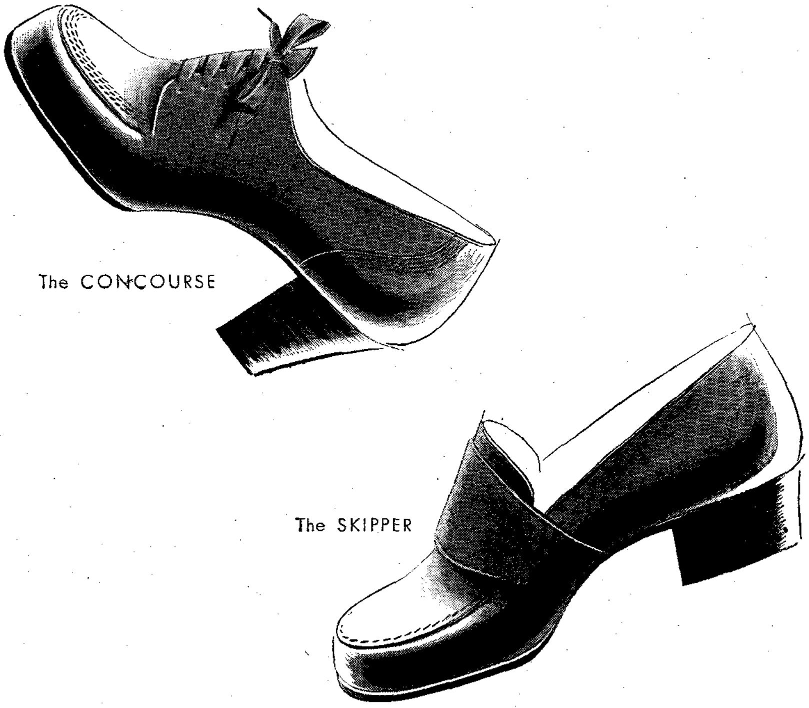

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 54; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., June 7.)

The Memphis Belle—An exciting Army documentary about a bombing mission over Wilhelmshaven. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., June 2. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., June 2-5. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., June 3-5.)

Mr. Skeffington—A long, uneven one about a man and his skittish wife. You've got to like Bette Davis, but many do. She's the wife and Claude Rains is the man. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The Negro Soldier—An Army documentary affording some overdue recognition to Negroes past and present. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., June 5.)

The Purple Heart—Grim speculation on the ordeal of the captured Tokio fliers. Dana Andrews, Sam Levene, and John Craven. (77th Street, B'way at 77; Tues. through Sat., June 6-10.)

See Here, Private Hargrove—Basic training without tears. Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Song of Bernadette—A nicely handled adaptation of Franz Werfel's book. The rôle of the girl who saw the visions at Lourdes is played by Jennifer Jones, and she is supported by Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Sun., June 4.)

Up in Arms—Danny Kaye in the Army, with a faint plot also involving Dana Andrews, Dinah Shore, and Constance Dowling. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., June 2. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., June 2-5. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., June 3-5.)

REVIVALS

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 9.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. and Sat., June 2-3.)

Cavalcade (1933)—Noel Coward's account of England during two wars. Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., June 1. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. and Sat., June 2-3.)

Elephant Boy (1937)—An elephant hunt in India. With Sabu. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., June 2. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., June 4-6.)

The Constant Nymph (1943)—The latest version of the old reliable story. Joan Fontaine, Charles Boyer, and Alexis Smith. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. and Mon., June 4-5.)

Four Feathers (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, in Technicolor. Ralph Richardson and June Duprez. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., June 2. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., June 4-6.)

Holy Matrimony (1943)—Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," with Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., June 5.)

Joy of Living (1938)—Fluffy little comedy with Kern music, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., June 1.)

The Life and Loves of Beethoven (1937)—A serious biographical study. In French, with Harry Baur. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Fri., June 2.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. German film with English dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. and Wed., June 6-7.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Bernard Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 1.)

Man Hunt (1941)—Spies and sportsmen in Germany and England. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. and Wed., June 6-7.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden, and Cary Grant as her husband. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. and Mon., June 4-5.)

Next of Kin (1943)—A British thriller proving that mum, in wartime, is the word. With Nova Pilbeam. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., June 1.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 9.)

The Young Mr. Pitt (1943)—England at the time of Napoleon. With Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., June 6-8.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on

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the following schedule: **THURS., JUNE 1:** the history of animation from 1933 to 1941. . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., JUNE 2-4:** eight short dance sequences from various films (1909-1936) featuring, among others, Anna Pavlova, Rudolph Valentino, Joan Crawford, and Fred Astaire. . . . **FROM MON., JUNE 5:** four documentary films produced by the Office of War Information.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours a week in Department of Health clinics assisting in vision tests, etc.; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings and filling kits for servicemen to take overseas; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women to spend as much time as they can spare in A.W.V.S. work shops making layettes and children's clothes for Army and Navy relief; women to put in about three hours a week preparing and serving refreshments in war-plant cafeterias. . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to work three hours a day, twice a week, as clinic aides, librarians, or aides in children's wards; men to serve in hospitals during the day or evening as messengers, elevator operators, porters, or dietary or ward aides.

NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23rd (AL 4-8500).

SALVAGE—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—Russian War Relief, 11 E. 35th, is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send to the Soviet. Bundles will be collected by most laundry drivers, or, for the address of the nearest receiving centre, call LE 2-4927. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., 325 E. 38th, which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. For the address of the nearest receiving centre, call LE 2-0886. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to contribute for servicemen. At the moment there is a demand for pocket-size books, small games, playing cards, portable phonographs, and radios. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. . . . Musical instruments of all kinds, from ukuleles to pianos, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60th (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3 Ave. at 63rd, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 1476). . . . The Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50th (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French servicemen in this country and in Canada. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Council's offices.

PRESIDENT TAFT GAVE THE STARTING SIGNAL

IT is June 1, 1909. For weeks the newspapers have been full of the exciting story. Now, before the New York City Hall five "horseless carriages"—an Acme, a Shawmut, an Itala and two Model-T Fords—are standing hub to hub.

Anxiously mechanics make final adjustments. Then, from the White House, President Taft flashes the starting signal. America's first transcontinental auto race is under way!

West of St. Louis, seven-day rains had turned the country roads into quagmires. Across the prairies and in Colorado average speeds were cut to ten miles an hour.

At Cheyenne, Wyoming, the big Itala quit the race. The others plowed on. Near the summit of the Cascades they fought their way against towering snow drifts.

Days later, Ford Car Number 2—the winner—entered the gates of Seattle's Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. It had crossed the continent in 22 days and 55 minutes, with New York air still in the two front tires!

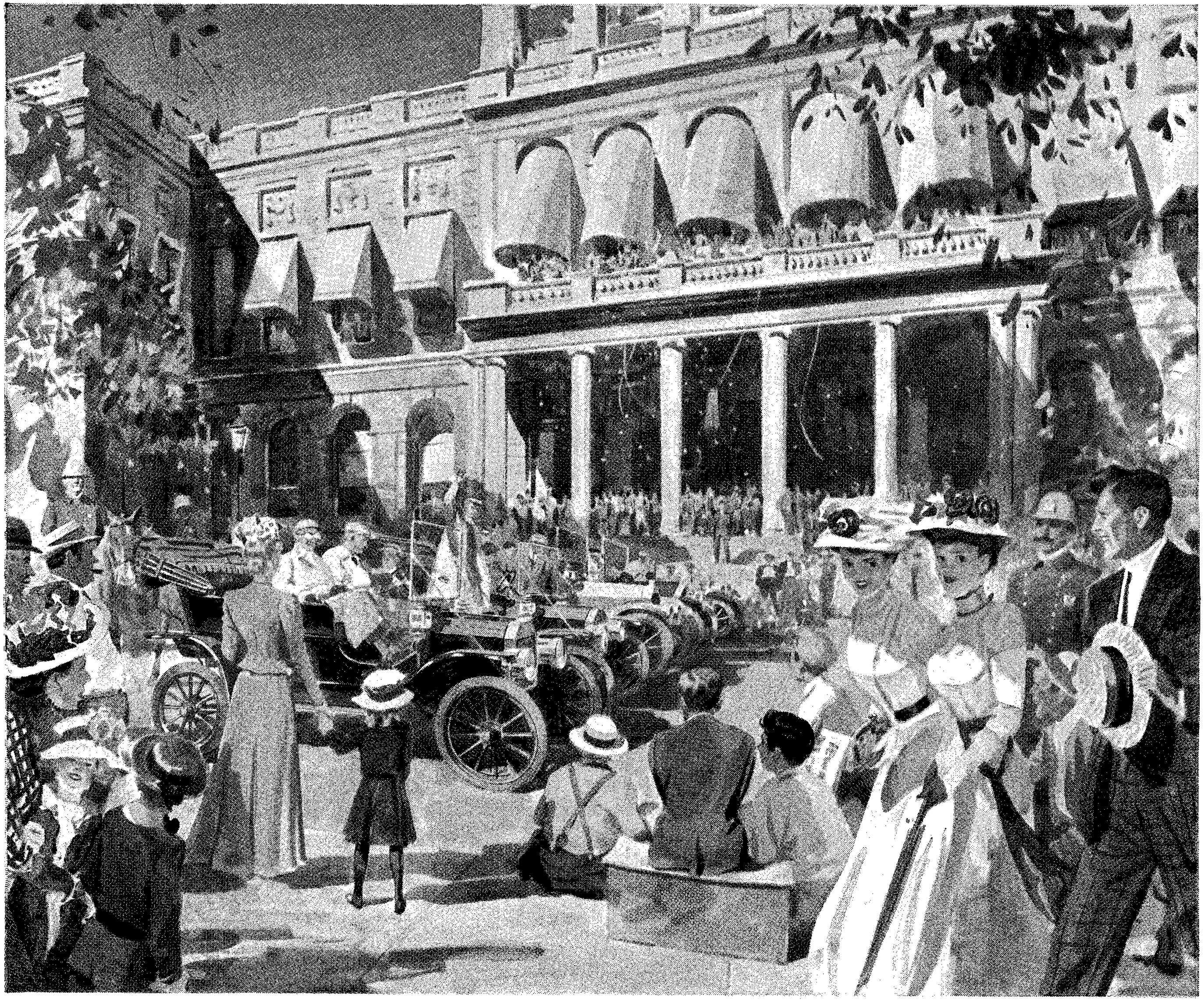
As he awarded the trophy Colonel M. Robert Guggenheim said: *"Mr. Ford's theory that a light-weight car, highly powered . . . can go places where heavier cars cannot go, and can beat heavier cars costing five and six times as much, on the steep hill or on bad roads, has been proved. I believe Mr. Ford has the solution of the problem of the popular automobile."*

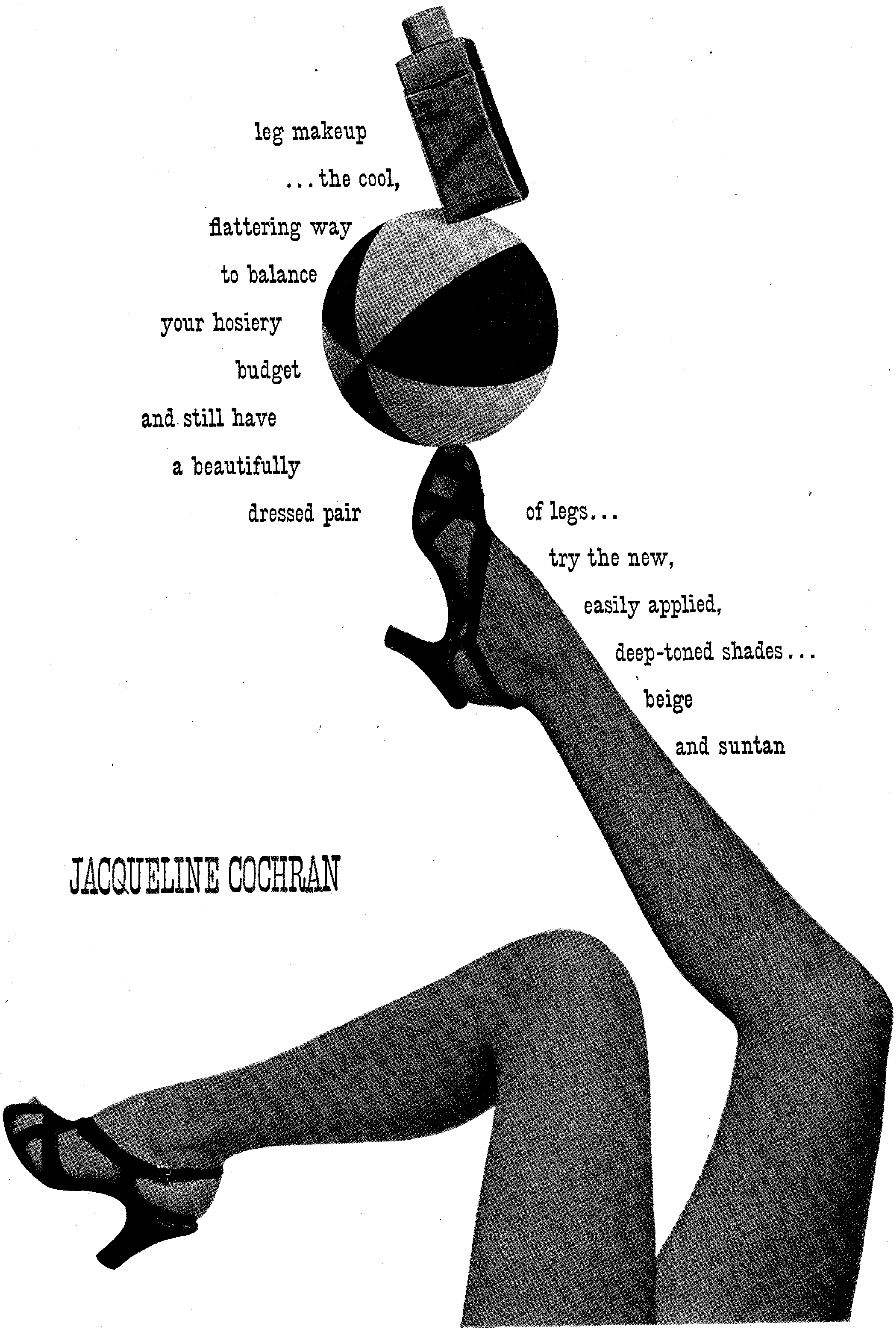
The proof of that statement no longer rests in a single car which won a race, but in the 30 million cars and trucks Ford has built since then. And today millions of them are providing reliable, economical transportation for wartime America.

Meanwhile the inventive genius and the precision skills associated with the name *Ford* continue to serve the nation in the mass production of giant aircraft and other means to victory.

In the days of peace ahead, Ford's resourcefulness in developing new ideas and new methods will again produce soundly-engineered motor cars, priced within the reach of the largest number of people.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY





leg makeup
. . . the cool,
flattering way
to balance
your hosiery
budget
and still have
a beautifully
dressed pair
of legs . . .
try the new,
easily applied,
deep-toned shades . . .
beige
and suntan

JACQUELINE COCHRAN

THE NEW YORKER

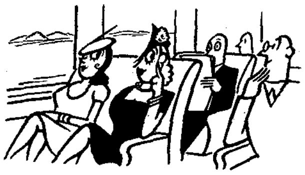
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOTE ON THE PROFESSIONAL EYE: A dentist we know reports seeing, on West Twenty-third Street, a spaniel with pronounced buck teeth.

POSSIBLY you have wondered, as we have, what happens to the sets of the Britannica which people win from "Information Please." We can pretty well clear the matter up now, because a friend of ours won a set not long ago and we followed subsequent events closely. There was a brief period when he lived with the books, thumbing them idly and making his plans. Then one day, when the conditions were right, he exchanged them for a humidifier.

THE case of the jolly girls on vacation from the Nifty Rooms, a bordello in Grand Island, Nebraska, managed to bring the Supreme Court right out into the open, robes and all. In a way it was a very queer decision. Obviously, nobody is violating the Mann Act when a Nifty Girl is outward bound in search of a much-needed rest, but on the homeward journey, when she's on her way back to the old grind—well, that's a nice question. The niftiness of the Rooms must have had something to do with the judges' deciding that the trip was innocent, both going *and* coming. The newspapers assured us that it was just a question of whether a prostitute is entitled to a vacation, and everybody breathed easier when the judges announced that she is. Made everything seem decent and fine out in Grand Island and gave a sort of solidity and grace (as well as a niftiness) to those Rooms.



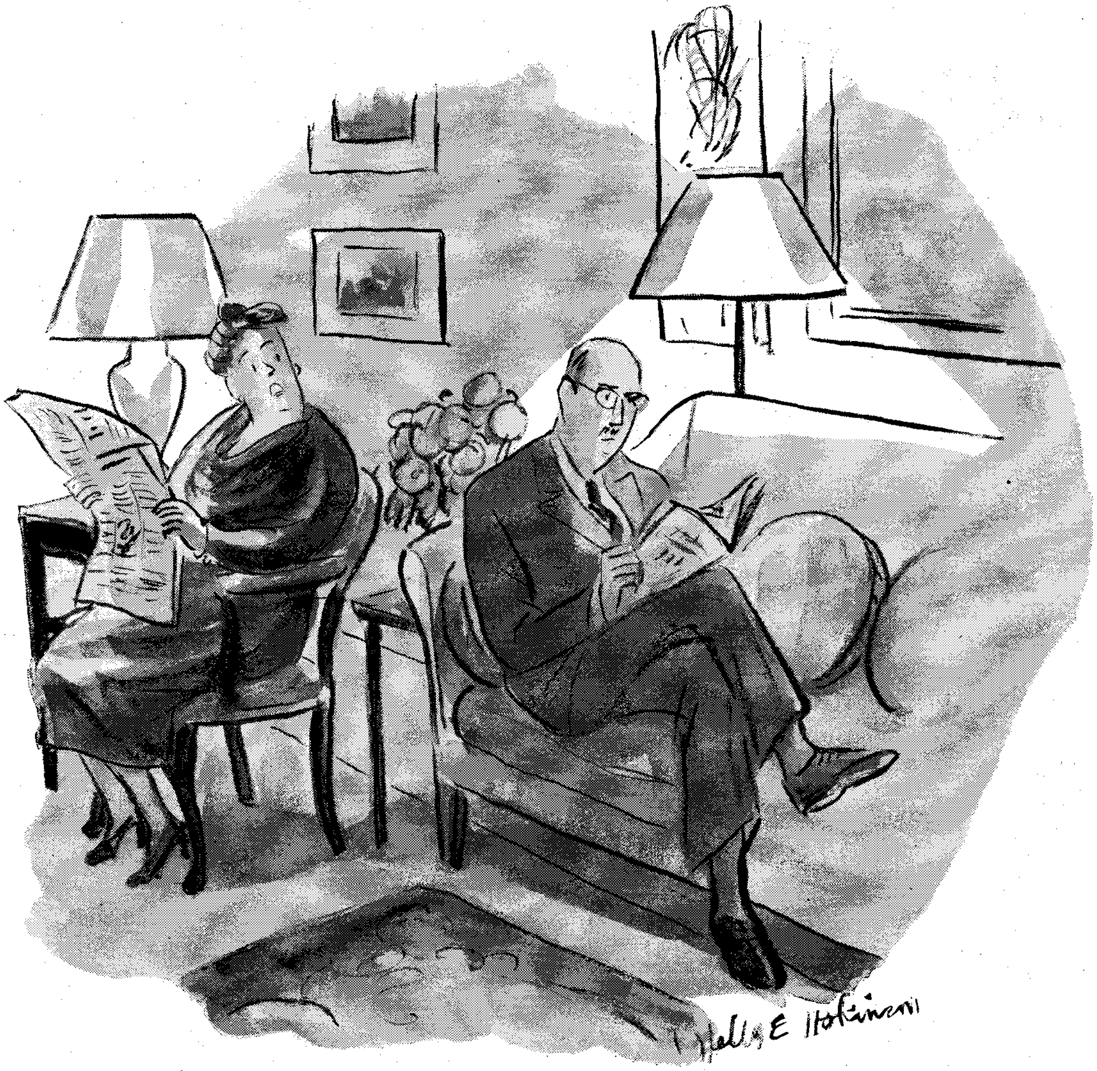
GIMBEL is advertising a ouija board made of a washable plastic, $1.69, and as far as we are concerned the ouija board is out forever. No object made of bakelite or plastex can have for us any suggestion of darkness and mystery or the redolence of dim, panelled rooms and secret trap doors, and we don't believe that contact with the other world can be established for $1.69, either, as far as that goes. It is undoubtedly a sign of our essential mustiness, but we confess that we have not yet caught up with plastics. To our mind, they are still celluloid, half-brother to gunpowder and likely to explode. We have never yet seen a lady's purse with lucite fixtures without being reminded of our toothbrush, and we believe that plastic cigarette holders have the same faint taste of chalk we invariably get from the unbreakable glasses we find occasionally in bathrooms. It is not that we object to plastics on principle, but simply that we feel that they should be confined to impersonal objects, such as automobile instrument boards, and not be allowed to intrude into the more intimate areas of human life. As for plastic garter clips and watch bands, we would as soon wear the scalp of a Seminole Indian next to our skin.

Come to think of it, we saw a blond girl on the street the other day wearing a plastic crucifix. No use arguing about any of this now.

THE Colonial Assembly in Bermuda has been toying with the idea of allowing private motor cars on the island. Probably, if the automobile ever arrives, it will be there to stay, unless it does a lemming into the sea. Our first thought on hearing the news was that the island would be ruined, but now, thinking it over, we're not so sure. A Bermuda without bicycles and carriages would not attract Americans, and any island which fails to attract Americans is in its very nature paradisiacal. We don't know what Trimingham's would do with all those sweaters and tweeds, but probably they would set up a filling station on Front Street and dispense petrol.

Bermuda can usually be counted on to play its cards right. Our guess is that cars would be allowed to remain after the war but that car owners would be limited to bantam-weight, pint-sized models. And every car would be equipped with a hand brake and a wicker basket out in front to hold bathing suits, sun oil, polaroid glasses, and bottles of Dutch beer.

ONE of the early *Time*words, if you recall, was cinemaddict, accent on any syllable you pleased. *Time* has marched on with the word cinema and now has a stable of a dozen or more cinemacombinations, all of them *Time*worthy, all fascinating, all as treacherous as a fishbone in the upper or lower larynx. Cinemactor, cinemactress, cinematrocity, cinemaudience, cinegogue, cinemilestone—these have arrived, not exactly in the English language, but in the shadow world where GOPoliticians dip and whirr. The world is a weird place these days, and getting weirder, but we have found one easy temporary escape. Whenever we are working at high pitch and feel the need of something to relieve the tension, we drop what we're doing and construct a new



"I think it's a shame the way they're pushing poor Mr. Dewey against his wishes."

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cinemaword, or cinemanodyne. Nothing soothes us more quickly. Today, in our restlessness, we produced cinemalformed (a badly shaped plot or actor), Missiscinemaddict (a person living in the Mississippi Valley who is fond of the screen), cinenymph (a Hollywood girl), and miscinemagenation (white person and colored person attending the movies together).

Our Own Baedeker

TURKEY, for better or for worse, offers the average uninformed magazine reader a fine variety of geographical, historical, and cultural surprises, so hold tight. Constantinople, for example; is a hell of a fabulous place, for eleven centuries the eastern centre of the Roman Empire and for five centuries after that the capital of the Ottoman Empire. The Turks, under Mohammed II, took Constantinople from the last of the Byzantine emperors in the middle of the fifteenth century. The largest siege gun built up to then was employed by Mohammed II in this campaign; it required fifty teams of oxen to pull it and it fired a half-ton stone cannon ball a mile. Constantinople was finally reduced by a staggering amphibious operation; the Turks built a five-mile roadway around the city, reaching the Bosporus beyond the enemy's naval defenses, and, in one night, transported a fleet of seventy warships over it, sliding them along on greased planks. After taking Constantinople, the sultans lived there according to their somewhat lavish ideas of how things should be done. For instance, one sultan had a staff of six hundred kennelmen to attend the pet dogs attached to the royal household. That was just for the pet dogs, mind; for the hunting dogs, there were two thousand additional kennelmen.

This sort of luxury naturally produced some peculiar sultans. Mohammed IV caused a certain amount of gossip, for instance, by employing forty thousand game-beaters and seriously taxing the sporting facilities of the entire Balkan peninsula. Selim II, nicknamed The Sot by his admiring subjects, we have had occasion to mention in connection with Cyprus, which was of course a part of his empire. It was his pleasure to bathe in a swimming pool filled with wine, submerging now and again for a refreshing draught. The Koran forbids alcohol to the faithful, but old-fashioned Turks used to get around that by giving a loud shout before quaffing, thus warning their souls to stand aside or take the consequences. The tulip craze that swept Europe in the seventeenth century, when fortunes were made and lost speculating in bulbs, got its start in Turkey. The reigning sultan became steamed up about tulips, and you can imagine what happened; they finally had to restrain him for fear that Asia Minor would be turned into one huge tulip bed. The sultan then took up gin rummy and forgot about horticulture.

The power of the Turkish army rested on the Janizaries. These were slaves, conscripts, and Christian youths taken from their families, inculcated with Mohammedanism, and sworn to celibacy and obedience. They were very tough soldiers, though full of quirks. A company captain was called the First Distributor of the Soup, and the soup caldron was carried into battle as a military standard. Eventually the Janizaries became a nuisance. They used to set fire to Constantinople to tease the sultan—did it a hundred and forty times during the twenty-eight-year reign of one sultan, Ahmed III. Early in the nineteenth century, the corps was liquidated by a wholesale massacre. Whether you know it or not, Turkey has always been a naval power. Right now, for instance, she owns one of the two battle cruisers in commission (Great Britain has the other). The greatest Turkish admiral was Barbarossa, born a Greek and a Christian. In 1538, he defeated the combined fleets of the Holy Roman Emperor, the Pope, and the city of Venice, making the Mediterranean a Turkish lake.

The Turkish language, a musical tongue with eight vowel sounds, is spoken from Macedonia to Siberia, a distance of a hundred and forty degrees of longitude, or almost halfway around the world. Turkish prose is incredibly verbose and flowery, and until recently eighty-five per cent of the Turks remained illiterate, probably in self-defense. The Turkish bath and its adjunct the Turkish towel are the commonest borrowings in our own culture. The North American fowl, however, has no connection with Turkey, though the early ornithologists obviously thought it did. The present Republic of Turkey has roughly the area of Texas and the population of New York State. It has almost two million men under arms, but not very far under, apparently.

Indefinite

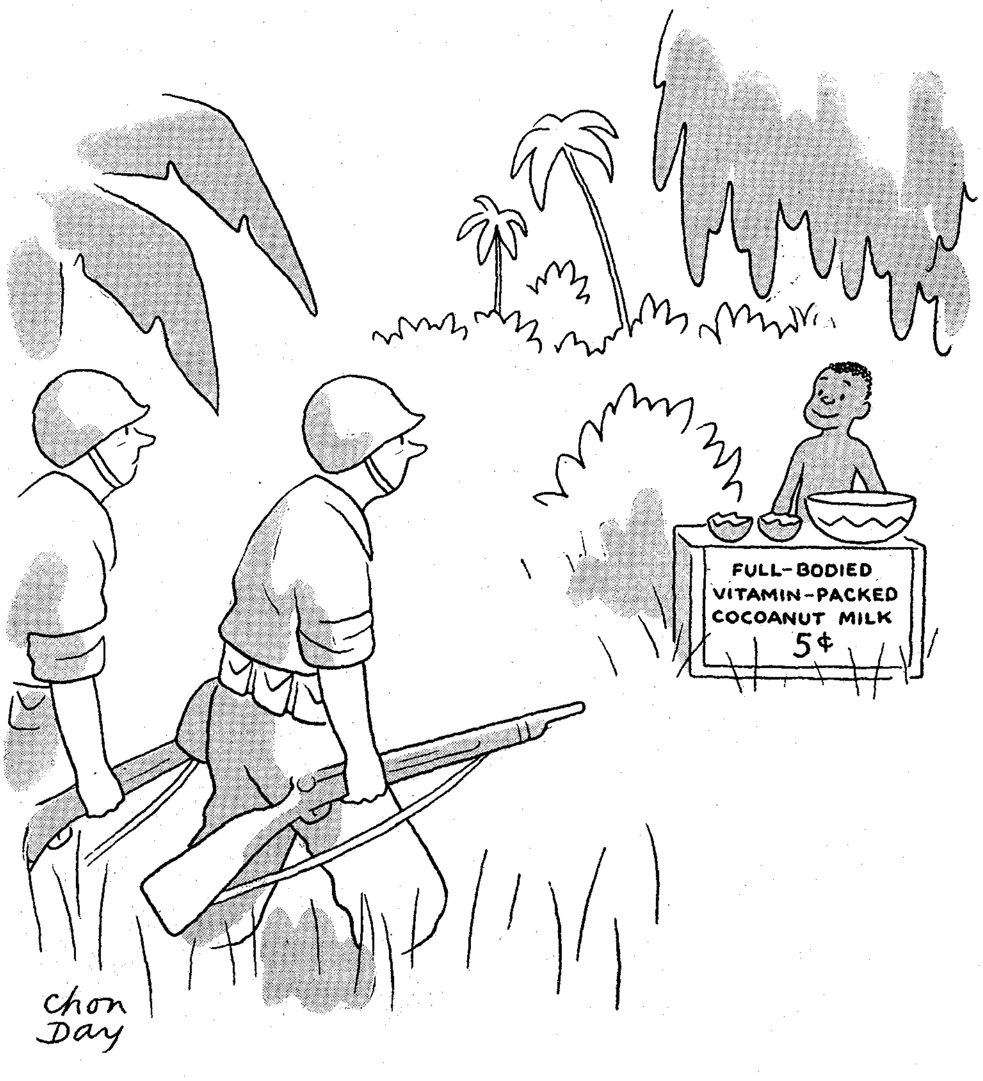
A PREGNANT Army wife, living in Washington, who had arranged to have her baby at the government's expense had a telephone call the other day from a representative of the Public Health Service, the agency which handles all such arrangements. After confirming the prospective mother's name, address, and Army affiliation, the Public Health lady said, "Just one more thing. You state that you're having your baby September fifteenth. Is that *this* year?"

Up a Tree

WITH us, to read of a man who lives in a tree is to act. Last week, therefore, we interviewed Coffing Melkin Arslanian, a Yale man whose only residence is a giant red oak on a hillside near West Orange. Mr. Arslanian, a sturdy man in his sixties, received us wearing his usual costume—a pair of shorts and nothing else. "There is some people around here that is trying to rumor that I wear shoes," he told us moodily. "There's no end to things people make up about me because I'm living in a tree." Arslanian is the proprietor of an Oriental-rug shop in Montclair. He commutes at a jog trot, a round trip of eight miles, and when he gets home freshens up by swimming six miles in a lake nearby. The burghers of Montclair take him more or less for granted now, making only an occasional whimsical reference to Tarzan. Once a lady brought a complaint of indecent exposure against him, but it never got to court.

Arslanian does not consider it romantic to live in a tree. "Nothing like a tree for a good building foundation," he remarked matter-of-factly. His quarters consist of a platform built on four limbs which grow out of a single trunk. A flight of steps leads up to it. There is a roof but no walls. This breezy retreat is furnished with a couch, a desk, a bookcase, and (of course) Oriental rugs. Arslanian said that newspaper reports that he has electric lights are untrue. "This place is just like before creation," he said. "Nothing but kerosene lamps and candles." The Arslanian estate houses two ill-tempered sheep dogs, a flight of pigeons, a roost of chickens, a tabby cat, and a milch goat. Arslanian drinks the goat's milk and enjoys comparing himself with another goat's-milk drinker, Mahatma Gandhi. Eggs, fowl, and vegetables from his own garden make up the rest of his diet. His residence sways continually, wind or no wind, which he finds soothing, but some of his guests, he admits, have got seasick.

You mustn't think that, come winter, Arslanian compromises by putting on more clothes or altering his living arrangements. "My house is like this winter and summer," he said. "I used to wear a sweater in winter until I realized how foolish it was." His interest in the outdoor life dates back to his boyhood in Armenia. "When I was ten, I said to my mother, 'Mother, I am going to sleep on the roof,' " he told us. "She said, 'Son, it's risky,' but I said, 'No, Mother, it's not.' Three nights later my eight brothers started sleeping on the roof, too. Everybody started sleeping on the roof. I suppose I am responsible for Armenians sleeping on the roof." Arslanian is the only one of his family who has come to this country. He arrived here in 1909, with a hundred and fifty pounds of dried food—a year's ration, as estimated by his mother—and enrolled at Yale. He stayed there five years, supporting himself by selling rugs, and eventually he graduated as an electrical engineer. He worked for General Electric and the Boston Edison Company, but went back to the rug business when his family was deported from Armenia to Syria and he had to raise some cash for



them. That was in 1918, and he has been dealing in rugs ever since. He has been living in the tree since 1934, we gathered. The land the tree grows on was lent to him by a friend. Before that, he had scraped along in roof gardens on various apartment buildings. He married in 1928, but his bride never took to life in the open air. She soon parted with him, and later got a divorce on the ground that he lived in a tree. Arslanian says he intends to go right on living in the tree. He is going to write a book about it, called "Life Begins at Sixty." "In fact," he says, "I'm beginning to think that the only place *left* for a person like me is the top of a tree." He hopes that someday William Saroyan will come to visit him, and it's probably an even-money bet that he will.

Tribute

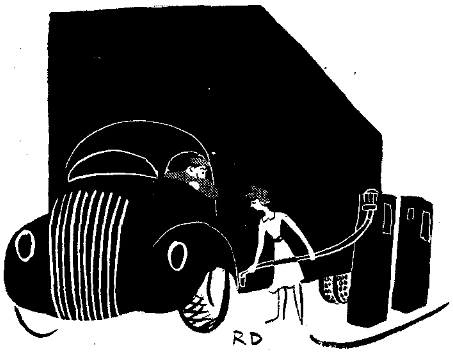
ON one of the islands recently taken from the Japs by the Marines, the grateful natives got together for a singsong in honor of their liberators. After doing some numbers in their native tongue, they announced that the finale would be an appropriate song in English. They thereupon burst into "Britannia Rules the Waves."

Fool's Oats

PLEASE believe us, we wouldn't devote a line to the current shortage of wild rice if the main reason for it weren't so unexpected: namely, that the Chippewa Indians are, like the rest of us, on the warpath. Wild rice has become almost entirely a black-market item—costs about three-fifty a pound, which represents a five-hundred-per-cent markup from the normal price, and is practically unobtainable even at that figure. You may have noticed that the Ritz serves noodles instead of wild rice with breast of guinea hen. Minnesota is where most of the commercial wild-rice crop is gathered, and the Chippewas are the people who gather it, mostly. It was their staff of life when the white man found them and it pretty much still is. Congress has recognized this by setting aside a considerable acreage containing rice-growing lakes for their use and the State of Minnesota has passed further legislation. Picking wild rice is of course a highly unessential occupation, and the Chippewas have turned to war plants—those who aren't in the armed forces, that is. Another factor in the shortage, though not such an important one, is that last year high water in the rice lakes destroyed much of the crop. Black-market speculators seem to have grabbed off what was left.

In normal times, the Chippewas, through a quaint old tribal outfit known as the Wild Rice, Arts and Crafts Corporate Enterprise of the Chippewa Indian Tribe, handle about seventy per cent of this country's wild-rice crop. The rest trickles in from unaffiliated Indians. Indians know the trick of gathering the rice and it doesn't seem likely that the white men will ever be able to give them much competition. When the grains are ripe and almost ready to drop off into the water, the Indians go out in canoes, bend the stalks over the canoes, and tap them with a stick so that the grain drops off. A lot of things can go wrong in harvesting wild rice. If the canoe isn't handled right, the rice gets knocked off into the water; if the harvesters go out too early, they don't get enough rice; and if they're too late, it has all dropped into the water. Another thing: if every bit of the rice is harvested, there's no crop the following year; some has to be left for seeding, and it's quite a trick to leave just the right amount on the stalks. The rice that has been gathered is parched in the sun or over a slow fire, then threshed by machinery or by Indians in nice, new moccasins.

Wild rice is also native to China and Japan, but the Orientals don't like it as well as white rice. Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to introduce it into England and Europe, beginning back in the seventeenth century, when the French explorers found the Indians here eating it. The Frenchmen named it *folle avoine*, or fool's oats, little dreaming that two hundred years later it would be Brenda Frazier's and Dorothy Lamour's favorite dish. The Potawatomis, who were partial to wild rice, used to feed it to captured enemies before executing them. They did this, according to an old record, to a Mr. Ramsay of the American Fur Company, who was probably very sorry he had ever left Seventh Avenue.



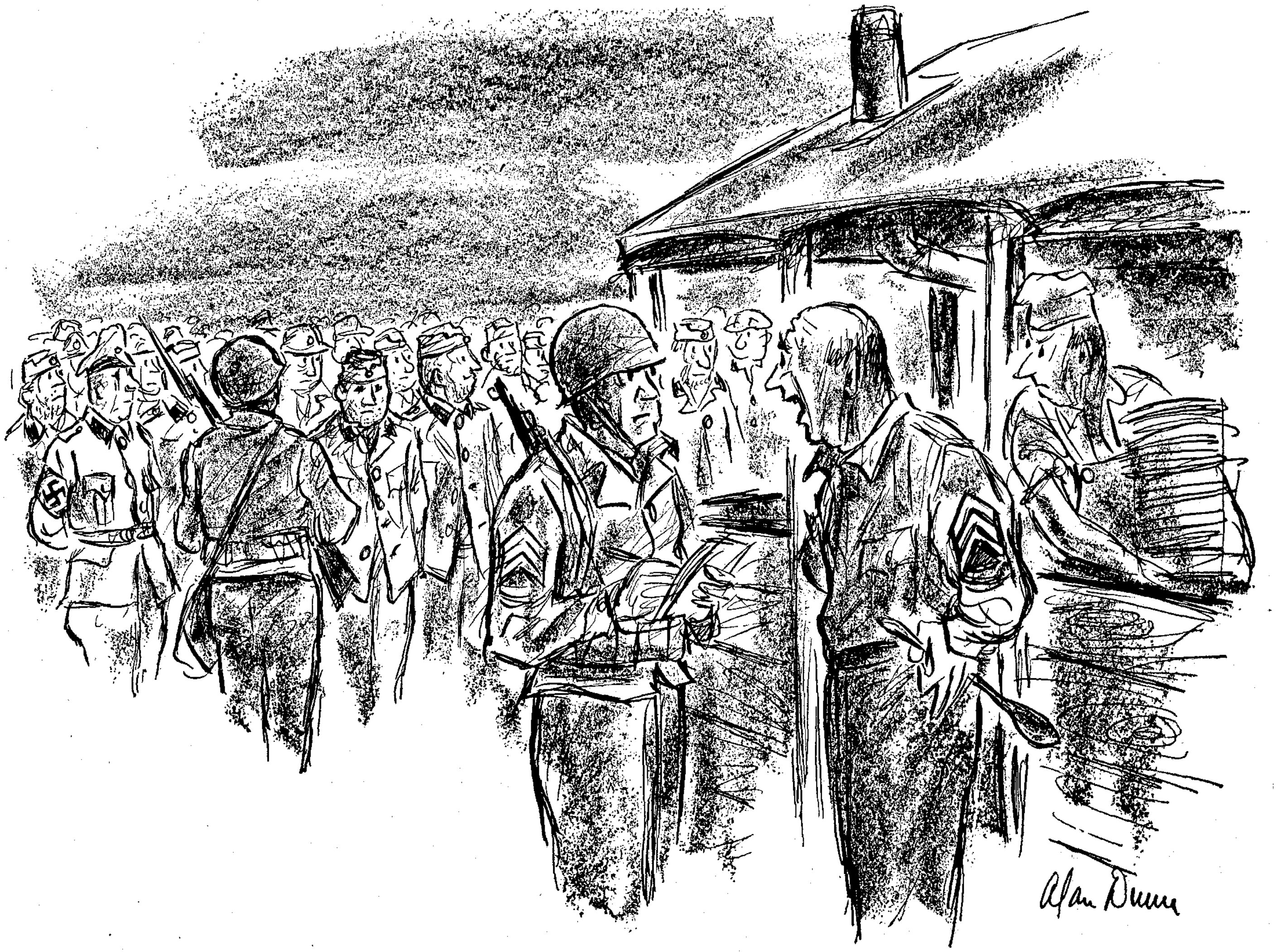
Natural History

A GIRL who was entertaining three soldiers from New Zealand took them down to the Battery by cab for a little sightseeing. As the cab turned onto the West Side Highway, one of the soldiers exclaimed, "Look at the docks!" The driver tossed a tolerant smile over his shoulder. "Nah, those are seagulls, Jack," he said.

Sleeper Jump

THIS is practically a unique piece of journalism in that it sets forth in some detail the movement of troops and mentions their destination. Troops: the cast of "Winged Victory." Destination: Hollywood. Last Thursday, early in the morning, a spy we had hanging around in Shubert Alley telephoned to tell us that the entire "Winged Victory" outfit was mobilized outside the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, carrying full equipment and obviously about to leave town. We were prepared, and hopped right over to get the dope. A light drizzle had set in when we got to the scene, and the cast and orchestra, almost three hundred strong, were mooching about miserably in front of the theatre, whiling away the time with talk. "Look here, Segal," we heard a small private say to a corporal. "What you don't seem to understand is the difference between acting and *acting*. Take Lionel Barrymore—he's an actor, but he doesn't *act*. Get me?" "What I'd like right now is a short beer," the corporal replied.

Among a group of musicians, easily identified because they carried instrument cases in addition to their other equipment, we heard a blond lieutenant muttering, "I'm getting senile, damn it! What do I find in my comb this morning but two insidious gray hairs!" "Well, here today and gone tomorrow, Lieutenant," remarked a gloomy-looking sergeant who had what appeared to be a trombone under his arm. "Sergeant, you're a depressant," said the lieutenant, moving away. Seeing that we were taking notes, the press-relations man came over and introduced himself. "Sergeant Klipstein, press relations," he said, then added, "One small favor, just one—*don't*, for God's sake, say we had breakfast in Sardi's. Why? Because we didn't." Seems that some of the columnists have been ribbing the cast about



"... *and then at the last minute you bring two hundred and fifty extra people in for dinner!*"

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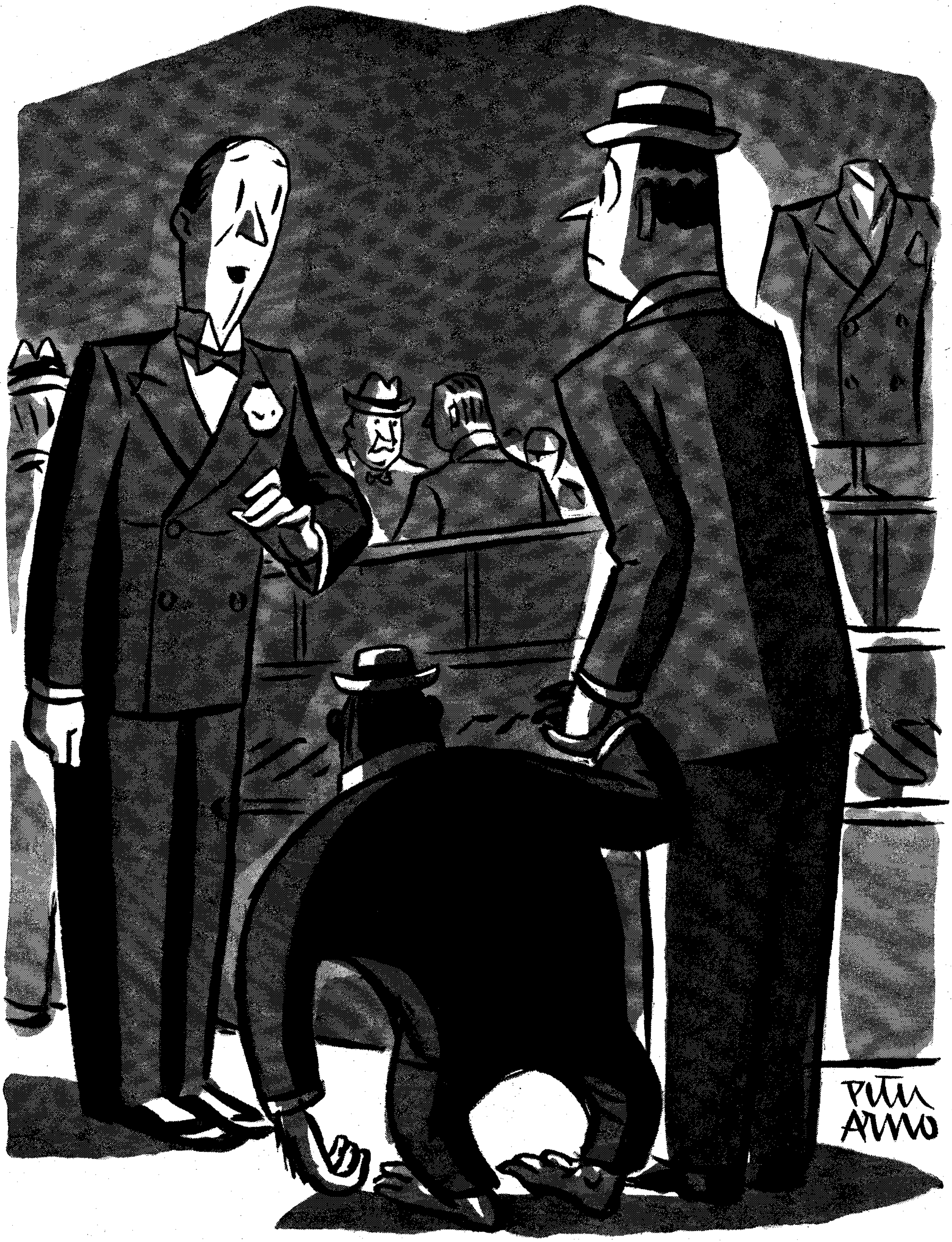
hanging out in Sardi's, which they have done, if at all, at their own expense. We had to dodge an M.P., who ran past us shouting, "Sergeant Willey! Sergeant Willey! I've found it!" "It's unnecessary to shout," muttered a red-faced soldier who was sitting on his knapsack. "We're as close together as sardines."

At the command of a brisk sergeant, the company fell in and marched off down Eighth Avenue, with us as a file closer. We turned in to the Pennsylvania Station and marched down to the train platform, where we broke ranks. "Off to war, eh?" an elderly trainman remarked to a resting soldier. "Uh, yes. One might say that," the soldier replied. A man in a white coat came along selling milk, candy, and sandwiches. "Better stock up, Reeves," one chubby soldier said to his friend. "You'll emaciate from hunger once you get on the train." "Your gluttony worries me, George," his friend replied. "Still, I might take a candy bar—dextrose, you know." Sergeant Klipstein reappeared at our elbow. "One more thing," he said. "We're leaving on a troop train, not the Sateen Special by Bel Geddes. Remember, will you?" "Now, if you could just bring her voice down two tones," a soldier with a violin case was saying to a soldier with a piccolo. "Just give it tone and stability. It's a question of empathy and—" "No, no, *no*," the piccolo man said. "She's sexy. A torch singer's got to be sexy." "You overestimate sex, I'm afraid," his friend said a little coldly. "Attention!" a sergeant shouted. "Dress right . . . *dress!* Ready . . .*front!* Forward . . . *harch!*" "Winged Victory" was off on its first sleeper jump.

Explanation

WHILE having a quiet cocktail at his club, a friend of ours heard a man sitting at the next table say to some companions, "Oh, my wife has a wonderful maid—likes to take care of the children, doesn't mind living in the country, doesn't even mind doing the laundry in a pinch. I don't care if my son does grow up to be left-handed—she's worth it. And as for my having to read the book of the month, I'd probably do it anyway." Our friend joined the group and in due time wormed out of the speaker a full explanation of his remarks, which was as follows: The maid was staying on only because she was in love with the local semi-pro carpenter. Last Christmas the carpenter had given her a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club. She was impressed by this gift, but found that the books came along a bit too fast for her to keep abreast, so she asked her employer if he would mind reading them and summarizing the plots for her so that she could discuss them intelligently with her Ed. In addition to being an intellectual, Ed is also a baseball fan, and has instructed her to turn the small boy in her charge into a lefty. "We'll make a terrific first baseman out of him," he says.



"You might try our Harvard Shop."

THE OLD SOLDIER

IT was one-thirty in the afternoon of a bright day in spring. The trees were still bare-limbed and the grass was not up yet, but forsythia shone yellow in the woods and the heat was that of midsummer.

Officer Candidate Thomas Bryan was lying in a ditch at the crest of a small rise in the road. He could see the road for twenty-five yards ahead of him before it curved off among the trees. He was wearing a wool knit cap, fatigues, a gas mask, and leggings, and beside him lay an Enfield rifle loaded with a clip of five blank cartridges.

Immediately below and behind Bryan, at the foot of the small rise, was another officer candidate, Julio Maioran, with a smoke pot and a tear-gas pot which he would ignite on signal.

Up ahead in the woods somewhere was a truck convoy manned and guarded by about a hundred of their fellow-candidates. It was the convoy's job to push down this road to the river, without excessive casualties, and before four o'clock.

Bryan and Maioran, who was a Puerto Rican, were part of a ten-man detail opposing the convoy in this afternoon's problem in Motor Transport. Scattered along the road in front of Bryan were three snipers: Smith, hidden at a place that seemed a likely assembly point for the convoy; Rogovin and McNally, covering a road block that was booby-trapped with two tear-gas grenades. About a mile behind Bryan and Maioran, Bill Jessick and the remaining four men of the detail were building a second road block that was to be their main line of resistance. Bryan and the others—if they weren't ruled out as casualties by the umpires—were to fall back on it.

Bryan lay very still, listening for the gunfire which would mean that the convoy's point had reached the first road block; listening, too, for any sound from the dry-floored wood on either side which would indicate the presence of flank guards moving in advance of the convoy.

A Mitchell bomber hummed far overhead, only a shiny point against the high blue of the sky. The sunlight lay across the road, latticed by tree shadows. The woods looked dark and cool and were soundless.

Bryan felt pleasantly at rest in the heat, knowing that he was effectively screened from observation. He looked back down the rise and Maioran's big-nosed face lifted inquiringly. Bryan held out his hand, palm raised, asking: Are you ready? The young Puerto Rican answered in kind: I am ready.

Bryan turned back to the road contentedly. This was more like it, he thought, remembering the planning he and Bill Jessick had done during their lunch hour, after they had reconnoitered the ground earlier this morning. He felt pleased with the disposition of their small force and, if they had guessed right about the convoy's assembly point, Ed Smith—in ambush there—might have knocked out the convoy command group already.

He was even able to think, without despair, of his grades for the first block of academics, which had been handed out last night. He had busted Meteorology and got an "Unsatisfactory" in drill.

The slip-up in drill wasn't so hard to understand. Before he had returned to the States, Bryan had spent eight months in Alaska as a communications sergeant. He had forgotten what little he ever knew about the intricacies of drill and when they'd sprung the exam, asking for minutiae like "Is the distance between dismounted men measured from (a) the back of the man in front to the breast of the man in the rear; (b) from the breast of the man in front to the breast of the man in rear; (c) the breast of the man in front to the back of the man in rear?" and "The front of a man is assumed to be (a) 18 inches; (b) 20 inches; (c) 22 inches?" he'd been completely at sea.

But Meteorology—he'd boned on that. The night before the exam he had stayed up until four o'clock going over his notes, rereading the manuals. He couldn't figure out what had happened. Maybe he was just too far removed from school days—he was twenty-six—and had forgotten how to cram for an exam.

TWO shots sounded from the woods ahead, and then a rattle of gunfire. They were at the first road block, then. Bryan looked back at Maioran and they grinned at each other.

There was another burst of fire and then silence. In his mind's eye Bryan could see the men of the point clearing away the road block, working fast, probably, because they were behind schedule now, not having time to move each tree trunk carefully and test for booby traps. He wondered how McNally and Rogovin had made out. He imagined that both were casualties.

The road block was about three hundred yards up the road. Allowing time to demolish it and for the delay the tear gas would cause, Bryan figured that the point would reach the curve in the road ahead of him in ten or fifteen minutes. He lifted some dust and let it fall from his hand. The wind was still good; it was blowing straight up the road, directly in the faces of the oncoming convoy. Then he heard someone moving in the woods to his right. He shifted slightly, bringing the Enfield to his shoulder and releasing the safety.

A soldier was moving pretty fast, in a maneuver crouch, among the trees. Bryan saw that he was wearing the wool knit cap of his own detail, not the helmet liner of the convoy troops.

It was Ed Smith, and Bryan whistled softly.

Smith froze against a tree and his rifle barrel poked warily around the trunk.

Bryan took off his cap and waved it, and Smith came toward him at a low run and hit the earth just above the ditch. He was a smallish, thin-featured boy from one of the Middle Western colleges, and Bryan found him more bearable than most of the R.O.T.C. boys at O.C.S.

"Did you get any of them?" Bryan asked.

"I caught them flat-footed," said Smith. "Most of them hadn't even loaded their rifles. They didn't think any of us were within a mile."

"How many did you get?"

"Five. I cleaned out their communications jeep. The command car was on the other side of some trucks. I couldn't get at it."

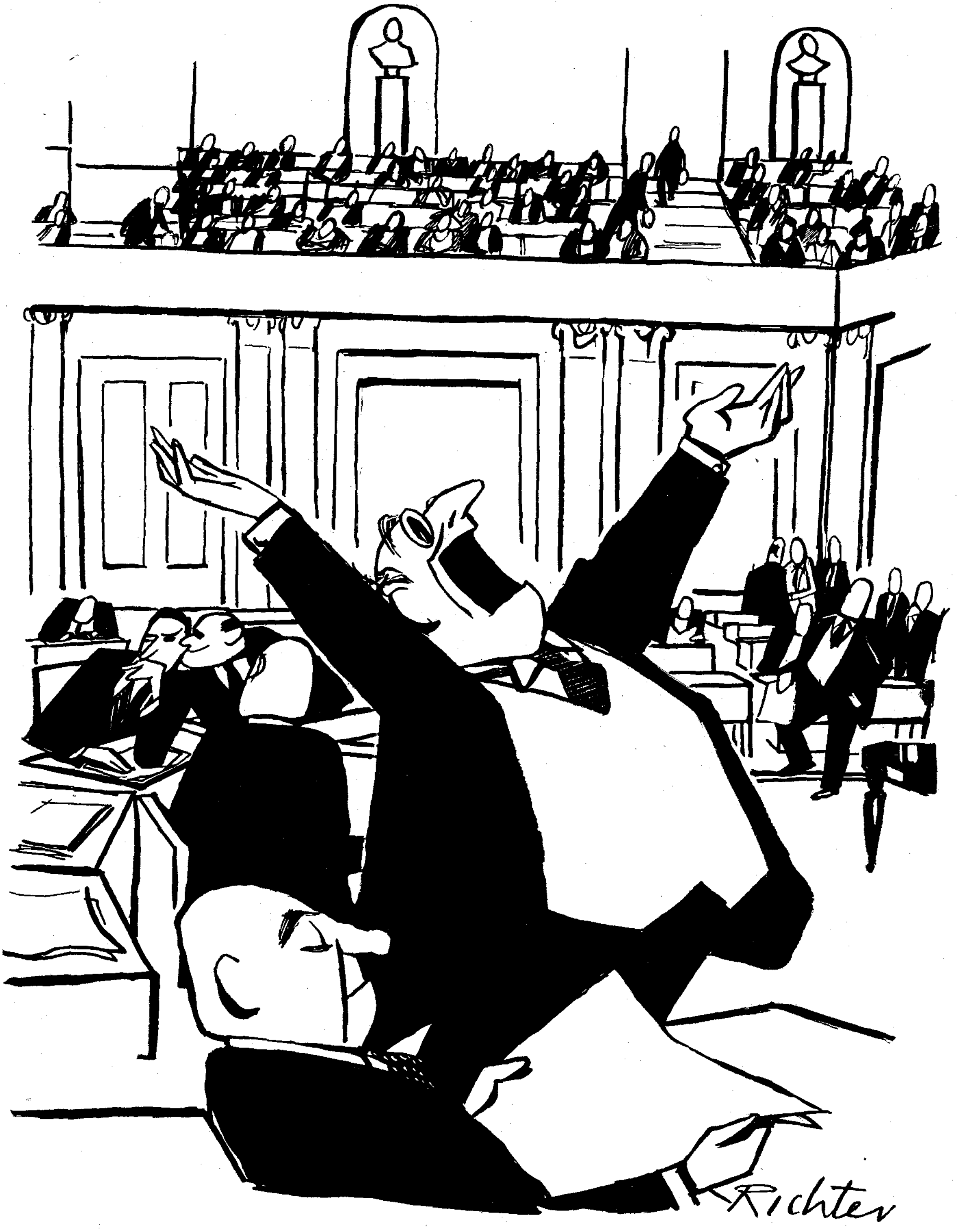
"Swell," said Bryan. "How did you get away?"

Smith grinned. "When I used up my clip I surrendered. They put me in the back of a truck with my casualties. Then when they ran into the road block and the snipers, my guard forgot all about me, so I grabbed a rifle from one of the casualties and ducked into the woods." He looked inquisitively at Bryan. "What are you up to here?"

"We're going to give them some smoke and some more tear gas. Just slow 'em up for a while."

"Can I help?"

"I've got Maioran down the road a



". . . and in conclusion, Mr. President, I say that if after this great war we are to have a federation of all nations of the earth, where would it be more fitting to have the seat of government of this great brotherhood of free and friendly peoples than right here in God's country?"

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way. Why don't you go on back to Jessick? He's building another road block down near the river."

Smith said, "See you later," and went off into the woods.

Bryan continued to lie in the ditch, pleased at the result of the ambush. He stared up the road, blinking a little at the play of light and shadow, and suddenly it occurred to him that men were doing this sort of thing deep in Germany. And young Japs somewhere on Hokkaido or one of the other islands. He thought briefly and with some surprise of those other, foreign junior-officers-in-the-making, one of whom might unknowingly be working his slow way forward to the day when he would kill or be killed by Bryan.

A shadow moved at the end of the road and Bryan's body tensed.

Two soldiers in helmet liners moved out, hugging close to the trees on either side, walking with slow wariness, their rifles at the ready. In that breath-caught instant Bryan felt the shock of realism; he understood all at once what had made a battalion, ambushed in maneuvers, break in a wild panic even though they knew they were being fired on with blank ammunition. He let the two soldiers advance, hoping they would be closely followed by others or by a scout car. When they were halfway to him, he scissored back down the ditch and then, covered by the brow of the hill, ran crouching down toward Maioran.

Maioran had seen him coming; he was pulling the scratcher across the match head on the smoke pot. When Bryan reached him he had ignited the tear-gas pot. As Bryan and Maioran went off into the woods on the double, a cloud of smoke and gas was ascending the road behind them.

After a hundred yards, they slowed to a walk and moved closer to the road. Maioran asked, "How many were there?"

"Just two. But it will hold them for a while."

Maioran looked at his watch. "Two-fifteen. Well, they've still got an hour and three-quarters to make it in."

"We'll hold them at the next road block," said Bryan.

The woods thinned out now and the land lifted slightly. Small firs stood about in the meadows, and briars and

A LITTLE CHAT

FOR the chief part of our lives we choose our own clothes and the choice accords with what we think or intend ourselves to be. But in old age, as in infancy, our clothes are chosen for us and express the views—sometimes the intentions—held about us by others. Miss Albury was dressed as her niece, May Patcham, had thought an old maiden lady should be dressed: in gray, with touches of white. Under her yellow chin was a large amethyst brooch. It cast an upward reflection like a bruise. Gray, everyone knows, is softening; amethysts are Victorian. Enormously bulky, with her bruised bulldog jowl and small bloodshot eyes, Miss Albury looked like a Victorian prizefighter long immobilized in the attitude of Whistler's mother.

But whoever had dressed Miss Albury had not, it was obvious, dressed the room she sat in. An austerer kind of domesticity was announced by its chromium-plated chairs, the bookshelves filled with works on psychology and social research, the excellent, if rather garish, reproductions of modern landscape paintings—pink fields as sharply furrowed as corrugated iron roofs, avenues of blue and brown trees, red tractors approaching mauve farm buildings. Only the real landscape beyond the large window, the mild, clumsy contours of the West of England, bore out Miss Albury, who might very well have retired from the ring to a quiet public house near Exeter.

She sat with her back to the window and looked at the small electric heater near her footstool, eyeing it censoriously, as though she suspected it of cheating. Even when the door opened, she did not look round. During the last ten days, a great many doors had opened—front doors, back doors, bedroom doors, doors of taxis and railway carriages—and then a new series of front doors and bedroom doors which did not close so substantially, so assuringly, as the doors of No. 11 Spa Crescent and let in a moister air and a more immediate noise of household doings. For May Patcham had died and Miss Albury had been transferred from the care of a niece to the care of a cousin twice removed. So far it was a change for the worse, since the doors did not close so well and the meals were flimsy, and Lavinia, poor little creature, had no conversation, was always in a fidget, and never seemed able to sit down.

The opening door had let in Lavinia's boy. Now, after a pause, something occurred to him, and he went back to the door and carefully closed it. His clothes, too, expressed an ideal and an intention. Like Miss Albury, he was dressed in gray, with touches of white. Gray shorts, gray jersey, white shoes. Though he was little more than a baby, his clothes conscripted him into the same social order as the books and the landscapes. Silently, yet in a conversational manner, he climbed onto one of the chromium-plated chairs and surveyed Miss Albury with kindness. On the whole, he quite liked the look of her. She was so very different from anything he had ever seen before. "What do you think should be done about Hitler?" he asked.

After a while—and it was as though she were answering out of a deep well—she said, "About who?"

"About Hitler. Mrs. Sparrow says hanging's too good for him."

Answering out of her well, Miss Albury replied, "He should be shot from a gun."

The manner of the answer pleased him. It was mature and decisive, the sort of answer he craved and did not often get. If one asked questions of Lavinia, or of Miss Szuk, who taught the primary class, they were apt to reply, "What do *you* think, Roger?" And if he said what he thought, they would ask him why he thought so, and all the time there was a hide-and-seek feeling about the conversation, as though they were watching him from behind trees. But though he approved the manner, the matter of Miss Albury's reply disquieted him. It sounded playful.

"Timothy Senhouse saw a lady shot from a gun when he went to the circus," the boy said. "But it didn't seem to hurt her and everyone clapped."

"Huh! I don't mean that sort of shooting," said Miss Albury. "Shot

The SUN SHOP

"Laura! For goodness sake!"

from a gun! That's what I said. That's what I mean. Tied to the muzzle of a gun and shot off in bits. Like the Indian Mutiny. Have you never heard of the Indian Mutiny, child?"

"No," the boy said. "Only Gandhi."

"Who? What? Oh, yes, I know. Another of them. I'd do the same to him."

"Lavinia likes Gandhi," said the boy.

"Lavinia? Who's Lavinia? She must be a great fool."

"Lavinia's my mother," the boy said. "She lives here, you know. But she's out just now. Today's the day she works at the clinic."

No sound came from the well. Miss Albury sat with her hands folded on a handkerchief and looked scornfully at the electric heater.

"Lavinia doesn't like Hitler, though," the boy said.

A small, thick tear gathered on the red rim of Miss Albury's left eye and began to slide down her cheek, pausing in the wrinkles and then hastening on. When it reached her chin, it dropped off. Nothing came of it and she did not seem to notice it.

The boy said, "Mrs. Sparrow—she's the lady who comes in to help on Wednesday and Saturday—says that one German is as bad as another, and that they ought to be finished off, the whole lot of them. They ought to be lined up, she says, and bombs dropped on them." He paused and inspected the old lady. She was chewing a little, and perhaps thinking, but she did not speak. "But Lavinia says—"

An odd appearance about Miss Albury's neck told him that she would not care to hear more of what Lavinia said.

"Mrs. Sparrow has been in lots of air raids," he said. "First in London and then in the Exeter raid. She's seen people blown to bits, just like you said. Only with bombs, you know, instead of guns. Once she tripped over something in the dark and it was a head."

Miss Albury's head turned so suddenly, so uncouthly, that he seemed to trip over it, just like Mrs. Sparrow.

"Have you been in many air raids?" he asked politely.

She mumbled something. She hasn't, he thought, and he was pondering for a new subject—both Lavinia and Miss Szuk often enjoined tactfulness—when she said, "Go on, boy!"

"And another time she picked up a hand and it was holding a kettle, and the kettle hadn't a scratch on it. And another time she was going to a shelter but something told her not to, and a bomb broke the sewer and they were all drowned in it before anyone could get at them. And another time she was going to a shelter—another shelter—and just as she turned the corner she heard something coming up the street like children coming out of school. And she shone her torch on it, and it was rats, hundreds and hundreds of rats, all screaming because they were singed and burned." At his school, there was a pig, and sometimes during Nature Study one scratched it. Miss Albury was now looking exactly like the pig when scratched—as pink, as shiny, as helplessly delighted. She was grunting, too. "Mrs. Sparrow," said she could smell the smell of roast meat as they went past her," the boy added.

Mrs. Sparrow had said nothing of the sort; he had added this detail. Of course, there would have been a smell of roast meat—roast rat—and only Mrs. Sparrow's adenoids had stood between her and it. But now, spoken out loud, it did not sound like Mrs. Sparrow. Entangled in the solicitudes of the creative artist, he frowned and fell silent.

"Go on, boy! Go on! Tell me some more!"

The pig, though at times it became rather embarrassing, always remained lovable. Miss Albury had suddenly ceased to be lovable. She was growing purple all over, as though the reflection which was so like a bruise had turned into an unpleasant sunrise and were suffusing her. Even beneath the gray and white, he thought, she was purple. And moist. And quivering.

"Ever so many old ladies were burned to death!" he said.

THE doors of the house, so washably painted, so sensibly contrived not to harbor dust, were nevertheless thin and ill-fitting, just as Miss Albury had noticed. And so the moment Lavinia let herself in, she could hear not only Mrs. Sparrow rattling the luncheon trays in the kitchen but Roger talking in the sitting room. He was saying something about old ladies, too, and his voice was over-excited. What a mercy that she had decided to sacrifice her midday break to coming home to see that everything was all right.

Slender, anxious, large-eyed, looking like a careworn kitten, she entered the room. Her lips smiled, her eyes surveyed. Neither the boy nor the old woman spoke.

"I thought I'd just come back for a minute to see that you were comfortable," Lavinia said, and then, turning to Roger, "I hope you are not giving Cousin Mildred your cold, darling. Perhaps she doesn't want you in here."

"Not at all, not at all." Out of her massive repose—and somehow she now looked larger than ever—Miss Albury spoke graciously and smiled and rubbed her hands together. "We've been having quite a little chat. And your little boy has been telling me some very interesting things. Ve-ry, ve-ry in-ter-esting. *Must* you open the window, dear?"

Lavinia murmured something about germs, and only for a minute. At the inrush of fresh air, the boy shook himself, looked round, and began to sneeze, like an animal awaking.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

SONG

The green girl going from surf to sand
With seaweed in her hair
Has fish and skulls at her command
And she goes bare.

Fathom, fathom the caves of her eyes,
Fathoms down, fathoms down.
Though she be dead, the sea will rise
In periscopes above the town,
The depth charge of her hungry heart
Shall dive the sunken towers apart,
The grapple of her iron hand
Forage on the fallen land.
In the wake of her event
Squids acquire a continent.

Fathoms down, fathoms down,
Iron hulls with iron ears
Count the dead men as they drown,
Count the engines of the years
Where she goes from surf to sand
With the seaweed in her hair
And the Cabinets disband
In the drowning sea of air.

Where she kissed me oceans stir,
But oh, beyond the sea
A shaven trapper took her fur
And willed her skin to me.

—JOHN CIARDI

thorn hedges choked the hollows. They moved over the crest and down a long slope to where the road separated, one branch going on down the peninsula, the other curving off to the left and the river.

The river road went narrowly across a culvert that bridged a small, squashy creek, clogged with reeds and underbrush and a tangle of swamp growth and young saplings.

It was here that the second road block was being built.

"Hi," said Bill Jessick. "How does it look?"

He was standing beside a latticework of freshly cut saplings laid on a base of tree trunks, rocks, an iron bedstead, and the chassis of a Model-A Ford. Ohle and Smith were still working on the block and, off in a field, Bryan could see Dudley and Hill pulling something through the tall grass.

"It looks good," said Bryan. Then, "Where's Fullerton?"

"Out scavenging for some more material. Why, what's the matter?"

"Well," said Bryan, "we ought to have someone up on that little hill. They might put out an advance patrol and catch us with our pants down."

"Yeah," said Jessick, "it's an idea."

"I'll go," said Maioran.

"When you see their point, open fire," said Bryan, "but get back here then, if you can. The rest of us will be scattered along the stream bed and they'll have to come at us across this open ground. We ought to get plenty of them."

"O. K.," said Maioran, and went off.

Bryan saw that Jessick was grinning at him. "All right," he said, "so I'm sounding like a jerk."

Jessick said, "You're sounding like one of these R.O.T.C. brats, not like the old soldier."

Jessick, who was in command of the detail, had been in Alaska, too, at Dutch Harbor, while Bryan had been at Adak. They hadn't known each other then, but had bunked together in the West Coast camp where they had waited for assignment to an O.C.S.

Bryan said gloomily, "It's the old soldiers that get washed out of this joint. I'm going to be an eager beaver if it kills me."

"Don't burn with such a pure, hot flame," said Jessick. "You'll get through all right."

WITH the road block completed and the men deployed along the creek bed, Bryan and Jessick crouched in the deep grass behind the block.

The late-afternoon warmth lay over the land. Martins, or starlings—Bryan wasn't sure which—skittered in a low cloud over the grass, changing direction in bewildering concert.

Jessick said, "How about Baltimore this weekend?"

"Hell," said Bryan, "I'm gigged in for busting Meteorology."

"Hard lines," Jessick told him. "You ought to get drunk; it would do you good."

Bryan said, "I want us to get patted on the head for this job. Damn it, if I bust another course I'm on my way out of here."

"You won't bust another," said Jessick. "Just stop pressing."

"Sure. Just stop pressing." Bryan was looking thoughtfully at the tree line of the creek bed, then back toward the river.

"Now what?" asked Jessick.

"What do we do when they break our main line of resistance?"

"Die fighting, of course. Americans never retreat."

"No, seriously, we ought to have some rallying point. They'll be able to envelop us too easily here."

"Hell, there's only eight left in our army," said Jessick. "Stop master-minding so damn much."

"I'd like to get a man right in the middle of their convoy somehow," said Bryan. "If we can knock off their command car . . ."

"O. K., Clausewitz, you figure out a way," said Jessick.

Bryan got up. "I'm going to take Smith with me," he said, and Jessick nodded.

He got Smith and they went along the road down toward the river. The clear ground extended nearly to the river's edge, where the road petered out in a tangle of swamp. About midway, however, and close to the road, stood a circle of saplings with two fairly large firs in the middle.

"Get up in that fir," said Bryan. "Let's see if I can spot you from the road."

Smith slung his rifle and shinnied up the tree. Bryan watched him climbing, looked away for a moment, and when he looked back, Smith was invisible. Only on walking closer could Bryan distinguish him perched on a limb, the green of his fatigues blending with the deeper green of the tree. His smallness helped.

"It's good concealment," Bryan said. "Do you have a view of the road?"

"Yeah."

"Look," said Bryan, "I'll get off to the right of here and try to occupy whatever patrols come that way. You stay put until their command car comes along, then let them have it."

"O. K.," said Smith.

"We'll just have to take a chance on their spotting you. Don't fire on anyone until you see the command car."

"O. K., General," said Smith.

Bryan gave him a preoccupied grin and went off about twenty-five yards to the right. He found a position of fair concealment behind a low bush. He could look ahead to the tree-lined creek and cover the area that any flanking party would come through.

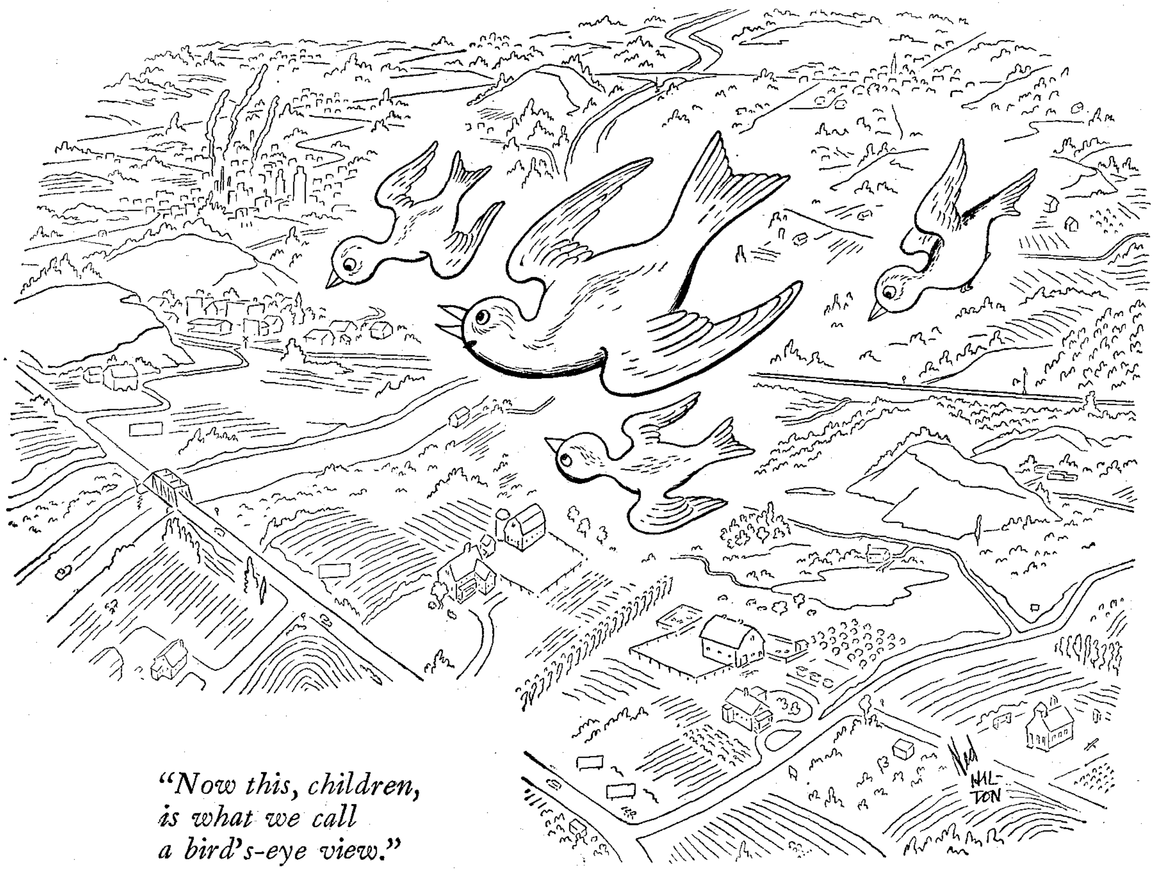
A shot sounded. That was Maioran up on the hill. There was a scattering of answering fire and Bryan looked at his watch. Three-ten.

It was nearly three-thirty before any firing came from the creek bed. It was heavily answered and Bryan knew the convoy had put out a big advance party to swamp the opposition in order to push the trucks through fast. He had the Enfield to his shoulder and lay flat on the ground, watching the right flank of the line.

The firing came more rapidly as the enemy probed for the flanks of the defending party, and then there was a big burst of it downstream. They had found the end of the line and were beginning to roll it up.

The firing died off in front and Bryan glimpsed a man in a wool knit cap running, crouched, off to the right. The man hit the ground across the road.

He heard the trucks now, grinding in low gear over the rutted road, approaching the overrun road block. It



"Now this, children, is what we call a bird's-eye view."

• •

wouldn't take them long to break through it.

Three helmeted soldiers suddenly emerged from the bushes on the left. They were closely bunched and Bryan covered them with his Enfield, but did not fire. They walked slowly, their rifles at the ready. They moved safely off toward the river, well away from the tree where Smith was perched. Then, right behind them, came a whole squad, well spaced and moving in an irregular line.

Bryan grinned. Someone had been reading up on Jap tactics, he thought. The first three soldiers were decoys whose only mission was to draw fire, so the support could wipe out the snipers.

Then a patrol came along on the right; there were a dozen of them in an open-squad column. They drifted along through the knee-high grass and then their leader signalled a change in direction that would bring them across Bryan's front.

Bryan released the safety and rested his finger on the trigger. He wanted to keep the patrol away from Smith's tree, and considered making a noticeable retreat, but decided that that would be too obvious.

There was the sound of an engine motor, stronger than before. He shifted his gaze in time to see the canvas top of a truck scrape the tree branches that leaned over the culvert. The road block was broken and the trucks were coming through.

He looked again for the patrol and, for an instant, thought he had lost it.

He raised his head slightly—just in time to see two of the helmeted soldiers of the patrol whip rifles to their shoulders and fire in his direction. They yelled to someone and pointed at him.

Bryan got resignedly to his feet, saw with satisfaction that the entire patrol had swung back toward him and away from Smith's tree. A sacrifice out, he thought.

An officer came along with the patrol. It was Lieutenant Feathers, who had just busted Bryan in Meteorology. He had a face faintly scarred by smallpox and a nervous eye. He said, "All right, Bryan, tie a handkerchief on your arm. You're a casualty." As Bryan complied, Feathers said, "That's not much of a position you had there; you've got to take better advantage of cover and concealment than that."

The patrol was too close for Bryan to explain his stratagem without being overheard, so he only said, "Yes, sir."

Holding out his hand, Feathers asked, "Have you any unexpended ammunition?"

Bryan pulled back the bolt of his rifle five times and the blanks scattered on the ground. As he picked them up, Feathers said sharply, "You've got a full clip. You haven't fired a single shot. What's the matter, Bryan? Afraid you'd have to clean your rifle?"

"No, sir—"

Feathers took the blanks. "Then what in the hell was the matter with you? You could have picked off any one of a dozen men. You're either a goldbrick or a sad sack. Take your choice." He jerked his head. "All right, get to the rear. Get out of the way."

THE file of trucks was lumbering down the road to the river now and Bryan looked at them. God damn, he thought. Damn it all to hell!

There was a burst of firing from the tree and the surprised convoy guards whirled and returned a scattering, confused fire until someone spotted Smith.

As he walked off, Bryan heard Feathers' sharp voice saying, "All right, the sniper got the command car. That eliminates the command group. All five of them are casualties. You see! You outguards have got to examine every inch of ground; you can't let a single spot go unexplored. . . ."

Bryan slung his rifle, with depression as alive inside him as a cancer. He couldn't explain anything to Feathers or to anyone else, for the code of the place was "No excuse."

"Damn," he said again. And, thinking of the treeless tundra of Adak, the bleak wind off the Bering Sea, the white fury of an Aleutian blizzard, he said, "Alaska, here I come."

—ROBERT MCLAUGHLIN

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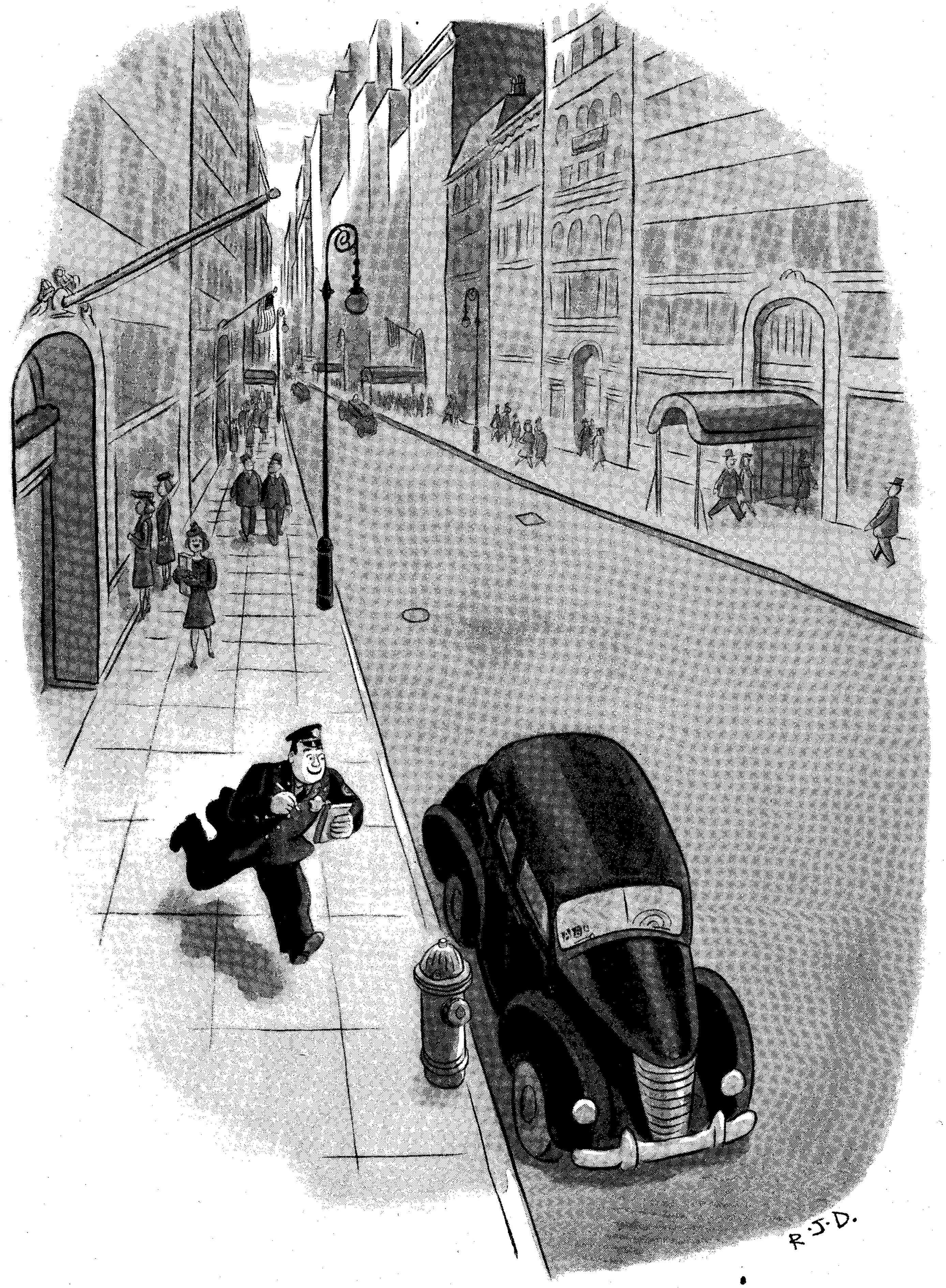
HUSBANDS AND WIVES

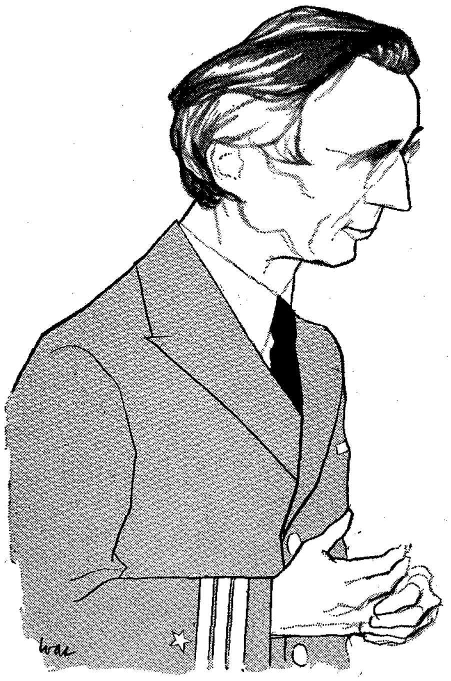
Those that call each other Darling
Spend a lot of time in quarrelling.
Those that call each other Hey
Live in peace by night and day.

—E. B. W.


R·J·D.

PROFILES

COMMANDER WITH A CAMERA—I



EDWARD STEICHEN, who today is a commander in the United States Navy and is engaged in photographing naval and air battles, has for forty years enjoyed the unrestrained attentions of people who like photographs. In 1905, a forward-looking critic, evaluating the twenty-six-year-old Steichen, wrote, "One should not say that he recalls Rembrandt but rather, at this rate, that Rembrandt will, in time, remind us of Steichen." Some twenty-five years later, Carl Sandburg, Steichen's brother-in-law, described him as a combination of Benjamin Franklin and Leonardo da Vinci. Such statements are not at all uncommon in the literature of photography, whether the man under discussion is Steichen or any other prominent master of the craft. Rembrandt, Leonardo, and Michelangelo are mentioned as a matter of course in critiques on photography by people who wouldn't think of comparing a contemporary painter to anyone more eminent in the history of art than John Singer Sargent. Even by the standards of the profession, however, Steichen has been lavishly praised. He is sixty-five and has the appearance of a subject who would look well in one of his own photographs. He is tall and solidly built, and has a broad-domed head, thick white hair, and a face with the clearly defined planes, angles, and deep lines that are considered photogenic. He has been an important figure in the world of photography for so long that many people have forgotten that he once was a painter and that when he turned, more or less permanently, to his new profession, he at first produced mostly romantic, fuzzy photographs, not the sharp, brilliant pictures one now identifies with him.

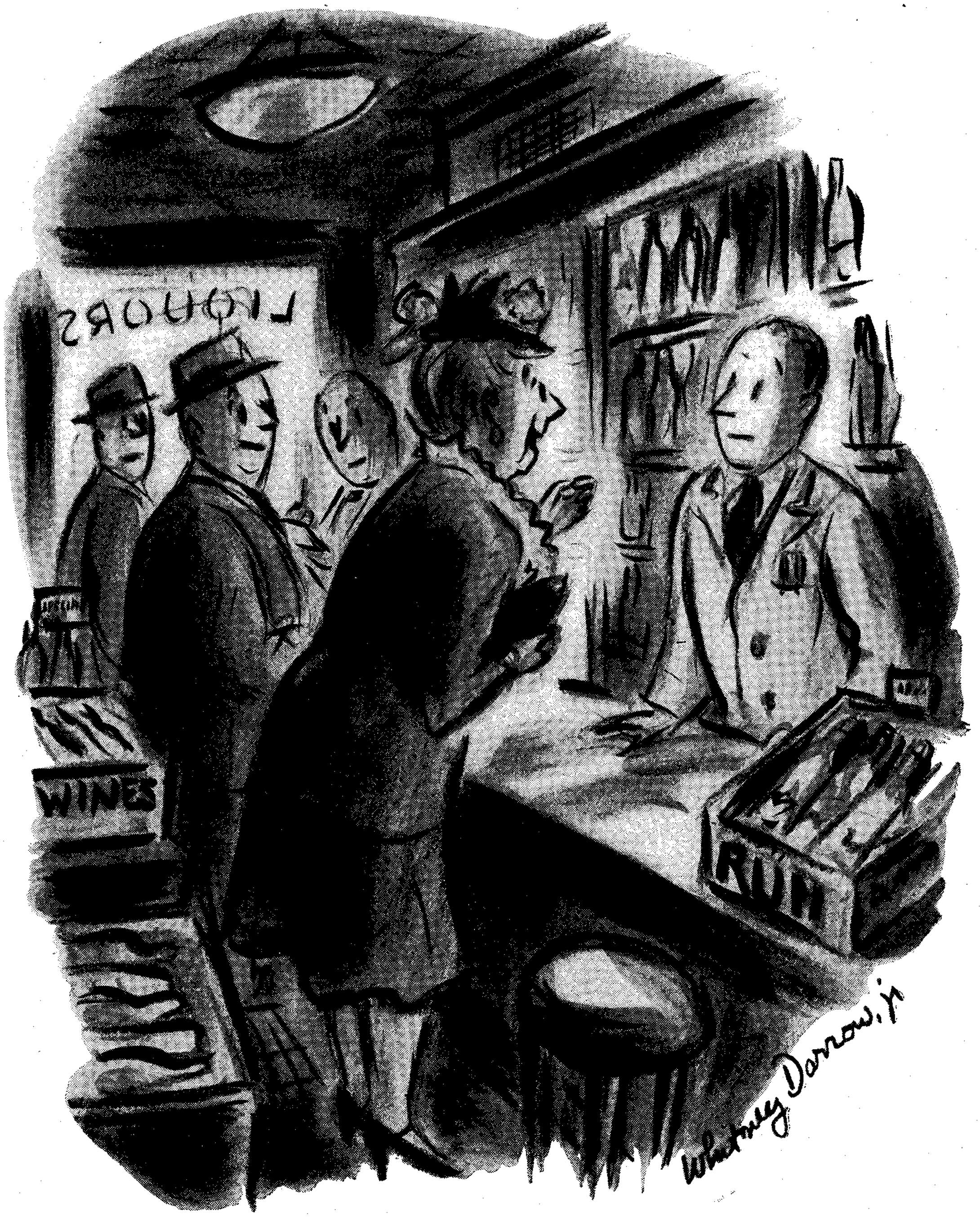
The camera was invented a hundred and five years ago by Louis Daguerre, and some fine pictures were made with it in the nineteenth century. For the most part, though, it was used only by unimaginative fellows, spotted and smelly from the chemicals they were constantly mixing, who found it a way of making a small living. The amateurs in this field were often retired bankers who, in their youth, had failed at water colors. The professionals usually limited themselves to weddings, picnics, babies, and family groups posed against papier-mâché balconies or landscapes of borax snow. Throughout its history, however, the camera has had a group of devotees who have insisted that in the right hands it could produce true art. Such claims at first offended people who doubted that photographs, produced by clumsy contrivances made of black metal, seedy-looking leather, and glass, and circumscribed in their scope by the invariables of chemistry and physics, could ever be either true or beautiful. The photography crowd pointed out that photographers had great control over their medium, by means of lighting, focus, and processing, and that they had as subjective an approach to their subject matter as painters had to theirs. This point of view, of course, came to be accepted more and more widely over the years, and many people give credit for much of the prevailing popularity of photography, and for some of the best examples of the art, to Steichen.

At his trade, Steichen has a sweeping, majestically confident manner, and it has not been weakened by the immoderate adulation he has received. Nor has it been disturbed by the fact that some people say that what he has done is no more than Alfred Stieglitz, Anton Bruehl, Arnold Genthe, Paul Strand, Charles Sheeler, Man Ray, and Edward Weston have done. However, it is at least generally agreed that he was one of the first men to make photography respectable. He received considerable approbation, though not very much money, from the time he began taking pictures, in 1896, until 1923, when he went in for advertising photography and started to concentrate on a sharp focus. His new method, which involved brilliant lighting, extreme contrasts, and dramatic composition, caused a revolution in photography comparable to that brought about by the "Open Air" school of Manet in the eighteen-sixties. Steichen himself, until his sudden change, had been making photographs that were more often than not gray and full of blurred nuances. His switch in method was not the result of a capricious decision or an accident but came only after he had made long studies of lighting, the science of optics, and the chemistry and history of photography. More sensitive paper and developing materials and fine German lenses had come into use since Steichen's early days as a photographer, but the fullest advantage had not been taken of them in commercial work. Even advertising photographs were made to resemble muddy wash drawings. Steichen went back for his ideas to the extremely direct and accurate photography of the earlier masters, such as the French Nadar *père*, the Scottish David Octavius Hill, and the American Matthew Brady.

The Steichen photographs of 1923, which were dramatic and spectacular, had an almost exaggerated realism. Inanimate objects like pencil sharpeners and electric toasters were pictured in dazzling blacks and whites, in lush curves and angles, and were given an august, possibly spurious, importance. Many of Steichen's pictures were published in *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*, and the subjects were, for the most part, fashionable ladies and gentlemen, dresses, or products of the clients of J. Walter Thompson. Despite the commercial nature of his work, Steichen's photographs were admired in aesthetic camera circles, though, not unexpectedly, they caused a certain resentment in the same circles. Some people took to calling him "the big boy with the *f*64 stop." *f*64 is the designation given one of the smallest openings in a camera lens, and its use results in images of great definition and depth. Setting a lens so that the opening is very small is called "stopping down." (Edward Weston later went on to the *f*128 stop.) Steichen, once he stopped down his lens, started doing a rush business. He hired a staff of six technical assistants, including an electrician to handle the intricate lighting equipment he now began to use. He photographed Heinz cans, Dunhill lighters, Poiret dresses on models, Jergens Lotion on hands, Absorbine Jr. on feet, Pond's cold cream on faces, and Cannon towels on girls getting out of baths. The pictures gave manufacturers' products—the bottles, the cans, the household appliances—a richness and a glitter. "His style," one renegade advertising man who worked with Steichen for years has said, "actually created a false, unjustified excitement and drama about objects that were nothing but merchandise for sale to the public." Whether that was true or not, the big money came in and the critics were enthusiastic about his arrangements of carpet tacks and his forthright treatment of the vacuum cleaner. A picture of some lumps of sugar made one admirer talk of "cubes of destiny." When word got around that Steichen had contracts with Condé Nast and J. Walter Thompson which brought him around $100,000 a year, photography became a noble profession, like advertising copy-writing. He started charging $1,000 for camera portraits and they became almost as popular as oils by stylish painters. Today he says he does not remember whether, up to the time he entered the Navy, he actually did make, as he is reputed to have made, a million dollars from magazines and advertisers, and, moreover, he says that he charged high prices for portraits merely to discourage that sort of business. "I was very busy at that period, during the twenties, doing industrial pictures, which interested me a great deal," he recalls, "and at the same time many people were bothering me to do portraits of them. So, as a way of stalling them off, I said I would have to charge a thousand a picture. When that got around, more people came for portraits than ever before."

Steichen, in addition to making money and many of the finest photographs of his time, has acted as a mentor to the younger generation of photographers, encouraging anyone who has seemed to him talented. He has for several years served as a one-man jury for *U. S. Camera*, an annual in which the work of promising as well as established photographers is published. When the series began, Anton Bruehl and Arnold Genthe were also on the jury with Steichen. Tom J. Maloney, editor of *U. S. Camera*, has a ready explanation of what happened. "Among a bunch of dominating men," he says, "Steichen was the one who was most positive about his opinions and tastes, so after a while the others resigned and I thought it would be more peaceful to leave it as a one-man jury."

BEFORE Steichen discovered *f*64, he was primarily a painter, dead serious about art, contemptuous of money, and spending half his time painting and the rest being a romantic pioneer of "art-photography." In those days, he was a determined bohemian, with long, rather unmanageable dark hair. He was well past forty when he gave up painting altogether and took up commercial photography. It was not merely a case of the lure of money; he simply felt that his métier was commercial pictures. Soon he had a large following of young photographers who thought him the greatest photographer of the time. Being an evangelist at heart, he began to crusade for dramatic pictures. "I stand out firmly and forever," he once said, "against the picture of the cute cat coming out of the cute sock." At public gatherings or in statements to newspapers and trade journals, he asked



"I want a good twelve-year-old Scotch, light-bodied and not too smoky."

for "gutty pictures with meat and potatoes in them." In his earlier days he had shot many pictures himself of moonlight on water and similar subjects, but now he advocated "functionalism" and said that painters could produce nothing but glorified wallpaper, while photographers could produce clean, strong pictures of American industry. He made a lot of his old friends angry.

In 1929, Harcourt, Brace published Carl Sandburg's biography of Steichen with a selection of his photographs. It was a handsome thing, but it cost twenty-five dollars a copy, which Steichen's friends thought was a little high. It was expensive, they complained, even to *read* about Steichen. They didn't think it proper, either, that J. Walter Thompson had given the publishers a large advance order for the book and was sending it around to clients free. The man who worried most about Steichen's success and rising income was probably Alfred Stieglitz, the photographer and manager of the *avant-garde*, non-profit art gallery called 291. Stieglitz and his friends looked upon Steichen, who up to then had been one of their group, as wayward. Photographers, according to Stieglitz, should make pictures for the joy of it and, as he puts it, shun the money power. He began referring to Steichen as a tradesman. Steichen, who was sensitive about the fact that he was raking in so much money while doing the things he liked to do, parted company with Stieglitz, whose protégé he had been, and went around making statements like "All my work is commercial. There has never been a period when the best we had was not commercial art." He declared that Michelangelo had been well paid for the murals in the Sistine Chapel and that other great painters of the Renaissance were nothing but advertising men handling accounts for people important in the Church and State.

Steichen's revolt against pure art became so violent that he could hardly stand having artists around. A young friend of his, who happened to be an expert photographer, spent a lot of his time painting, and with no little skill and success. Steichen thought this was bad, and every time he saw his friend he would tell him to throw away his palette and would say loudly that painting was dead. When the two men met in the street, Steichen, abounding in commercial good spirits, would shout, "Well, how is it today, *mon vieux?* The hell with art, eh? What do you say?" The young man got so he didn't say anything at all. In *U. S. Camera*, a magazine which is put out by the publishers of the annual and which may be said to represent the Steichen school of photography, the master, as recently as five years ago, advised his disciples to "forget and ignore art theories" and to stay away from museums. He said he had once been a painter himself and had found it an awful handicap to him in his photography.

Many painters have made the transition to photography rather quietly, but for Steichen it was characteristically abrupt and violent. He was living in a country house at Voulangis, thirty miles outside Paris, in 1920, when his gardener, a Breton named François, came to him one day with a copy he had made of a Steichen painting. Steichen asked him where he had got it and the man said he had painted it himself. Steichen said, "It's better than anything I can paint." He suddenly felt, he tells people now, that all his illusions were gone. He spent a few months brooding, and then one afternoon he called François and the two of them made a bonfire of all the Steichen canvases on the premises, the work of twenty years. "It was a fifty-thousand-dollar bonfire," Steichen says, making an offhand estimate, "and after that I became a commercial photographer. I believe in rejuvenation. Every now and then a man owes himself a good, swift kick in the pants."

Occasionally Steichen's forsaking of one activity for another takes on a formal, valedictory quality. In 1938, upon reaching the age of fifty-eight, he shut his studio and announced his retirement. Other photographers were considerably excited by the announcement, and a number of his prominent competitors cheerfully gave him a farewell banquet at the Algonquin. There were many speeches, mostly tributes to him as the founder and master of modern photography. Steichen made a speech about his plans to cultivate his garden, which covered four hundred acres of his country place, near Ridgefield, Connecticut. People who knew Steichen well were slightly skeptical, not because they doubted that he meant, at least at the moment, what he said but because of his mercurial changes of mind. Their cynicism was justified, for in a couple of months he came back to town, borrowed a studio, and hustled around taking advertising and magazine-cover photographs for his old clients at his old prices.

WHEN Sandburg compared Steichen to da Vinci, he was not merely infected with the traditional verbal exuberance of photographic literature. Steichen has looked upon Leonardo and Michelangelo as his models and has perceptibly tried to live up to their example. Although he has had little formal education, he is a learned student of botany and the Mendelian law, is highly inventive, has done some important original research in color photography, and is an accomplished horticulturist. Before the war, he had large nurseries on his Connecticut farm, won lots of prizes at delphinium shows, and wrote erudite papers for flower journals. For years the Delphinium Society of America annually elected him president, and then ended up by making him honorary president. He is a good judge of painting, and Eugene Meyer, publisher of the Washington *Post*, gives him much of the credit for the Meyers' well-known collection of modern French painting. With Steichen's help, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer bought the work of many painters at a time when their work was not famous and their prices were low. Several extremely valuable Cézannes, for example, were picked up for a few hun-

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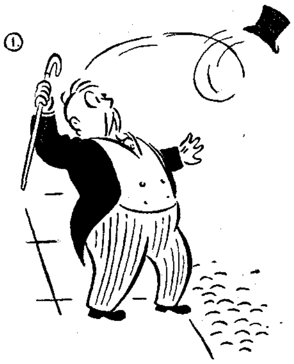

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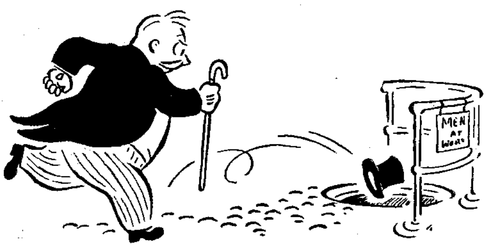

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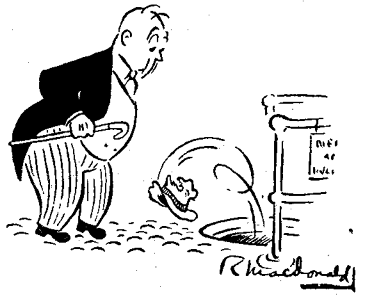
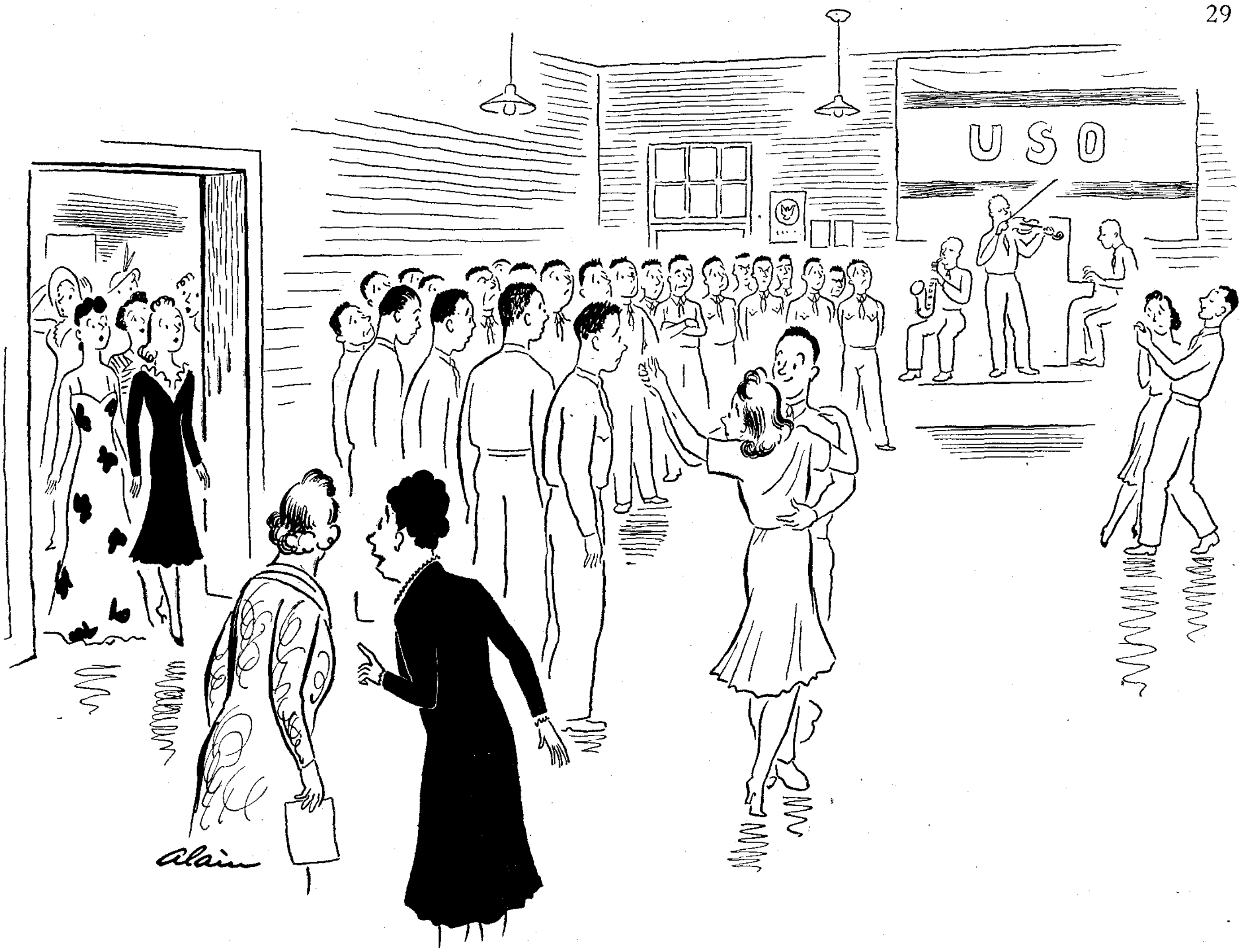




"Thank God! The reinforcements!"

• •

dred dollars each. Steichen likes to cook, make wine, and design household appliances. He is fond of music, and, becoming dissatisfied years ago with the tone of an early radio-phonograph, he spent much of his spare time for the next two years working on an elaborate set of his own design. It had a very nice tone. After that, he mastered in turn the principles of the teleplex (a device which sculptures figures from photographs), the sound camera, the telescope, and the chromatic harmonica.

Steichen's devotion to functionalism has led him into some fairly astonishing doings. In 1929, when he had a studio on the third floor of a house on East Sixty-third Street, he had an oversize elevator, with huge doors, installed. Thereafter, his daily arrival was like a sequence in a Keystone Comedy. Visitors in the reception room of his studio would see the door of the elevator open suddenly, and Steichen would come driving out in a Ford roadster and park it near his reception desk. "Solves the parking problem," he told them. His house in Connecticut is also functional. It is an oblong building with a great glass wall on one side, overlooking a rocky palisade, a waterfall, a forest of second-growth trees, and two ponds. The pond nearer the house is named Jergens Lotion, in honor of the people who paid for it.

After the photographer had got his landscaping well started, his neighbor Charles Sheeler, the painter and photographer, came over and spoke a few approving words on the manner in which the trees on the place had been trimmed and spaced. "Well," said Steichen, "that's the way to paint a landscape—with an axe." The house is of natural cypress, and in fall and winter it blends so successfully with the countryside that it practically disappears. An immense studio living room, which runs the length of the house, has indirect lighting, no carpeting, and an aseptic appearance in general. Brancusi's "Bird in Flight," a piece of abstract sculpture in polished brass, stands in the centre of the room. The house is likely to produce vertigo in visitors. "If I hadn't seen the woods outside, I would have felt I was suspended in the stratosphere," an acquaintance once said. The purchase of Brancusi's bird was a lapse into pure art which didn't bother Steichen, who is pleased with the contradictions in himself. When he had the statue brought to this country from Paris in 1927, it was, as newspaper readers may remember, held by customs inspectors who, considering it merely a piece of polished metal, had demanded a small duty, which Steichen had refused to pay. He protested that it was a work of art, therefore non-dutiable. When asked what it was supposed to represent, he said it was a bird. On the ground that no feathers were visible, the customs men refused to release the sculpture unless the duty was paid. Steichen took the matter to the courts, where it was ruled that the object was a bird.

Steichen is constantly being appraised and reappraised by his acquaintances, most of whom have a favorite phrase or so which they think describes him. They agree that he has been a "showman," but an inspired one, whose prints will very likely still be admired when no one will have any idea what such relics as the potato mashers and face creams of today were used for. Sandburg calls him "a seeker . . . ever seeking." Charles Sheeler has called him "a big hearth fire before which we all used to come and warm ourselves." Some of the young men who have worked as his assistants in his studio half-reverently call him "Goddo." Tom J. Maloney says, "He appears as a force of nature in himself." Maloney's comment, at least, is probably traceable to Steichen's unrepressed energy, which is often released in bursts of joy or indignation. When, in the presence of a group of friends, he read that France had signed the armistice agreement with Germany, in 1940, he tore from his lapel the Legion of Honor ribbon he wore and threw it on the floor.

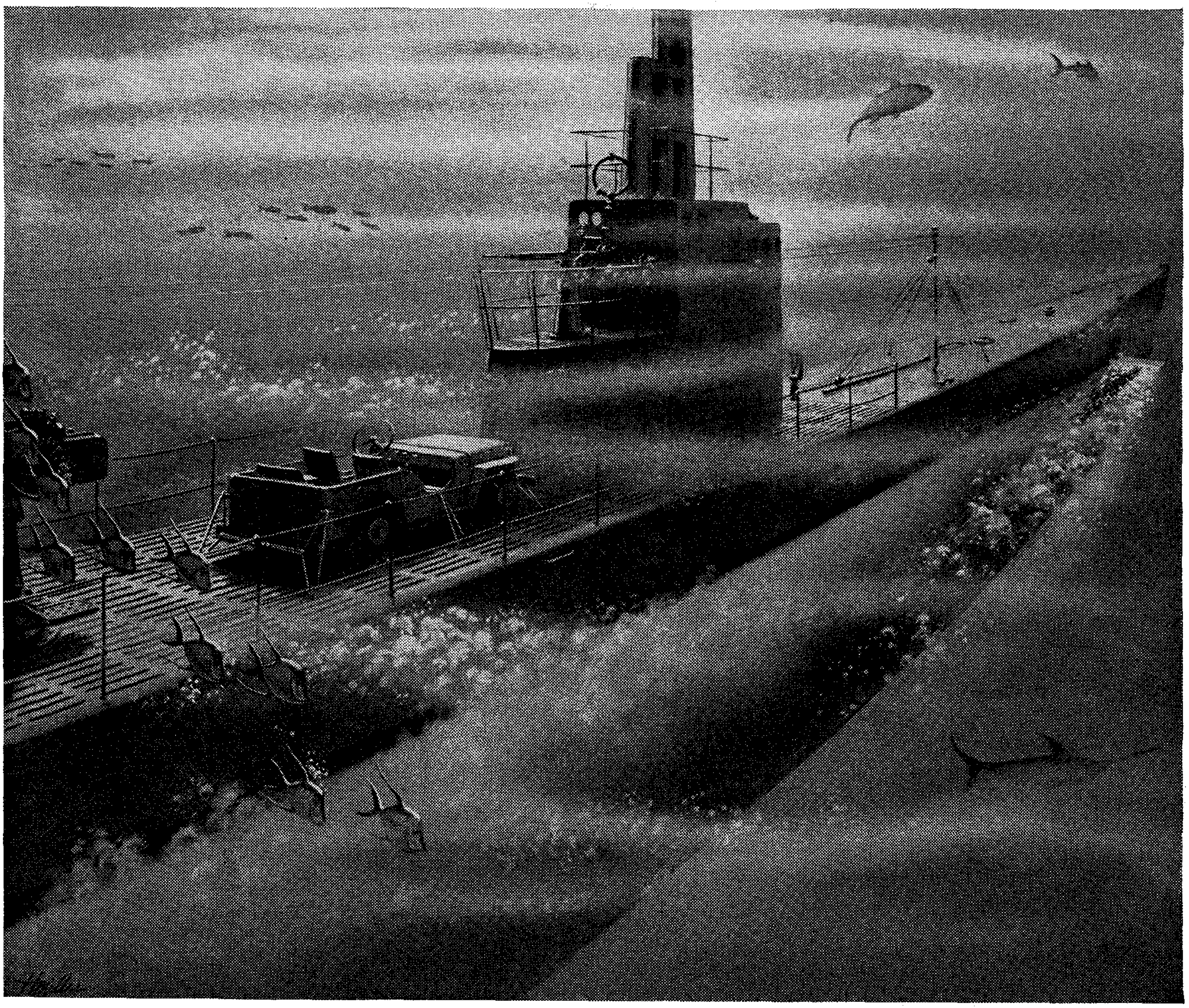
AFTER this country got into the last war, Steichen enlisted in the Army early in 1917 and went to France as a lieutenant. Before the war was over, he was chief of the Army's photographic section, with a staff of fifty-five officers and a thousand enlisted men. Although he didn't have to, he did considerable flying, some of it with the late General Billy Mitchell and dangling from the fuselage taking pictures from a height of twenty thousand feet. He wound up his Army career a lieutenant colonel and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Until a couple of years ago, he listed himself in the New York telephone directory as "Steichen, Col. Edward J."

Right after Pearl Harbor, Steichen, whose military record was good enough to justify his sitting out the second World War, telephoned the War Department every day for weeks in an attempt to get back into the Army, but he was turned down because of his age, which was then sixty-two. He then formulated a plan for getting five thousand camera clubs to make a pool of photographs that might be of strategic value to the Army and Navy, but nothing much came of it. After that, sponsored by the Office of Emergency Management and backed by a $25,000 grant from the Museum of Modern Art, he organized an immense exhibition called "Road to Victory," which opened in May, 1942, at the Museum. It consisted of photographs, enlarged to mural size, selected from a hundred thousand prints by government, military, and civilian photographers and covering nearly every aspect of American life in peace and war. The show, for which Sandburg wrote the captions, was called by the *Times* "the season's most moving experience." It was later sent on a tour of the country. Steichen told friends that he got more satisfaction out of doing it than from any commercial job he had ever done. He had worked on the show without pay.

Shortly before "Road to Victory" opened, Steichen, who had switched his attentions from the Army to the Navy, was commissioned as a lieutenant commander. He shut up his delphinium nurseries, left a caretaker and two huge Irish wolfhounds to guard the place, and went to Washington with his wife. He was put in charge of a newly set-up photographic unit in the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics. The unit had the job of compiling a photographic record of naval aviation in black-and-white and in color, to be used as training material and later to become a historical record. Steichen was given a staff of six officer photographers, a small group of Navy enlisted men, and a Marine sergeant. In July, 1943, he was promoted to the rank of commander. The younger men went out in twos and photographed operations at bases and aboard aircraft carriers. Occasionally one of the pictures would be released to the press, and a selection of them was shown at the Metropolitan Museum in January of this year, together with drawings and paintings of naval action. The photographs were unsigned, but many of them showed the influence, and some of them the unmistakable hand, of the master.

For a while, Steichen, whom the Navy considered a brittle old man, was not permitted to go into a combat area, but he pleaded persistently for such an assignment and finally was given one. He flew over the Pacific in transport planes, then made trips on a submarine and sailed aboard a carrier that saw action in the South Pacific. He brought back many first-rate pictures, and on his return was promised more combat assignments. Steichen, who talks well and is a good observer, said that the experience on the carrier was the most exciting one of his life. For six days the carrier was under attack or in Con-

"I wish I could stay out of the rough long enough to find out if I'm any good at this game."



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Asleep in the deep with a jeep!

Some jeeps fly and some jeeps float — but this one was a deep-sea diver.

The crew of a U. S. submarine took it from a pier at Pearl Harbor. They stowed tires and engine inside the sub, lashed the rest to the deck, and rambled all over — and under — the Pacific. But with so little time ashore to enjoy the jeep, they finally swapped it to a destroyer *for three gallons of ice cream!*

Such a price for a prized possession shows how *much* service men like ice cream. Like the Marine who wrote from his jungle foxhole that he wanted ice cream three times a day *every day* after the war — or the report that Americans in Tunisia rate ice cream as next best to a date with a pretty girl!

Fighting men may eat ice cream just because it's good. But the nutrition experts regularly include it in service menus *because it's also a valuable food, rich in vitamins and calcium.*

Today, of course, the ice cream supply is limited by the world-wide need for milk, cream, butter and cheese. But if you'll be content with your fair share, you can still enjoy it.

For our part, we'll continue and enlarge the program of research that has constantly improved the quality of ice cream — and has developed so many other useful and satisfying products from milk — nature's most nearly perfect food.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
Based on LYNN RIGGS' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Betty GARDE · Harry STOCKWELL · Joseph BULOFF · Betty Jane WATSON
ST. JAMES, W. 44th St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

(in association with Jack H. Skirball)
JACOBOWSKY and the COLONEL
The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
LOUIS CALHERN • ANNABELLA • OSCAR KARLWEIS
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
AIR-CONDITIONED
MARTIN BECK Thea. W. 45th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The MARGARET WEBSTER PRODUCTION
PAUL ROBESON
JOSE FERRER • UTA HAGEN
OTHELLO
LAST 5 WEEKS
EDITH KING • JAMES MONKS
Production designed and lighted by Robert Edmond Jones
SHUBERT Thea. 44 St. W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—BARNES, Herald Trib.
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
presents
Margaret Elliott
SULLAVAN & NUGENT
in JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
with AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

"HELEN GOES TO TROY
is funny, musically fetching, lovely to look at and jubilantly gay. A musical farce of the first order."
—BARNES, Herald Tribune
ALVIN Theatre, W. 52 St. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30. AIR COND.

"Hilarious, Irresistible."
—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
with MARY PHILIPS • SIDNEY BLACKMER
AIR CONDITIONED—PLYMOUTH Thea. W. 45th St.
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"THE FUNNIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD"
ROBERT REUD presents
ZASU PITTS in
RAMSHACKLE INN
By George Batson
"ZASU PITTS IS GIVING A TERRIFIC PERFORMANCE." —Coleman, Mirror
ROYALE THEA., 45th St. West of B'way | Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40 Mats. Sat. & Sunday

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT"
Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH
BERGNER
In The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with VICTOR JORY
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

dition Red, which means that an attack may be expected at any moment. "The men on that ship, they're just kids, many of them, and yet it was unbelievable the way they worked together and helped each other," he said. Things happened so fast that only the cameras saw them accurately. Jap planes would be reported coming in and the planes on board would take off to meet them. The anti-aircraft gunners would jump to their positions and fill the air with tracers and explosive shells. In one air raid Steichen witnessed, the color and noise were magnificent for two minutes, and then suddenly the battle was over. Seven Jap planes were shot down; two of them, his photographs showed, exploded within a few yards of the carrier. The attack was resumed and went on for seven hours, with torpedo planes attacking again and again. During the night a full moon outlined the carrier. "For once," Steichen said, "I would have reached up and plucked that moon out of the sky with my fingers if I could have."

The carrier got through the night attack safely, but there were discouraging moments. "There were over two thousand men on the ship," Steichen recalled recently, "and I'd say that there were over two thousand heroes. The captain told the men that the ship depended on them, and they acted just exactly that way. And that sort of thing was happening all the time in the Pacific, all over the place, every minute."

On mornings when the carrier Steichen was on was more or less out of danger, the sea was likely to seem innocent and calm, the sun was likely to shine, and the patrol planes would drone overhead. Then the boys on board, stripped to the waist, would sprawl by the hundred on the deck and sun themselves, each curling up with his head on someone else, making a great, weaving pattern. One morning Steichen looked down on them from the bridge, adjusted his camera, and shot one of the strangest and finest crowd pictures ever taken. —MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

(*This is the first of two articles on Commander Steichen.*)

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COLORFUL BOW BLOUSE
IN COOL BATISTE
3.98

. . . Melon, green, lilac or white. Preshrunk (won't shrink more than a negligible 20%).—*Adv. in the World-Telegram.*

And you were looking for something cool anyway, weren't you?

DAVE WOLPER'S HIT MUSICAL
"Follow the Girls"
GERTRUDE NIESEN
FRANK PARKER • IRINA BARONOVA • JACKIE GLEASON
Production staged by HARRY DELMAR
EVES: Tues. through Sun. 8:30 (No Perf. Mon.)
MATS: Sat. & Sun. 2:30
CENTURY Thea. 59th St. & 7th Av. Circle 7-3121

MICHAEL TODD presents
BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
with JUNE HAVOC · GEORGE GIVOT · WILBUR EVANS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50 St. Mats. Wed. Sat

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
46th ST. Thea. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

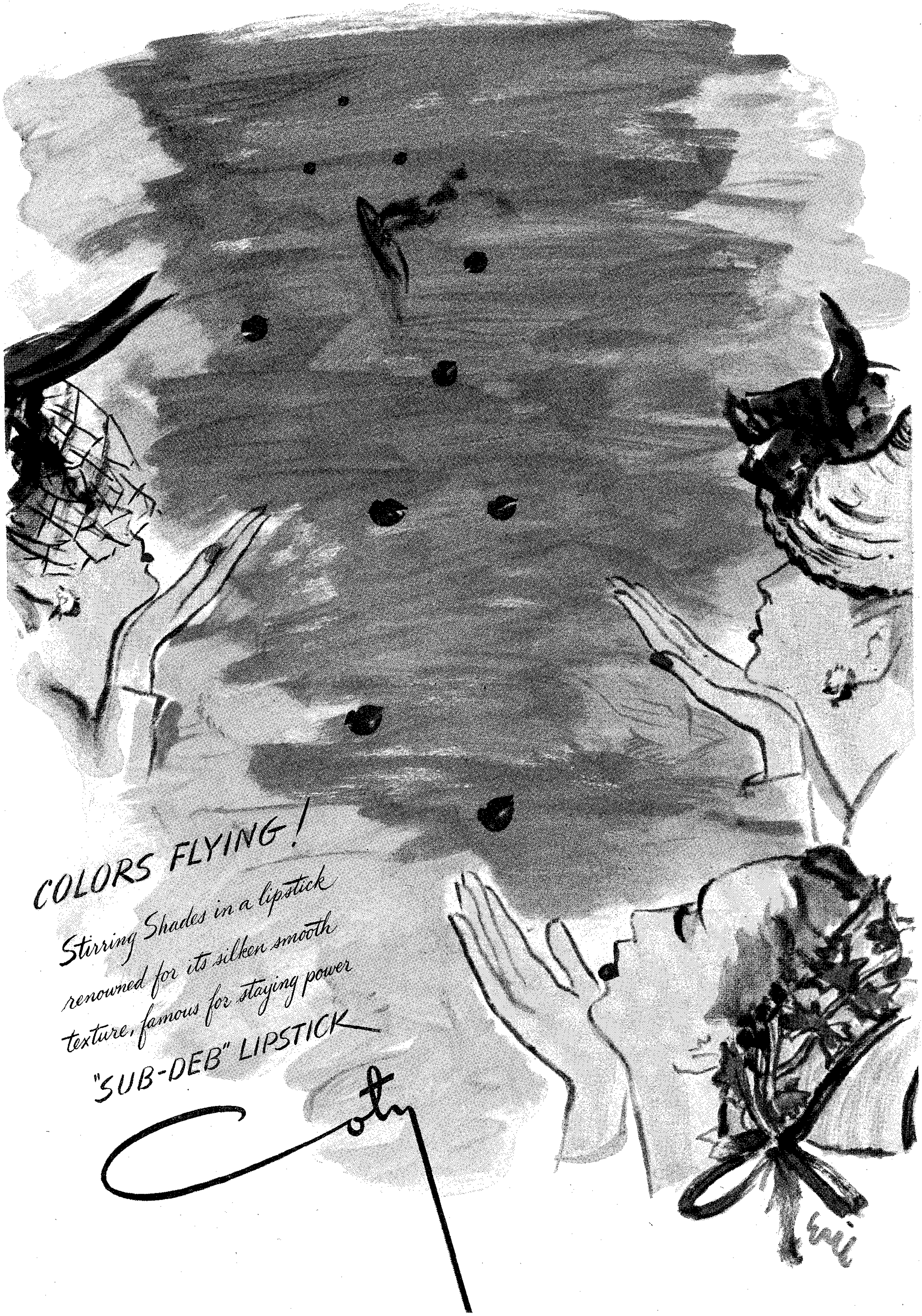
"Smash hit!" Winchell
MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
SENOR WENCES · CHRISTINE AYRES · SARA ANN McCABE
NADINE GAE · TOMMY WONDER · JACK McCAULEY
and SUE RYAN
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
IMPERIAL THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way. CO-5-2412
TWICE SAT. & SUN. 2:35 & 8:35. No Perf. Mon.

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT — 2nd YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS • Robert KEITH •
BILTMORE THEA., W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
IN
The Searching Wind
with BARBARA O'NEIL and ARNOLD KORFF
FULTON W. 46 St. Eves 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40. Air Cond

"A RIBALDY AMUSING FARCE COMEDY"
—George Jean Nathan
Meyer Davis presents
WALLFLOWER
The Laugh Hit
by Mary Orr & Reginald Denham
CORT, 48th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 35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Stirring Shades in a lipstick
renowned for its silken smooth
texture, famous for staying power
"SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK
Coty
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How to tell when it's time

A SUN DIAL is just *one* way to tell when it's time to lay aside the cares of the day and relax over a highball.

If you don't happen to have a sun dial, an ordinary watch will do very well.

But here's something neither a sun dial nor your watch can tell you: The most soul-satisfying highball you ever raised to your lips is one that's made with that richly mellow, deep-flavored whiskey—*Four Roses.*

You may, of course, find that your bar or package store is temporarily out of Four Roses these days. If so, we're very sorry. However, we want you to know that we're doing our level best to apportion the available supply of Four Roses so that *everybody* can get a fair share.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

THE THEATRE

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT

"Career Angel," a gentle bore, originally produced in a little upstairs theatre on West Fifty-seventh Street by the Blackfriars Guild, turned up again last week in full commercial dress at the National, where it had a tendency to rattle around. It is hard to be disagreeable about this project, since everybody connected with it is touchingly anxious to please and there is no real harm in it anywhere. Dutifully, however, I have to say that Broadway is no place for an amateur theological fantasy, no matter how elevated its motives may be. The dialogue in "Career Angel" is apt to be either arch or professorial; the plot—or rather the plots, since there seem to be two of them—is pretty tangled and ingenuous; the acting, with the exception of a nice, genial performance by Whitford Kane, is generally on the cute side, underlining the author's slightly too determined charm. There are those, no doubt, who will be enchanted or at least soothed by the innocent goings on at the National, but for more nervous types, I'm afraid they may be quite an ordeal.

Gerard M. Murray, who happens to be a Long Island pastor, apparently set out to write a play about the triumph of pure faith over worldly skepticism, but then, either because he ran dry on this theme or else because he felt that some concession should be made to current history, stirred in another one about Nazi saboteurs operating on the Georgia coast. Play No. 1 has to do with a bankrupt orphanage and how its fortunes are redeemed by Brother Seraphim and his Guardian Angel, who together dig up some Civil War letters proving that it once played a picturesque rôle in history and can therefore be exploited commercially. The other brothers are dubious about the Angel, who is, it seems, invisible to them, and they throw Seraphim to the psychiatrists. These experts, however, find nothing unusual in a lay brother conversing with spooks and throw him right back, just in time for a jocular miracle at the end. This is all you need to know about Play No. 1. Play No. 2, as noted, is about spies and is remarkable only for its almost total irrelevance to Father Murray's main theme and the fact that most of it takes place offstage, which may be a good thing. You need to know nothing further about Play No. 2, except perhaps that its author is apparently still under the impression that Fascism and Communism are identical.

Next to Brother Seraphim (Mr. Kane), the Guardian Angel, impersonated by Glenn Anders, is by far the busiest figure on the stage. Mr. Anders looks charming in a male version of the costumes and makeup worn by the lady haunts in "Blithe Spirit," but his behavior may be mildly exasperating. Something, of course, must be charged to the persistent whimsicality of the script, but the acting isn't entirely blameless. If you can imagine Puck in his middle fifties, that would be Mr. Anders. Ronald Telfer, as a tart and spinsterish cleric, and a small boy called Charles Nevil, as an extremely talkative orphan, pleased me intermittently. The rest of the cast struggle hard, but on the whole Father Murray's antic spirit seems to be too much for them.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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Mr. Talbot. That is right. Mr. Smith is a lawyer of high moral turpitude and feels that in order to be protected from any suspicion or cause for suspicion, before he may practice law for this committee and present the facts before this Senate committee he should be given the benefit of relief from these sections of the Criminal Code.

Mr. McCormack. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?—*Congressional Record.*

Don't yield, Talbot, you're going great!

MAX GORDON HITS!
"Glib, daffy, enormously funny"—*Morehouse, Sun*
RUTH GORDON IN
OVER TWENTY-ONE
By RUTH GORDON
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
MUSIC BOX, 45th St. West of B'way. Ci. 6-4636
EVGS. 8:40. Mats. THURS., & SAT., 2:40

"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—*Walter Winchell*
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40
Both Theatres Air-Conditioned

"Big and important...human, convincing"—News
THERON BAMBERGER *presents*
TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
Staged by ELLIOTT NUGENT
CONRAD NAGEL · SHIRLEY BOOTH
BARRYMORE, W. 47th. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Josephine HULL · Effie SHANNON in
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
4th YEAR!
Unforgettably funny"—*Atkinson, Times*
HUDSON Theatre, W. 44 St. Evgs. incl. Sunday 8:40
Matinees Sat. 2:40—Sun. at 3. No Tues. Perf.

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MAXWELL ANDERSON'S
"THE EVE OF ST. MARK"
The War's Greatest Love Story!
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
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PLUS A TOWN-TOPPING STAGE SHOW!
Buy War BONDS! ROXY 7th Ave. & 50th St.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
HELD OVER FOURTH WEEK!
"THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"
IRENE DUNNE • ALAN MARSHAL
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

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NEW YORK'S MOST BEAUTIFUL HOTEL
VINCENT J. COYLE, Managing Director
150 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. Management

LISTEN: JUNE 3, 1944

One of the best reporters in New York expressed the matter in this way:

"The radio world, never given to prolonged quiet, burst forth last week with as lively and complicated an argument as it ever had. The topic under debate was when and under what standards postwar television should make its bow.

"CBS started the current dispute by announcing that it favors a policy of concentrating all research effort on higher frequencies where there was sufficient room to telecast more detailed pictures than, the network claimed, was possible under present standards.

"Paul W. Kesten, CBS executive vice president, contended that such a move was essential now lest a later shift to higher frequencies make receivers owned by the public suddenly useless or lest a large financial investment by public and manufacturers under present standards discourage ultimate improvement in the video art.

"CBS, emphasizing that it was not seeking to delay television's advent, believes it the wiser course to prepare for scrapping what investment there is now under the present standards of television rather than risk a far larger sum in later years."

That's the kernel of the issue.

★

Over a period of 22 months CBS made available to the Government a total of 6,843 different radio programs totalling over 3,000 hours of broadcasting. These programs were rebroadcast by the Government, through its agencies created for that purpose, all over the world—not only to the troops but to the civilian populations in the Far East, Latin America, Europe and North Africa.

Of these gift programs 3,023 were CBS sustaining programs—and 3,820 were sponsored programs.

Thus the average rate of CBS programs outbound to our troops and Allies was something like 310 per month—that's 10 a day, or about 4½ hours' worth.

The record is here submitted without further comment; the reader will please make his own evaluation of this striking service to our troops and friendly peoples overseas.

★

On the eve of his vacation from the CBS air, and asked to forecast his summer plans, Fred Allen, with his usual lower-case reluctance, replied as follows:

"the radio comedian can learn from the lowly oyster. the succulent bivalve retains its popularity through the simple process of disappearing four months each year. radio comedians are seldom good during the months that have no r in them. it is my contention that they should estivate during this period.

"practising what i preach i am subleasing a gopher-hole for the summer. i will crawl into my hole come july and lie dormant until the frost is on the sponsor next fall. estivate means spend the summer in a state of torpor but i shall choose some other state".

★

The New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra is 102 years old and the YMCA is going on 100—so on Sunday afternoon, June 4, the orchestra in its CBS concert will play a symphony written by Morton Gould to celebrate the Y's centennial.

Symphony on Marching Tunes it's called, because in its four movements you'll hear famous Civil War marching songs and bugle calls. You'll recognize *Johnny Comes Marching Home*, *Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground* and *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp The Boys Are Marching*. Gould says his symphony is "dedicated to all freedom loving youth all over the world who are fighting for liberty."

★

Up to June 1, current CBS advertisers have been on CBS air a total of 22,031 weeks, or 423 years.

★

This is CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

OF ALL THINGS

Elmer Davis asks advertisers not to take any commercial advantage of the forthcoming invasion. He seems to think that we can get along without any D Day soap, soup, or cigarettes.

●

Mr. Churchill says that a certain country's refusal to join the Allies will deprive her of any voice in the postwar settlement. In other words, there may be no Turkey on the peace table.

●

The Berlin radio finds it necessary to tell the Germans that the comet recently discovered is not an omen of catastrophe. Any of them who insist on worrying can still find plenty of material on the old home planet.

●

Herbert Hoover says that he is taking no part in the selection of a Republican nominee. In fact, he claims that he has no connection with any candidate, either running or sitting.

●

The Senate has declined an invitation to send a delegation to visit the British Parliament. Senators feel that in an election year there is no place like home.

●

General Somervell says that night-club entertainers who have been thrown out of work by the thirty-per-cent tax can be of use in war plants. They might even get jobs on the late shift if they have an aversion to daylight.

●

Thousands of persons, it appears, sent in their last income-tax returns without making any payments. The Bureau of Internal Revenue has decided to warn the public that tax simplification can be carried too far.

●

Senator Rufus Holman of Oregon, accused of being an isolationist, was defeated for renomination. The home-state Republicans took the commendable position that any man who really wants isolation should have it.

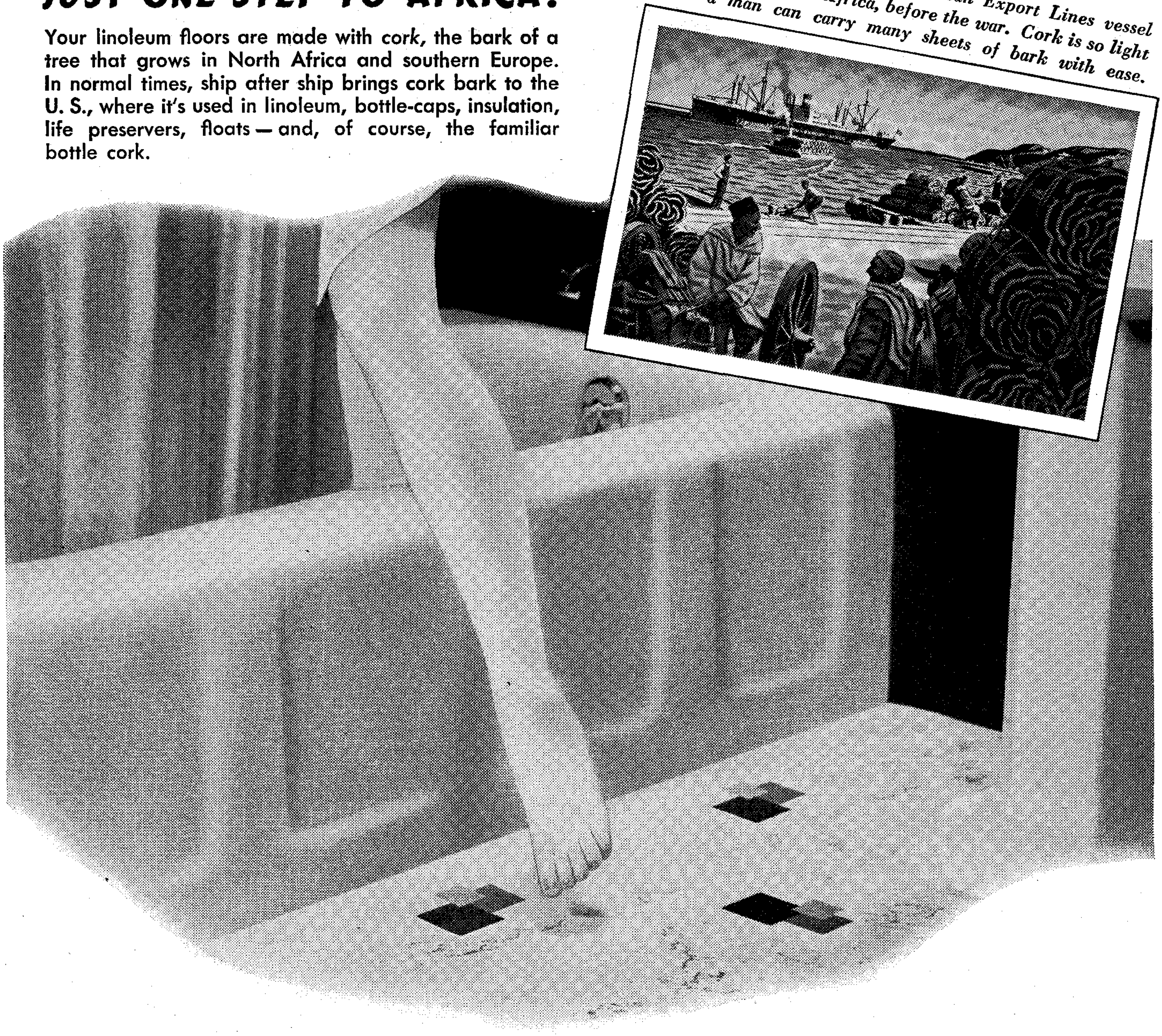
●

Chester Bowles says that any O.P.A. employees who dabble in politics will be instantly dismissed. They must spend the campaign quietly at home, curled up with a good ration book.

—Howard Brubaker

JUST ONE STEP TO AFRICA!

Your linoleum floors are made with cork, the bark of a tree that grows in North Africa and southern Europe. In normal times, ship after ship brings cork bark to the U. S., where it's used in linoleum, bottle-caps, insulation, life preservers, floats — and, of course, the familiar bottle cork.



Loading cork aboard an American Export Lines vessel at a port in North Africa, before the war. Cork is so light that a man can carry many sheets of bark with ease.

Your daily life would be seriously upset if this country were suddenly deprived of the hundreds of things ships bring us from foreign lands. And many Americans would lose their jobs — or earn less — if there were no ships to carry the products we normally sell overseas.

To assure this foreign trade, Congress drew up the far-sighted Merchant Marine Act of 1936. This "Magna Charta of the U. S. Merchant Marine" called for an American-flag fleet "*constructed in the U. S., manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel . . . owned and operated under the U. S. flag by citizens*". . . all-American shipping "*necessary for the national defense and development of* (*our*) *foreign and domestic commerce.*"

Thanks to the Maritime Commission's able carrying out of this program, we have today a U. S.-flag merchant fleet able to supply our Navy and our many fighting fronts. Under the guidance of the War Shipping Administration, American shipping is one of the Allies' most powerful weapons!

American Export Lines, both before and during the war, have added fine, fast U. S.-built ships and citizen crews. War needs determine our routes and cargoes now . . . but Peace will see us, with fast service and time-table schedules, helping to cement America's vital trade with countries along the Mediterranean, the Black Sea and the Indian Ocean.

What you and other Americans want to buy or sell abroad will determine our cargoes and our ports of call!

American Export Lines E
25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY 4

American Export Airlines, too, with giant flying boats, are shortening the supply lines to our fighting men

N. W. AYER & SON

A REPORTER AT LARGE

FACE, FIGURE, FASCINATION, AND FITNESS

SINCE it was founded, in January, 1939, the DuBarry Success School, in the Richard Hudnut Building, on Fifth Avenue above Fifty-fourth Street, has graduated, with remarkable ceremonies devised by its director, Miss Ann Delafield, approximately six thousand girls and women, ranging in age from nine to seventy-two, most of whom have wanted to look as much like a Conover model as possible. Another hundred and twenty-five thousand students, unable to attend the school, have subscribed to its Home Course in Beauty and followed more or less the same curriculum. Miss Delafield is justifiably proud of the job she has done in turning her hundred and thirty-one thousand ducklings into swans, and she seldom misses a chance to point out that in the course of their studies they have lost an average of twenty pounds per pupil, a total of 2,620,000 pounds, or 1,310 tons. That's about the weight of a small ocean-going freighter.

The first Success School classes were held in a single room on the fifth floor of the six-story Hudnut Building, most of which was then given over to the Richard Hudnut Salon, a quiet place where women could have their hair and nails done, their faces fixed up, and their figures pummelled, and where they could buy the DuBarry beauty products concocted by Hudnut. In the past five years, to the somewhat astonished delight of the Hudnut people, the school has grown rapidly and, overflowing into the Salon, now occupies the fourth, fifth, and sixth floors, and, in the summer, the roof of the building. In a six-week course, pupils of the Success School are not only streamlined but are taught how to stand up straight, to walk gracefully into a room, to conga, rumba, and samba, to speak musically, to choose becoming clothes, to do their hair becomingly, and to improve their faces, preferably with the aid of DuBarry products. As at any place of learning, the graduation ceremonies have an almost ritual significance for the students. At commencement they turn up in brand-new bathing suits (the DuBarry equivalent of cap and gown), from one to six sizes smaller than those they wore when they matriculated, and with orchids or gardenias on their shoulder straps. As each graduate steps forward to be applauded by her friends and relatives and the faculty members, a stereopticon picture is thrown on a screen beside her to show how repulsive she looked before Miss Delafield got hold of her.

When I heard, not long ago, that a Success School graduation was in the offing, I telephoned Miss Bernice Wambold, Miss Delafield's assistant, to ask if I could attend the exercises. Miss Wambold gave me a gracious invitation for the following Friday. "We're so rushed lately that we're graduating two classes that day," she told me. "But if you want to find out more about our course, I think you should come over on Monday morning as well and hear Miss Delafield discourage an entering group."

"Discourage them?" I asked.

"Miss Delafield doesn't want anyone in the school who isn't going to co-operate wholeheartedly," Miss Wambold said, "so she paints as black a picture as possible on the first day and tries to see if she can make anyone drop out."

IT was raining when I arrived at the Hudnut Building on Monday morning, but in spite of this four women were standing outside studying the window display, some very striking before-and-after photographs of a young lady who had taken off sixty-nine and one-fourth pounds at the Success School, with the result, a legend explained, that she was able to join the motor corps of the A.W.V.S. Inside, on the street floor, where the DuBarry products are sold, there was one customer, a pretty, hatless, dark-haired girl wearing a red suit, open sandals, and a look of exaltation. She was having a high-spirited conversation with a salesgirl behind the counter, and as I came near them she began to sing "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning."

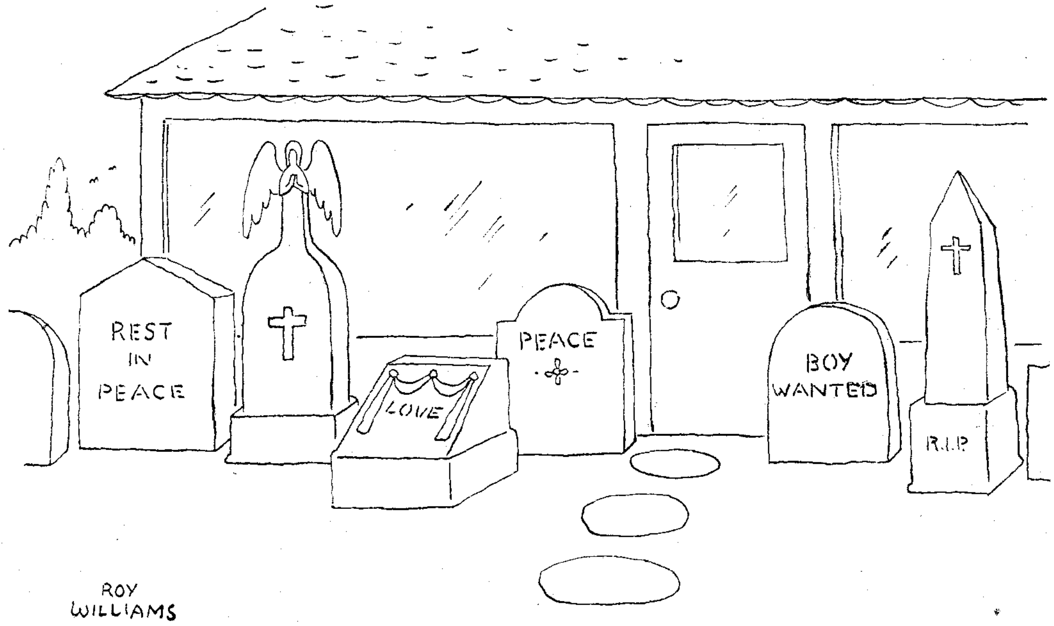
"A *beautiful* morning, Miss Elliott?" inquired the salesgirl, glancing through the window.

"If you *feel* it's beautiful, it *is* beautiful," said Miss Elliott, and the two young women exchanged a glance chock-full of meaning. I deduced that I had overheard a bit of Success School philosophy. Miss Elliott bought a jar of Derma-Sec Formula and walked out with a resilient step.

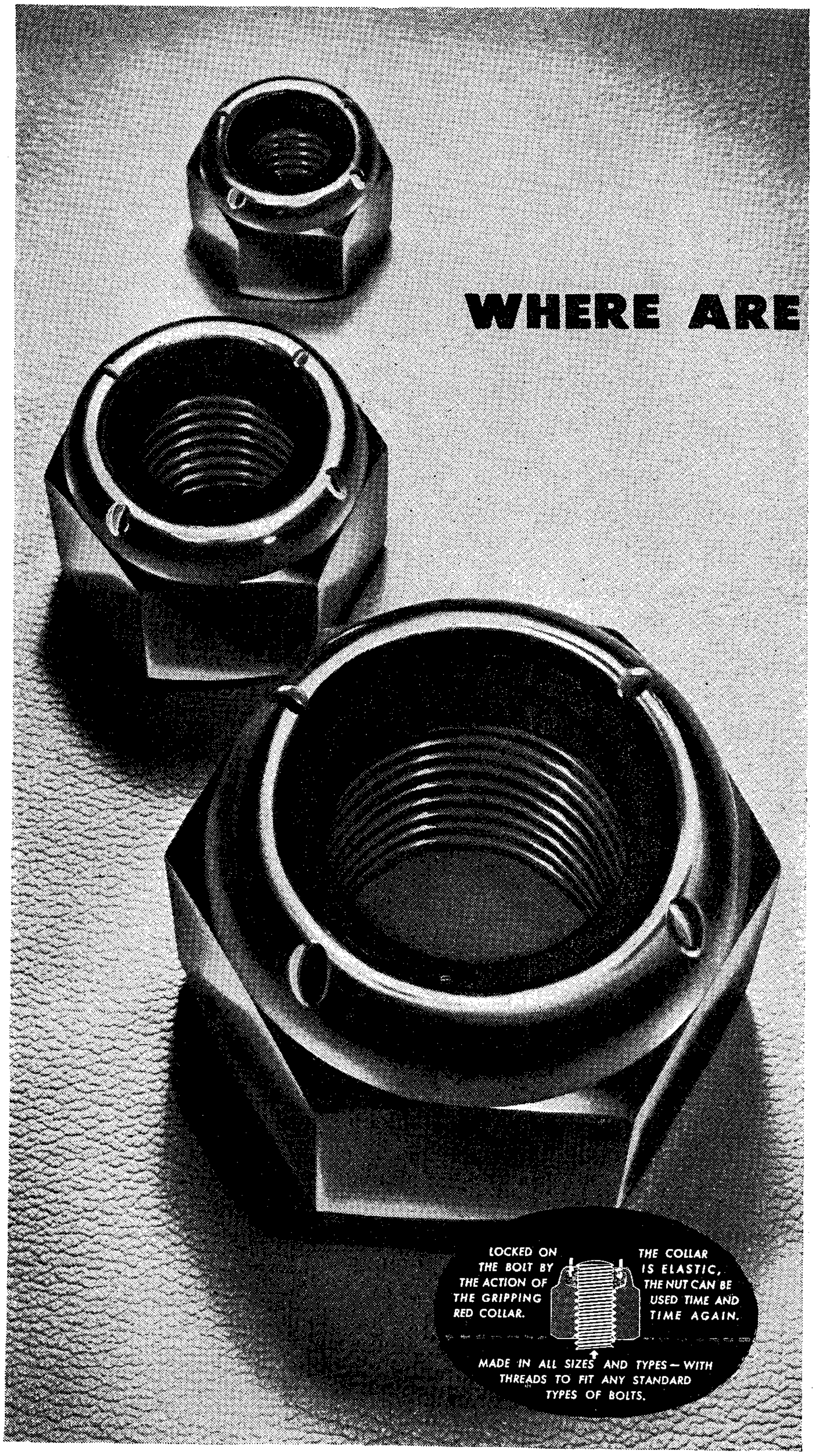
"Was that one of your graduates?" I asked the salesgirl.

"Oh, yes," she said happily.

I told the girl my errand and she went off to find Miss Wambold. I strolled around the shop, which is decorated with quantities of bleached wood and mirror. As I glanced over the array of DuBarry creams, lotions, powders, rouges, and other cosmetics set out in glass showcases, it occurred to me that the eminent courtesan for whom the Success School is named and whose portrait appears on the cover of the face-powder boxes had a bosom which would come in for a good deal of attention if she ever stepped inside the school. The salesgirl returned, told me that Miss Wambold would be down shortly, and led me to a comfortable chair in a corner of the shop. She



WHERE ARE THEY NOW?


LOCKED ON THE BOLT BY THE ACTION OF THE GRIPPING RED COLLAR.
THE COLLAR IS ELASTIC, THE NUT CAN BE USED TIME AND TIME AGAIN.
MADE IN ALL SIZES AND TYPES—WITH THREADS TO FIT ANY STANDARD TYPES OF BOLTS.

This is an Elastic Stop Nut.

There are more of them on America's planes, tanks, guns, and naval vessels than all other self-locking nuts combined.

The reason is an Elastic Stop Nut holds fast and locks tight without any extra locking gadgets.

It does this because of the elastic collar in the top.

This collar squeezes between the bolt threads. It grips both sides of the threads. So no amount of vibration shakes the nut loose.

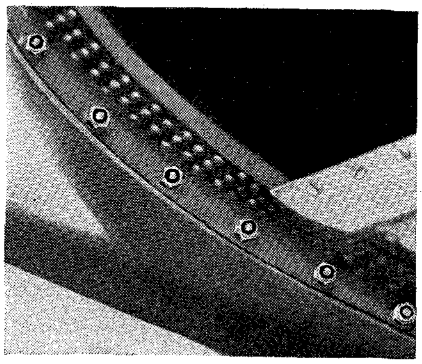
You can take the nut off and put it back on, time and time again, and it still retains its locking effectiveness. This is because the collar is elastic and "comes back."

Billions of Elastic Stop Nuts are in use. And as far as we know, not one in a million has ever failed.

After a while, with the war won, you will be able to have these nuts with the characteristic red collar of ESNA on all the new equipment that will come. They will make it stronger, safer and more dependable just as they are doing on America's war goods today.

THE KIND OF JOB ELASTIC STOP NUTS ARE DOING

This is how the wing of a DC-3 transport plane is fastened on—with Elastic Stop Nuts, the nuts with the red collar so familiar to the aircraft industry. The tons of plane, crew and pay load depend on these nuts for their security. All told, this type of plane uses as many as 35,000 Elastic Stop Nuts.



ESNA
TRADE MARK OF
ELASTIC STOP NUT CORPORATION OF AMERICA

ELASTIC STOP NUTS

Lock fast to make things last

Union, New Jersey and Lincoln, Nebraska

The
Starlight Roof

At Supper
MORTON DOWNEY
Dinner and Supper
GEORGE HAMILTON
and his Orchestra
...featuring June Howard
MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra
alternating—Cover from 10:30, $2
NO COVER FOR SERVICE
MEN AND WOMEN
IN UNIFORM

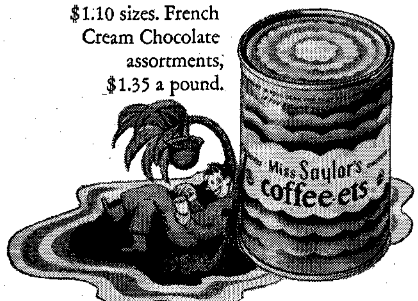
Buffet Luncheon
(except Sunday) à la carte
Mischa Borr and his Ensemble
SUNDAY DINNER
Michael Zarin and his Orchestra for
Dancing . . . no cover

The
Waldorf-Astoria

ON LEAVE....

Temporarily,
Miss Saylor's French
Cream Chocolates and
Coffee-ets are on leave.
Our unusual candies,
which even in wartime
retain their individual
goodness and
home-made flavor . . .
for we still use fresh cream,
dairy butter, choice nuts
and fragrant, delicately
blended chocolate . . .
are pepping up service
men and women
'round the world.
But we're remembering
you, too, so from
time to time you'll be
able to get our candies
at your dealers.
Coffee-ets in 60¢ and
$1.10 sizes. French
Cream Chocolate
assortments,
$1.35 a pound.

MISS SAYLOR'S
CHOCOLATES
AND
COFFEE-ETS



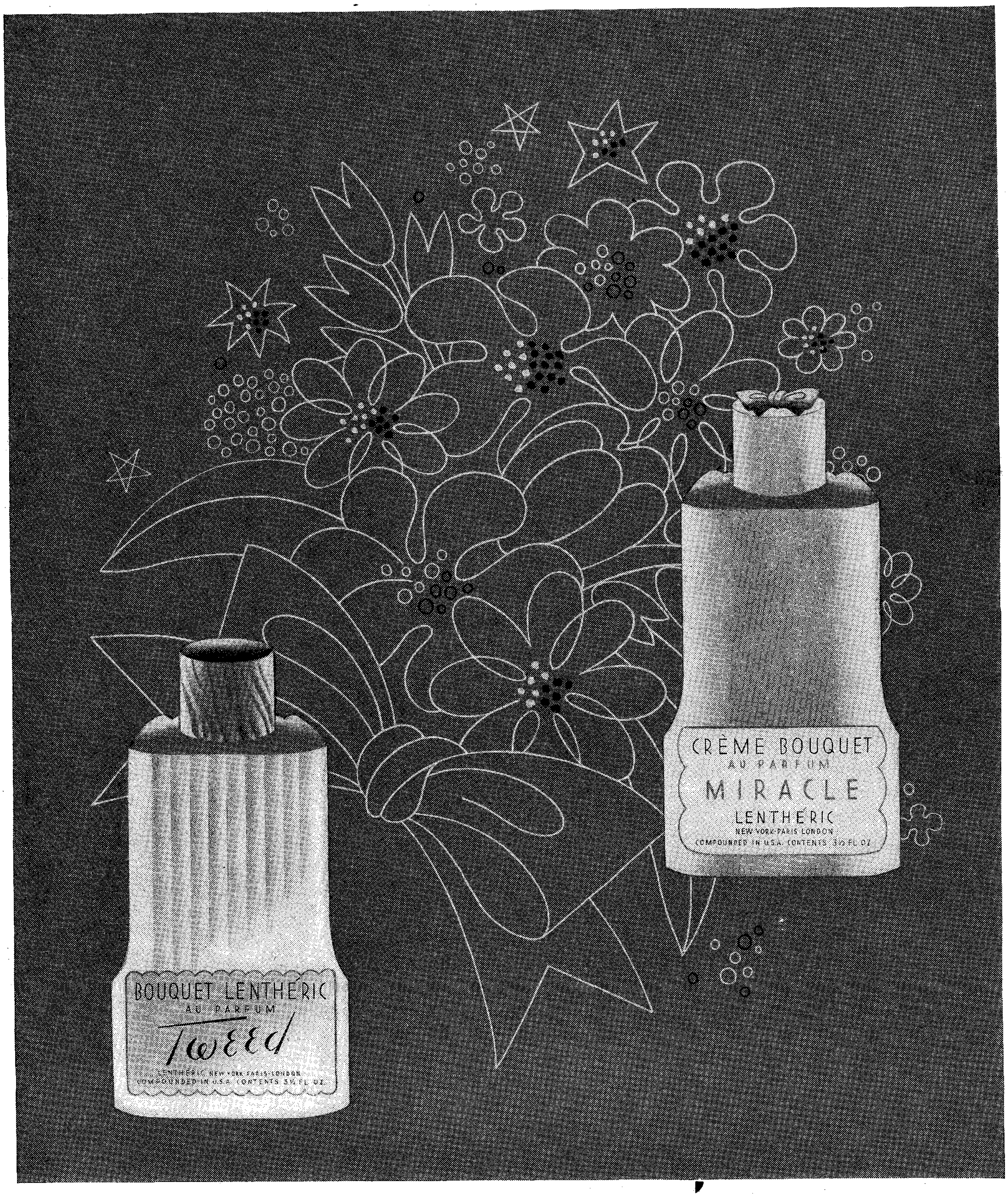
MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.
ENCINAL AVENUE • ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

suggested that I look over the reading matter set out on a low, glass-topped table beside it. This, I found, was a Success School catalogue and some booklets with such titles as "What Price Beauty?" and "A Primer of Physical Fitness." The catalogue was called "Carry On with a Pretty Face—Carry On with a Strong Body." The four basic precepts of the Success School, the catalogue said, are contained in its slogan, "Face, Figure, Fascination, and Fitness." To achieve these goals, several courses are offered. The Regular Course ("*This is the works!*" exclaimed the catalogue) consists of six weeks of classwork, three hours a day, five days a week, morning or afternoon. The Busy Woman's Course, a "top-to-toe curriculum," has sessions two evenings a week, from six to nine. For less affluent women, there is the Budget Course, which takes only one evening a week and requires a certain amount of homework. And for those who don't live in New York and can't come here, there is the Home Course, which covers the same ground as the regular one, although it naturally omits such frills as dancing, swimming, voice control, and badminton on the sports roof. One of the features of the school, I read, is the DuBarry Beauty-Angle Treatment, something that one gets, not too surprisingly, only at the Richard Hudnut Salon and the Success School. This requires getting yourself into the "ups-a-daisy position," which "not only relaxes your body and your face completely but helps increase the flow of blood to the face . . . a lesson in loveliness that is valuable for acquiring—and keeping—a serene, rested—and at the same time radiant look."

As I was pondering the possible effects of the ups-a-daisy position, Miss Wambold arrived. Miss Wambold is the personification of face, figure, fascination, and fitness. So, I was to discover before the day was over, is almost everyone else on the staff. Standing very straight indeed, Miss Wambold told me in a well-modulated voice that right then the forty members of the two entering classes were being given a posture analysis, voice recording, skin analysis, and doctor's examination, and that their "before" pictures were being taken. After that, Miss Delafield would discourage them. We rode up to the sixth floor in an elevator which smelled simply wonderful, and stepped out into a small hall in which a number of women in severely cut bathing suits were scurrying about, looking harassed. "The bathing suit is the school uniform," Miss Wambold told me. "We have three sets of classes going on at all times—on the fourth, fifth, and sixth floors. Pupils on the fourth floor wear blue bathing suits, on the fifth red, and on the sixth yellow." I murmured that this certainly seemed ingenious, and we walked into a big, square room at one end of the hall. The walls of this room were painted a delicate shade of pink and decorated with murals in the form of wreaths of radishes, cauliflower, and eggplant. Thirty well-rounded women, members of fourth- and fifth-floor classes, were sitting around glumly on small gray stools. They were wearing red and blue bathing suits and had coats thrown over their shoulders. Every pupil in the room had a white cloth band tied around her head, with her hair rising up above it, giving the effect of a crown roast of lamb. About two-thirds of the women seemed to be in their middle thirties; a few were older and the rest were younger. Occasionally they whispered to one another.

In a corner of the room was a blackboard on which was a list of all the vitamins and their properties. In another corner, a staff member, in a black dress, was taking pictures of a pupil whose age I estimated at forty and whose weight must have been at least a hundred and ninety. In still another corner, a plump girl of, say, fourteen, wearing her blond hair in long pigtails, was being weighed and measured by another lady in a black dress. "We get a great many girls in their early teens," Miss Wambold told me. "It's a very critical age, emotionally. Our youngest student was a nine-year-old whose friends teased her because she was so terribly fat. Her psychiatrist sent her here, and we did so well with her that her mother took the course, too, after the child had graduated."

MISS WAMBOLD and I sat down near the blackboard on two of the gray wooden stools which are everywhere in the Success School. "The Success School happened almost accidentally," Miss Wambold said. "In 1938, when


BOUQUET LENTHERIC
AU PARFUM
Tweed
LENTHERIC NEW YORK PARIS LONDON
COMPOUNDED IN U.S.A. CONTENTS 3½ FL. OZ.
CRÈME BOUQUET
AU PARFUM
MIRACLE
LENTHÉRIC
NEW YORK PARIS LONDON
COMPOUNDED IN U.S.A. CONTENTS 3½ FL. OZ.

BOUQUET LENTHÉRIC

the daytime fragrance

COMPLEMENTARY PAIR... An old love, Bouquet Lenthéric, and your new love, Lenthéric's Crème Bouquet! Smooth on Crème Bouquet after your bath to scent and soften your body all over, and lean on Bouquet Lenthéric for a quick lift all during the day. Bouquet Lenthéric, the original daytime fragrance in Tweed, Miracle, Confetti, Shanghai, A Bientôt. Both Bouquets in 3½ oz. flacons at 95¢ (all prices, plus tax).

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Want to look taller?

the modern
TRY ROGERS PEET

STYLE-SMARTNESS FOR EVERY BUILD

A short, stocky chap always seems to "put on inches" when dressed by Rogers Peet. Design has everything to do with the way a suit *fits* and *looks*. Our Master-Designer is a genius in making a man "look his best."

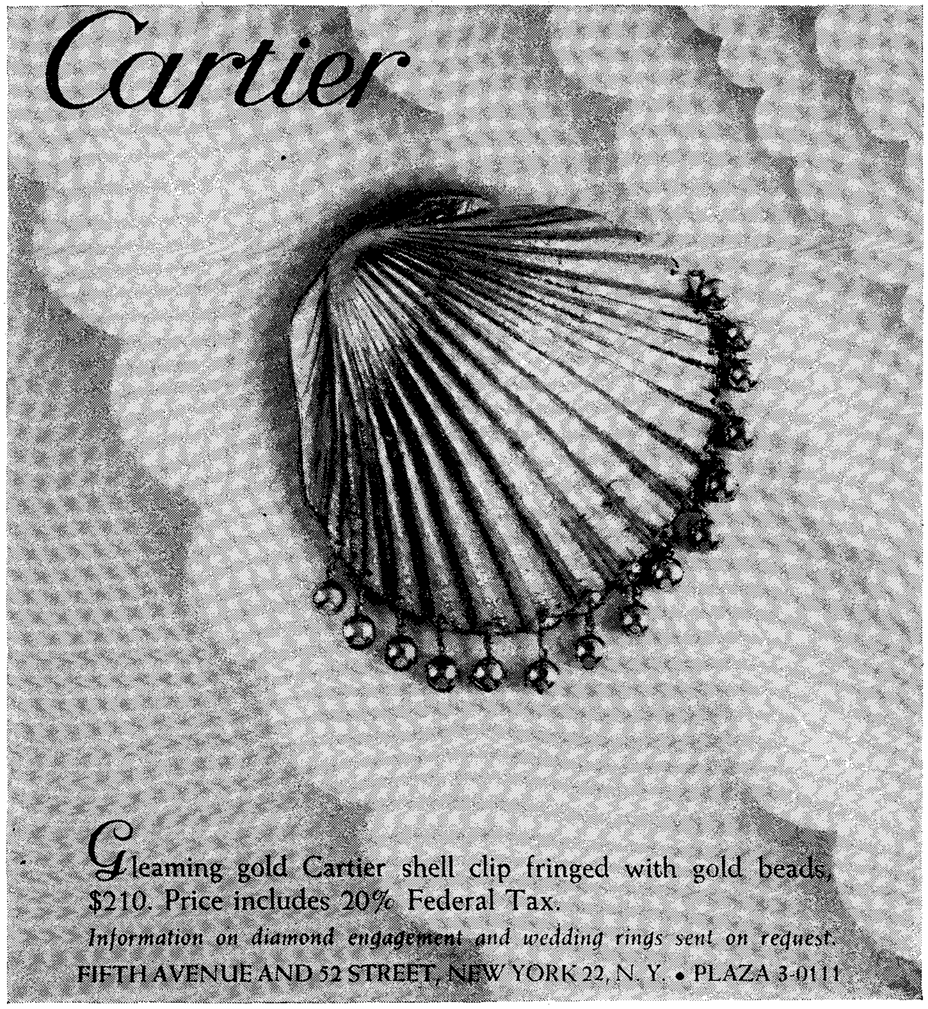
Rogers Peet Company

In New York:
Fifth Avenue
at 41st Street

13th Street
at Broadway

Warren Street
at Broadway

And in Boston:
Tremont St.
at Bromfield St.



Cartier

Gleaming gold Cartier shell clip fringed with gold beads, $210. Price includes 20% Federal Tax.

Information on diamond engagement and wedding rings sent on request.

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. • PLAZA 3-0111

Miss Delafield was manager of the Richard Hudnut Salon, she got the idea of working out an organized plan of living for her clients, a routine of body mechanics and beauty care which would provide them with a right way of living for the rest of their days. She formed a class of twenty young girls, mostly the daughters of her clients or friends. Since they were being groomed for their débuts, she called it the Débutante School. She graduated the girls at the end of six weeks. Their mothers and even grandmothers were so delighted with the results that they begged to be taken on, too, so Miss Delafield formed a second group, of forty pupils this time. This included a good many older women, so she decided to change the name of the class. She called it the Success School. It's been going on ever since, getting bigger each year, until at present we have a grand total of four hundred pupils attending courses here in any given week. Miss Delafield is now director of both the Salon and the Success School, and author of the Home Course, too."

Before the war, Miss Wambold went on, most of the women, particularly those in the daytime classes, were housewives who had let themselves go a bit. Nowadays women come to the school not only because they want to get themselves into shape to do their own housework but to prepare themselves to enter one of the women's services or to do other war work. In the daytime classes, fifty-nine per cent of the pupils live in New York, ten per cent come in from the suburbs, and thirty-one per cent are from out of town. In the evening, they're chiefly local businesswomen. Classes run to fifteen or twenty pupils, but each one gets a lot of individual attention, and, if she needs it, special work is planned for her by Miss Delafield.

"Just what are the ladies in for during the next six weeks?" I asked. "Is it very rigorous?"

"It is never easy to begin a brand-new life," said Miss Wambold cautiously. "To sum it all up briefly, the first week is a sort of general orientation. Pupils learn the Beauty-Angle, the Accentuated Good-Posture Position (with the end of the spine tucked in), and their basic exercises, which we call Thumps and Bumps. They also go on a strict diet and are taught how to clean their faces properly and to brush their hair. During the second week they get massage, voice control, and dancing, as well as swimming, over at the Barbizon pool. During the next three weeks, they have advanced exercises—like the Single or

ALWAYS IN *Good* HANDS

To be seen in certain hands is a compliment to any product, but good hands and Virginia Rounds seem to complement each other. They go together, as Southern soil and Southern sun together go to produce the special, subtle excellence of the golden, all-Virginia tobacco in these cigarettes. Have you tried Virginia Rounds — made of bright tobacco for bright people?

Smart folk to whom you offer a Virginia Round know they cost a little more.

Cigarette Case by CARTIER

VIRGINIA ROUNDS

A Product of

Benson & Hedges

A name that means more than a firm or
a tradition, being a hallmark of quality.

Benson & Hedges
VIRGINIA ROUNDS
CIGARETTES
London
NEW YORK
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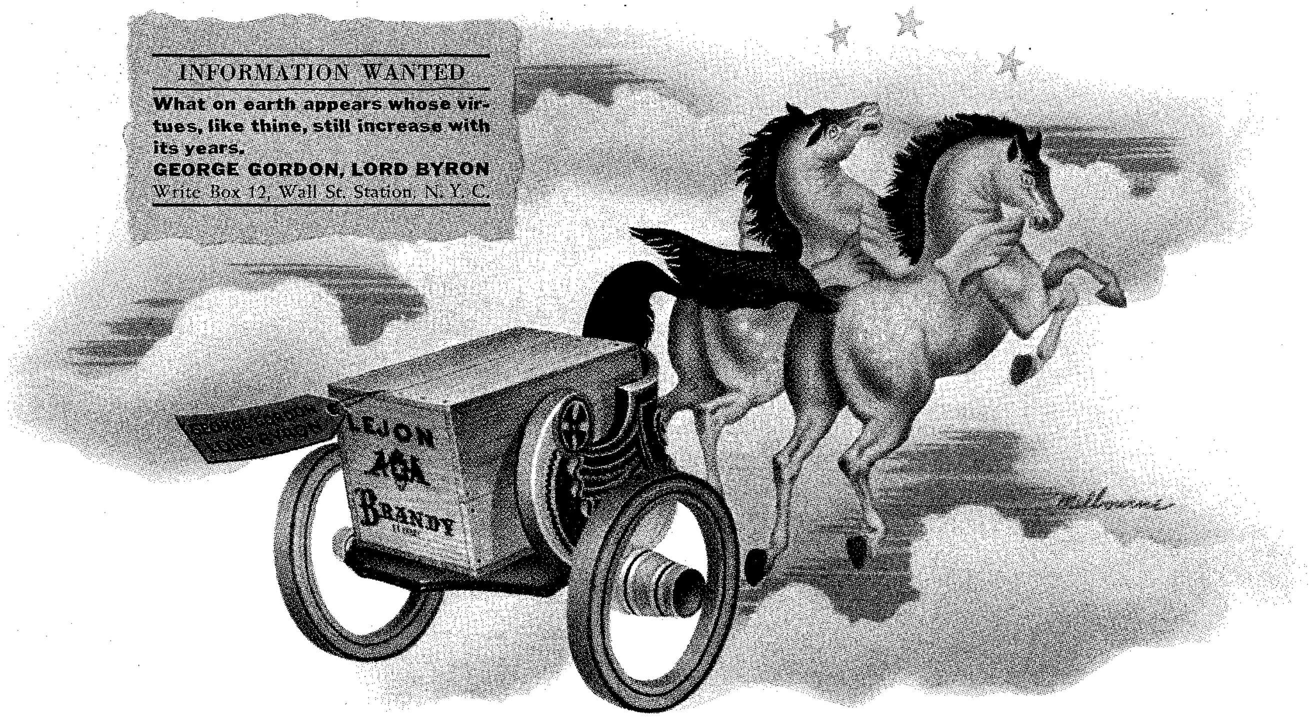
20
Virginia Rounds
20

Plain or Corn Tips



INFORMATION WANTED

What on earth appears whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

Write Box 12, Wall St. Station, N. Y. C.

Your lordship's public inquiry has at length found its proper recipient. It seems that there is nothing else that bears its growing age so well as LEJON Brandy. Here at Chateau Lejon we can almost watch it grow finer as it grows older, until, when it is ready for so discriminating a taste as yours it is indeed full of virtue • • • Early we hitched our wagon to a star, in manner of saying, lavishing every care on this precious distillate. And so, believing your search for increasing and immortal virtue will be satisfied, we are sending you a sample case of LEJON Brandy.

LEJON

DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

84 PROOF

Double Hip Spank, the Sea-Going Roll, and the Rocking Chair—advanced skin care and makeup, hair restyling, and lessons in the Balinese Walk, which Miss Delafield developed herself. The last week is a sort of general polishing, with instruction in sitting, standing, choice of clothes, and makeup. And finally, of course, there's graduation."

A young woman in a white blouse and blue shorts dashed into the room and held up her hand. "Miss Delafield is coming, class!" she cried. "Form a half circle in the middle of the room, please." Miss Delafield appeared, pausing a moment in the doorway. Her pupils sighed with admiration, and she glided to the centre of the room. She is a tall, slim, dark-haired woman with an imposing carriage and a face which undoubtedly is an inspiration to her pupils. She was wearing a black suit with padded shoulders, a silver-fox fur piece, and a curious but very effective hat. She looked about thirty, but when she addressed the class her apparently studied references to landmarks in her career soon made me think that she might be anywhere between forty and sixty-five.

"Is there anyone in this room who doesn't think she needs this course?" asked Miss Delafield dramatically, in the silence that followed her entrance. "Hands up, please."

Not a hand was raised. Some of the pupils giggled nervously.

"Is there anyone in this room who thinks she has a perfect figure?" continued Miss Delafield. "Hands, please."

Again no hands were raised, and Miss Delafield went on radiantly, "Within three days, class, you're going to be sorry you ever enrolled here. You'll regret the day you met me. But within *five* days you'll be reborn."

After outlining the menu, known as the Elimination Diet, which was to be her pupils' mainstay for the next seven days and which consisted chiefly of oranges, head lettuce, grapefruit, health biscuits, bouillon, black coffee, and more oranges, Miss Delafield informed the members of the class that they'd still be eating enough to dig ditches on. "It won't taste so good," she said, "but you will be eating heat units. What's more, class, you'll be feeding on your own dead fat and your own dead meat. Don't shudder; it's true. Most of you have enough of *that* to last you for a year. At the end of that first week, you'll be able to eat normally, as a Great Beauty does. I want you to do another thing that a Great Beauty does, too. I want you to go home and throw out your pillow. It's creasing wrinkles into your faces. And do any of you sleep on your tummies? Hands, please." At least ten hands were raised. "I thought so. Well, stop it immediately!

"I wonder if you know *why* you've all been overeating, gorging yourselves, taking that chocolate éclair, that second cocktail?" Miss Delafield went on. "I'll tell you, but you won't like it. It's because you're unhappy and you're compensating for it by stuffing. Now I want you to go home tonight and write down what you think is the cause of all this. Is it a husband who isn't attentive enough? Are you a housewife who thinks she could have been a great actress? *I* don't know. I don't want to know. When you've written it down, tear it up and make this vow: 'From this day on, I will not be subconsciously sorry for myself. From this day on, I will not pamper myself with food. From this day on, I will kill that feeling of inferiority by constructively, day by day, making myself more beautiful.' And within six weeks, class, you'll be glad you're alive. *Now*, does anyone want to drop out?"

Apparently no one did. Miss Delafield then introduced her students to their floor mothers—Miss Margaret Ryan, who would be in charge of the fourth-floor class, and Miss Sarah Anne Levering, who would preside over the students on the fifth. These two gorgeous young women would keep their charges up to the mark, Miss Wambold informed me, and would take care of any troubles that arose. There is always great rivalry between floor mothers, she said, about the amount of weight lost by their students and about the degree of glamour each class has achieved.

"Miss Ryan was a student here once," Miss Delafield told the ladies. "She and her sister Marillyn are the Fit'n Fat Twins you read about in our catalogue. Peggy enrolled first and lost eighty-two pounds. Marillyn followed her, and now they're both floor mothers here and great belles at home in White Plains, too."

The ladies were plainly impressed by this success story. Miss Delafield made a fine exit, and I went home, rather dizzied, carrying the Home Course

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Smart as punch black silhouettes embroidered on a sturdy white set. Silhouettes in red, blue, or green if wanted. *Wonderful gift!*

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2 bath towels, 2 hand, 2 wash cloths, 1 mat

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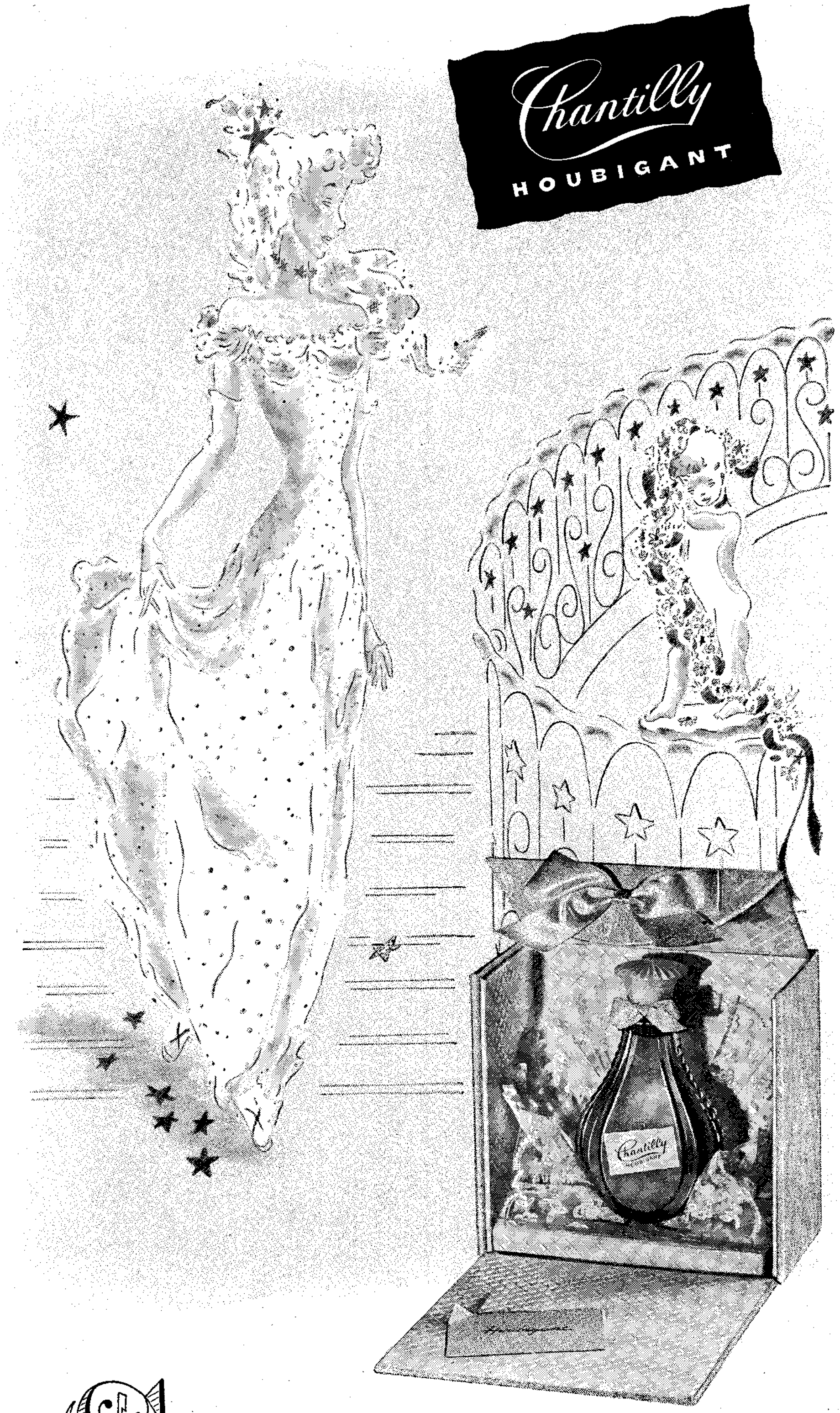

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A very special perfume called Chantilly,
originated by Houbigant...delicately spicy,
feminine, and haunting as a lovely melody.
A little is enough to turn a man's head!

Dusting Powder de luxe, with huge, fluffy lamb's wool puff... Eau de Toilette, richly perfumed, delightful

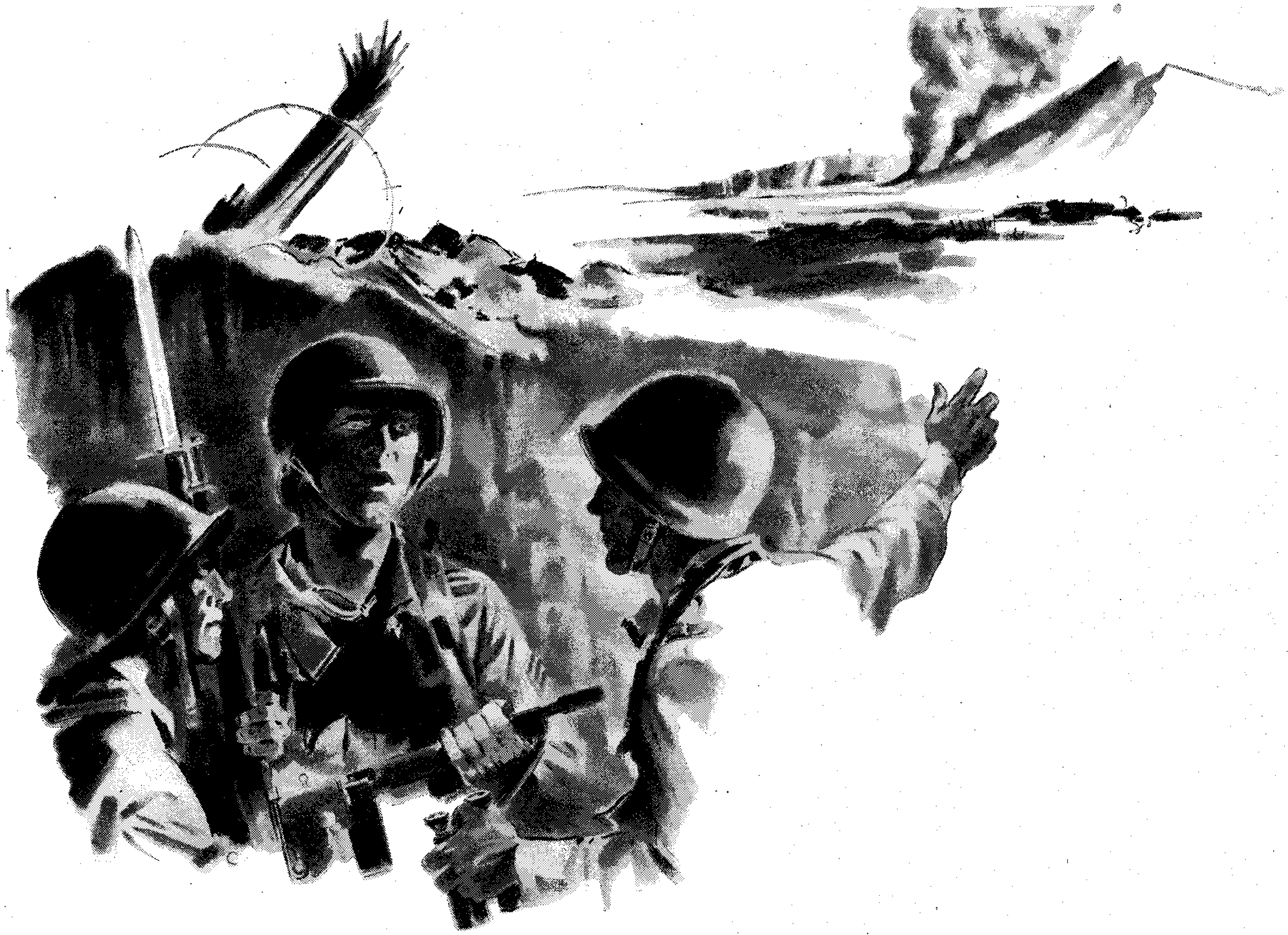
(net weight twelve pounds) to look over before graduation on Friday.

THE Home Course consists of thirty-six daily lessons adapted from the Success School course, plus a "Sunday Special." On Sunday the pupil is urged to shut herself in the bathroom for her Beauty Ritual of face cleansing, exercise, and the Beauty-Angle, keeping up "the pretty little illusion that you're locked away for nothing more than an innocent little bath." There are also three folders devoted to exercises, and one folder dealing with diet, and one filled with colored crêpe-paper collars, by means of which the student is supposed to learn to choose clothes of the most becoming shade. Then there is a Treasure Chest. This is a blue cardboard box, twelve inches by seventeen, containing eleven DuBarry creams and lotions, two boxes of face powder, and rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, two powder puffs, a lipstick brush, an eyebrow brush, a pink headband, and a tape measure.

In the Home Course, as in the Success School, there is a great deal about Miss Delafield's Beauty-Angle. "The laundry . . . or kitchen," says one breathlessly punctuated lesson, ". . . is the perfect place for going beautiful. . . . Instead of flopping down on a chair for a few moments' rest . . . tip one end of the ironing board up on the chair and stretch out on it. . . . Or maybe you're the lucky owner of a farm . . . complete with one of those old-time deep sloping cellar doors . . . just plant yourself upside down on such a door and what have you? . . . The perfect Beauty-Angle Position."

A brief ritual, strictly private, is suggested in place of graduation exercises for the home pupil: "Think to yourself . . . while lying in the Beauty-Angle Position . . . I am lovely . . . and I deserve the happiness that loveliness can bring. Say this to yourself several times and then . . . looking happy . . . just through your eyes . . . slowly open your eyes and ever so slowly . . . *just barely part your lips.*" After trying this ten times in the Beauty-Angle, or ups-a-daisy, Position, the pupil rises, "assumes an expression of radiant expectancy," and cries, "I am healthy. I am lovely. And there is nothing that a healthy . . . lovely woman cannot attain in this life."

ON Friday morning, I arrived a little early at the school, so that Miss Delafield could tell me how she discovered the Beauty-Angle. We met at the Health Bar, a twenty-five-foot stretch of polished pink wood on the fourth



The man who wouldn't . . .

Heavy machine gun fire pinned down the platoon behind a ridge. Casualties began to mount among the crouching men. Convinced that waiting was too costly, the lieutenant told the sergeant to take ten men, make a run to the right, try to flank the pillbox firing at them. The sergeant, under fire for the first time, refused to move.

The lieutenant took the ten men himself, silenced the pillbox. Three of the men did not come back . . .

The man who wouldn't take his rightful responsibility in combat . . . held up the attack, the campaign, the war and history. And made other men make greater sacrifice . . .

The delinquent soldier is so much an exception he attracts attention. The delinquent civilian at home is not as conspicuous—but no less dangerous to the country, no less blameworthy.

The business man motivated by selfish advantage who abides merely by the letter of the law . . . who uses manpower or materials extravagantly, is more liberal with the taxpayers' money than his own . . . who doesn't care to burden his company with war work because his eye and effort are wholly on postwar opportunities . . .

The worker who attempts to get by with short performance because he knows he's scarce, thinks only of his weekly take-home . . . needlessly shifts jobs, or takes days off when every day counts for so much . . . who agitates unrest among his fellows . . .

The malcontents and chiselers who claim extras from the ration boards, try to coax or bribe storekeepers, give support and encouragement to the black markets and illegal traffic . . .

The people with more money than they know what to do with . . . but insist on doing something silly with it.

The bellyachers, who act as if the war were a private inconvenience.

And those who do nothing, won't be bothered, just sit out the war . . .

The sergeant was suffering from cowardice, more understandable than carelessness. Two days later, he begged to go out on a dangerous mission, and didn't come back.

The delinquent civilian does not suffer from exposure, publicity, or the moral indignation of others, and his life is not at stake . . . But sometime, soon or late, he must square himself with his conscience, his God, and the men who died.

When you remember the sergeant, you realize . . . how fortunate we are!

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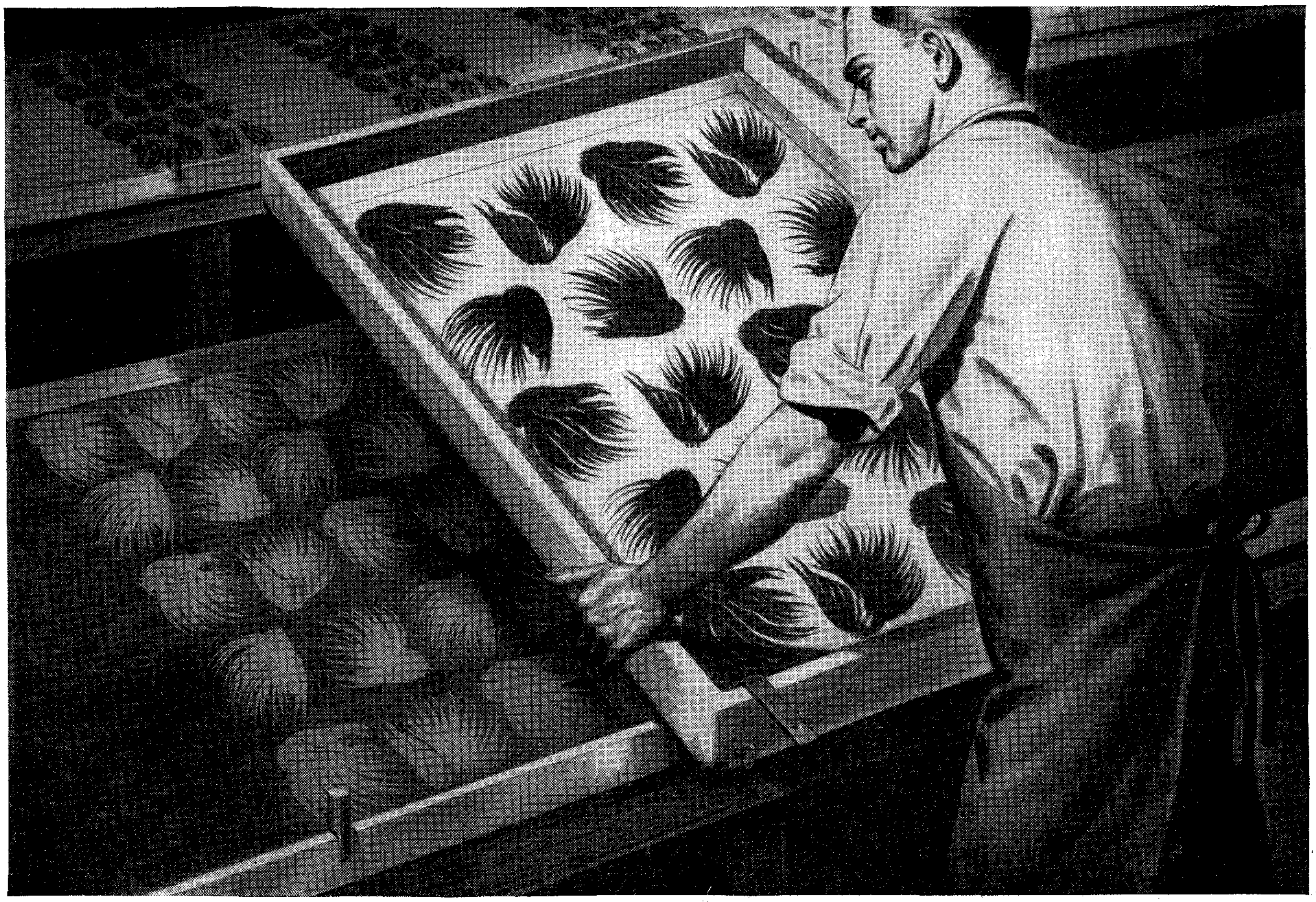
floor. On the pink wall behind the bar was written, "You are as vital as the food you eat," a slogan composed by Miss Delafield, and on a long white counter, set out for the ladies to order at will and at fairly stiff prices, were rows of plates holding quartered tomatoes, whole peeled oranges, raw-carrot sticks, heads of lettuce, starchless agar-agar health biscuits, and salads with mineral-oil dressing. While Miss Delafield and I stood at the bar and talked, she drank a glass of tomato juice and nibbled on a health biscuit. I had a cup of coffee with cream and sugar, rather to the astonishment of the three maids in green uniform who tended bar and who had a good deal of trouble in finding the cream.

"I am *not* a beautician," Miss Delafield said. "In fact, I've never been sure what that word means. I graduated from Doctor Arnold's College of Physical Education, now New Haven Normal, and then worked in hospitals as a physiotherapist and as an instructor in corrective exercises. Incidentally, every exercise instructor here is required to have a degree in physical education. We consider Body Mechanics of basic importance. I began to have an inkling of the theory behind the Beauty-Angle when I went out on my own, lecturing to women's clubs on physical fitness. I discovered then that I got my best results when the ladies did their exercises in a recumbent position, completely relaxed. Sometimes I didn't let them up off the floor for six months."

Later on, Miss Delafield found that women's faces seemed to be fuller and firmer after she had uptilted their owners, their feet higher than their heads, at a sharp angle. "Now the value of the Beauty-Angle is generally recognized, even for men," she said. "Why, I got a letter just the other day from an officer at an Army flying field in Texas telling me that his pupils are using the Beauty-Angle twenty minutes a day and are finding that it benefits their eyesight and their whole system tremendously. Also, in tests made on five thousand college students, it has been found that their I.Q. has been raised as much as seven per cent merely by assuming the Beauty-Angle position for fifteen minutes a day."

"What is the medical reason for this?" I asked.

"It's because your greatest enemy is gravity," said Miss Delafield sternly. "This force is pulling you down, down, down, every day of your life. You may not be aware of it, but you're aging rapidly from the splanchnic pool up. The



MAN-MADE FIBER PASSES SCREEN TEST

WITH THE WAR, it seemed likely that the art of textile screen-printing would be seriously threatened.

For the traditional cloth used to make the screen stencils for prints, through which colors are applied, was made from imported yarns. And with every ship bottom needed for the transportation of vital military supplies . . . such civilian imports were reduced to a trickle.

But thanks to a man-made fiber . . . and a research program started by American Viscose Corporation long before there was any thought of a second world war . . . American women can still buy clear and beautiful screen printed fabrics.

This man-made fiber is Vinyon** . . . a precision fiber for the precision weaving essential for screens used in the printing of textiles. Vinyon can be woven into a screen of exceptional uniformity. Laboratory tests show that it is inert to the action of most acids and alkalis.

Today, men who make and use textile printing screens know that Vinyon fabrics are not distorted by water or the solution of caustic soda and glycerine which are used in the process. This means that the resulting printing job is clean, sharp . . . design and pattern are reproduced with utmost fidelity. Furthermore, the Vinyon fabric does not deteriorate when screens are stored away for long periods.

In this glance behind the scenes of America's great textile industry . . . you have a fresh example of the value of the American Viscose Corporation's continuous research. As the laboratories develop a new type of rayon or Vinyon—or an improvement in existing yarns—it is turned over to our experimental plants for adaptation to commercial use. Thus a new fabric is engineered for the benefit of America's consumers.

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More beautiful than ever . . . in

Velva Leg Film

So easy to apply and quick to dry, Elizabeth Arden's leg make-up stays on the legs and off the clothes. Water-resistant. Clings, until deliberately washed away, with a blemish-concealing sheer textured beauty that trims the ankle—slims the leg. Be sure to wear Velva Leg Film with bathing suits or shorts, it makes your legs look sun-burnished . . . far more lovely.

Approximately 20 pairs in a 1.00 bottle.

Almost 50 pairs in the large 2.00 economy size.
(prices plus taxes)

Sun Beige (light)
Sun Bronze (medium)
Sun Copper (dark)

Elizabeth Arden

only solution is the position which will send the blood into those arteries, blood vessels, and capillaries which are suffering from malnutrition. I've found authority for it in medical journals as far back as 1895, when Leonard Hill, of University College, London, published a paper in the *Journal of Physiology* on 'The Influence of the Force of Gravity on the Circulation of the Blood.' It's also praised by men like V. P. Moritz, Claes Grill, and John Waldvogel in 'Acta Scandinavica Medica.' "

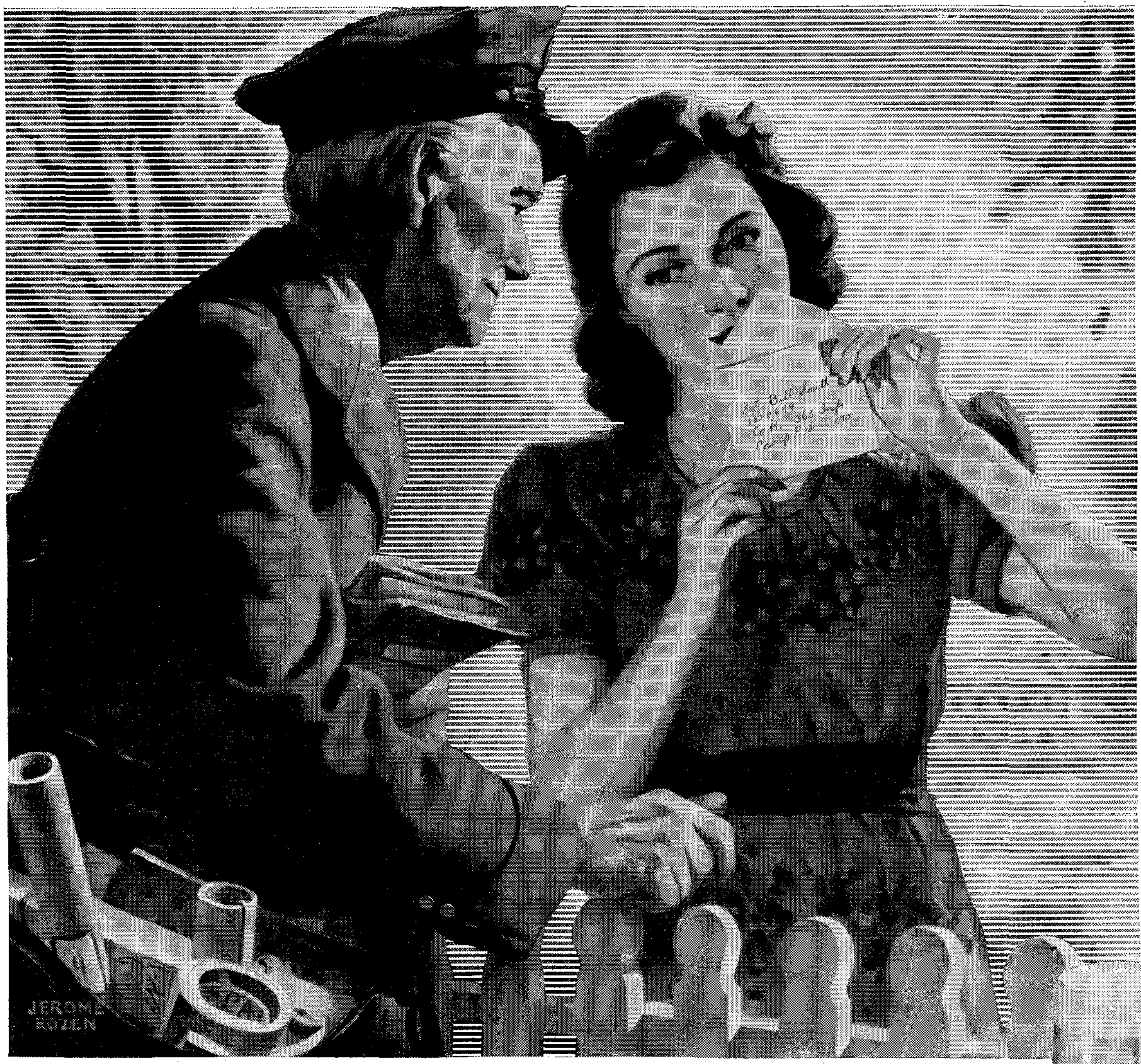
Another of Miss Delafield's discoveries, she went on, with the satisfied look of a woman who has overcome gravity, was that facial nourishment cannot come out of a jar. She announced this to the world when she was working for another cosmetic concern. "I was almost boycotted out of the beauty business as a result," she said cheerfully. "But now practically everyone admits that the only way to revitalize tissue is to combat gravity in the Beauty-Angle position—with the aid of proper lubrication of the skin, naturally," she added, noticing my glance toward a display cabinet full of DuBarry Tissue Softening Cream, Derma-Sec Formula, Special Skin Cream, and Special Cleansing Preparation.

A GREAT BEAUTY popped up at our elbows and told us that the graduation exercises were beginning.

The large fifth-floor classroom in which the commencement was being held was dark and crowded. As we pushed our way in between the people standing at the back, I heard a voice, which I recognized as Miss Wambold's, intoning, somewhere up front, "Height, 5 feet 6⅛ inches to 5 feet 6¼ inches. Weight, 184½ to 144. Bust, 39 to 35. Waist, 31¾ to 25. Abdomen, 39 to 30¾. Hips, 44 to 37½." There was a burst of applause. My eyes gradually grew accustomed to the darkness, and before long I could see that some of the audience at the back of the room had climbed up on the inevitable gray stools, which stood against the rear wall. I got up on one, too. The audience, Miss Delafield said, consisted of friends and relatives—both men and women—of the graduates, and of the graduates themselves, who were seated on four rows of chairs toward the front of the room. Sitting on the floor along one of the side walls were the students whom Miss Delafield had discouraged on Monday morning. At the front of the room was a miniature stage, framed in black velvet and softly lighted from overhead. Beside it stood Miss Wam-

Sealed with a kiss

Sealed in every bottle of Schlitz is that famous flavor made all the more notable because it is not bitter. For Schlitz is brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops—bringing you all of the delicacy but none of the bitterness.



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JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

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"We thought it must be a 4-11 fire!"

"Instead of wasting all that heat, why don't you try turning off your radiators? Some day all **modern** apartment buildings will be equipped with that new system of 'personalized' heating control developed by Minneapolis-Honeywell, the temperature control people. Then every tenant can have just the amount of heat he wants—he'll 'dial it in' just like he gets his favorite radio station."

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bold, and with her were four of the school's instructors, who were apparently taking notes. On the stage was the blond, attractively streamlined graduate, dressed in a flowered bathing suit, whose measurements had just been detailed. The four instructors, Miss Delafield told me, were checking each graduate on her improvement in weight, makeup, carriage, and general appearance. Near the stage was the screen on which was thrown the "before" picture of each student, taken the day she matriculated. "That pupil was a problem," Miss Delafield said proudly, looking at the young woman before us. "Her doctor said she was glandular, but we gave her a thorough course of Thumps and Bumps and she came around nicely."

Miss Wambold pulled a cord, and a black velvet curtain fell in front of the young woman, who presently came out from behind the stage, received from a maid a box of flowers, presumably sent by an admirer, and joined her classmates. After another slide had been thrown on the screen and the curtain had been raised to reveal another transformed student, Miss Wambold read out a second set of measurements. Then she glanced toward Miss Delafield, who had raised her right hand. "I'd like to ask this pupil some questions," the headmistress called out. "Tell me, Mrs. Robinson [none of the students' names, I might as well say here, are real ones], just what reason did you have for coming to our school?"

Mrs. Robinson, a dark-haired woman of about forty, looking startlingly different from the woman portrayed in her "before" picture on the screen, said musically, "I tried to take off weight by myself, Miss Delafield, but never had sufficient will power to stick to it. The Success School accomplished for me what I could never have done alone."

"Splendid, Mrs. Robinson," said Miss Delafield. "And how do you feel now?"

"I could sing out loud!" said Mrs. Robinson. Everyone applauded, and a woman near me cried, "Cute!"

It is Miss Delafield's custom, I learned, to interview a number of the graduates before they step down from the stage. The next pupil, a streamlined welfare worker from Hartford, told her that she had been given the course as a present by a grateful friend she had helped out in an emergency.

"Lovely, lovely," said Miss Delafield. "And has your dress size changed at all, Miss Phillips?"

"I've gone from an eighteen to

at twelve," said Miss Phillips brightly.

Miss Phillips' place was taken by a young woman who told the audience that she had flown all the way from Puerto Rico to take the course. Then came a retired Wac who had put on too much weight at Fort Oglethorpe.

Next in line was a very pretty, red-haired young dancer, Miss Patterson. She said that she had taken the course in four weeks, instead of six, in order to go into a new show, and that she always slept with her bed tilted in the Beauty-Angle Position. Finally, Miss Patterson, blushing, read a poem she had composed in honor of Miss Delafield. It ran as follows:

I'd like to dedicate this rhyme
To one who has defeated time,
And in her wisdom, really rare,
Made thousands of us fit and fair.
I'd like to dedicate this jingle
To one who's made our blood streams tingle
Through Beauty-Angle and exercise,
That slimmed our hips and waists and thighs.
I'd like to dedicate this ode
To someone who's removed a load
From mind, and elsewhere, of her students,
And taught us abstinence and prudence.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said Miss Delafield, clasping her hands. "That's one of the prettiest compliments I've ever had, Miss Patterson. And tell me, have you noticed any change in your dress size?"

"I don't know yet," said Miss Patterson. "I'm having my clothes made."

"Telephone me the moment you find out, won't you?" implored Miss Delafield as the velvet curtain fell.

The graduation continued. When the "before" picture of a bulky woman, Mrs. Leonidas, was thrown on the screen, a young man standing on the stool next to me nearly toppled off in his excitement. "There she is," he said to the man beside him. "There's my wife."

The curtain went up again, revealing the new, and ravishing, Mrs. Leonidas.

The other man whistled. "Boy, oh boy, what a change!" he said.

"You're telling me!" said Mr. Leonidas happily.

"Mrs. Leonidas," said Miss Delafield, "how did you happen to take this course?"

"My husband gave it to me for a present," said the lady, smiling.

"Just the *nicest* compliment a man could pay his wife!" cried Miss Delafield. "I do hope a lot of husbands follow Mr. Leonidas's example."

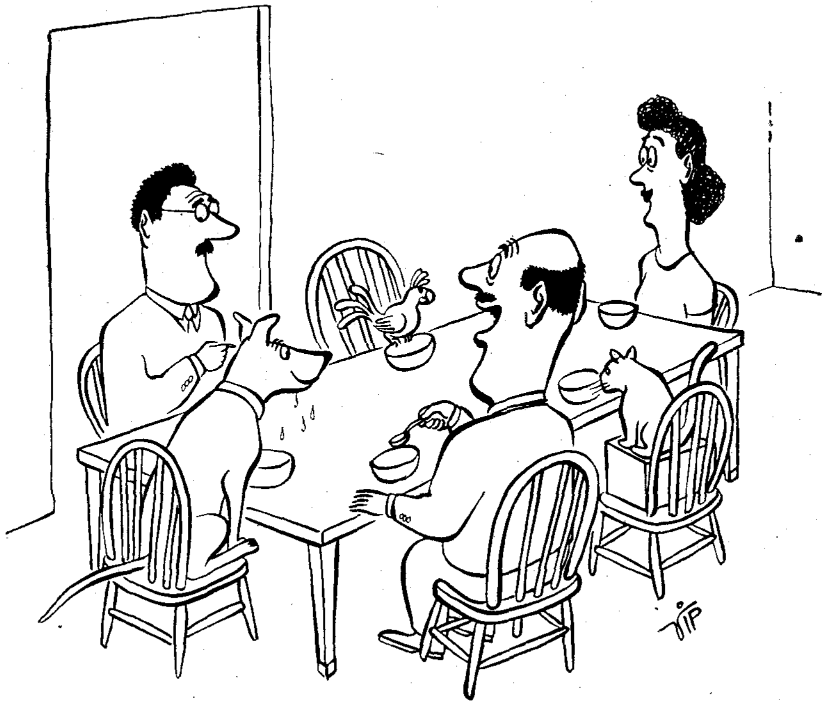
Mrs. Leonidas said she hoped so, too,

I'm proud to admit
I'm a grandmother

I'm proud that my soft, smooth skin belies the years . . .
that my make-up glows so flatteringly.
The secret of this youthful-looking appearance?
Revenescence . . . I've depended on it for more years than I care tell.

Revenescence Cream
by
Charles of the Ritz
DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND-BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

PARIS • MONTREAL • LONDON



"Yes, Mr. Streech—the whole family's pretty nuts about Wheaties."

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In a trim Princess or bare-midriff SeaMolds, you can count on lovely bosom contours; sleek, flattering lines. Black, white, and luscious colors.

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in sportswear departments.

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"THE SEA'S SMARTEST SWIM SUITS"

and looked out over the audience. "Are you there, Ed?" she called.

"I sure am," said Ed, and the audience went wild.

AFTER the last measurement had been read and the last graduate had been applauded, Miss Delafield walked up to the front of the room and faced her graduates. "Never before in our history," she said, "has America so needed vital, radiant women. They are wanted not only in the armed forces, in defense work, in hospitals, but also for the morale of our boys. I'm asking every one of you to assure me you'll keep on being radiant, keep on raising morale. And I want you to promise me faithfully to put this new health, energy, and beauty of yours directly into the war effort. Will you promise? Raise your hands, please."

Every member of the graduating class raised her hand. Miss Delafield looked pleased.

"When you leave," she continued, "I'm giving each of you a little hatbox filled with DuBarry preparations. I'm also giving each of you a copy of the Home Course, and I want you to promise me that you'll pass it on to some woman who needs it. Does anyone here know a woman who *doesn't* need it? Hands, please."

No one did.

"In conclusion," said Miss Delafield, "I'm going to give you an exercise. I always leave you with at least one exercise, don't I? I want you all to take the Accentuated Good-Posture Position and stretch out your hands in front of you. Now push. Push hard. . . . Do you know what that's for? Why, class, you're just pushing yourselves away from that dish of dessert on the table! And did anyone happen to give you a box of candy for graduation? Yes? Well, take that candy and give it . . ." Miss Delafield paused, holding her audience enraptured. "Give it to your worst enemy! Goodbye, everyone. Good luck."
—ANGELICA GIBBS

•

Brilliantly co-starring, Miriam Hopkins provides in the character of self-centered Millie Drake, a flashing headstrong vixen as compared to the fine and understanding selfishness of Bette Davis' Kit Marlowe. In supporting cast of this film, which comes to the Capitol Wednesday and Thursday, are Gig Young, John Loder, Dolores Moran, Philip Reed, Roscoe Karns, Ann Revere, Esther Dale and others.

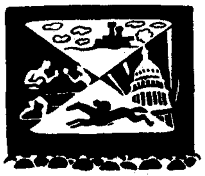
Watch for Lice
—*Morrison* (*Ill.*) *Sentinel.*

Have no fear!

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Exhibit A

A LOT of movies about the war have been made that should have been scrapped, and it's a shame that many of them got into the nation's cinema palaces at all. It would be nice for Hollywood if it could just strike these duds from the record and base its reputation as a wartime influence on select pictures like "Air Force," "Lifeboat," "The North Star," and "The Eve of St. Mark." This last is a new one, adapted from Maxwell Anderson's play of last year about a soldier, his family, his girl, and the crisis he faces on a small Philippine island. It's a swell picture and should come in handy in arguments for the movies as opposed to the theatre.



The theatre boys will say right off that the thing was written by a playwright and owes its merit to the fact that it was lifted fairly bodily from the stage. It's true that a great deal of the structure and dialogue have been left the way they were found, but there's also a certain amount that is new, and it keeps right up with the pace set by Mr. Anderson. The picture has a scene of its own in a troop train, for instance, that is certainly funnier than any in the play. The cast is all it should be, too. William Eythe and Anne Baxter know exactly what they're about in the leading parts, and they are extremely well supported, especially, it seems to me, by Vincent Price, who wins an uphill fight by making an attractive character out of about the most unpromising one that Mr. Anderson has invented, the hero's poetic pal from the deep South. Mr. Price has been, in the course of his acting career, Queen Victoria's Prince Consort, Abraham Lincoln, a murderous jewel thief, and now an amiable G.I., which demonstrates a nice flexibility.

What I started to say, though, is that folks who liked the play, and also folks who didn't, are very apt to find that they like the movie better. It has faults that the play had—most of them springing from the fact that people often seem a little more beautiful to Mr. Anderson than they do to their own mothers—but it is somehow a smoother, better-rounded, more reasonable job. This may well be attributable to the fact that, such other things as story, acting, and directing being equal, the movies have certain undeniable advantages over the stage, and that's all there is to it. The theatre is a wonderful place for actors (except for economic considerations), but the movies are a fine place for audiences. The charm of having flesh-and-blood actors in front of you is not unalloyed. Flesh-and-blood actors are inclined, through necessity, to speak in loud, unnatural voices, and you are apt to have a moment of shocked embarrassment at the beginning of a play. You nearly always have a bit of trouble forgetting that the actors before you in a legitimate theatre are actors. It's true that in the movies you often have trouble deciding whether the actors before you are animal, vegetable, or mineral, but this is not an inescapable fact inherent in the medium. There is no essential curb to naturalness in the movies, there is nothing about them to keep you from losing yourself in their world the instant you are in your seat. The people on the screen are, or can be, speaking in normal tones, and they can be fifty feet away from you one minute and the next minute standing beside you, where you can see every flicker of expression and share every thought. Mr. G. J. Nathan says in a recent magazine article, in which he represents himself as having made a monkey out of poor old Rouben Mamoulian in an argument about the theatre and the movies, that the beautifully lighted faces of Bernhardt and Duse in their respective stage productions of "Camille" were unforgettable. I have been meaning to get the opinion of someone who saw these spectacles from the rear of the balcony, but I haven't found him yet.

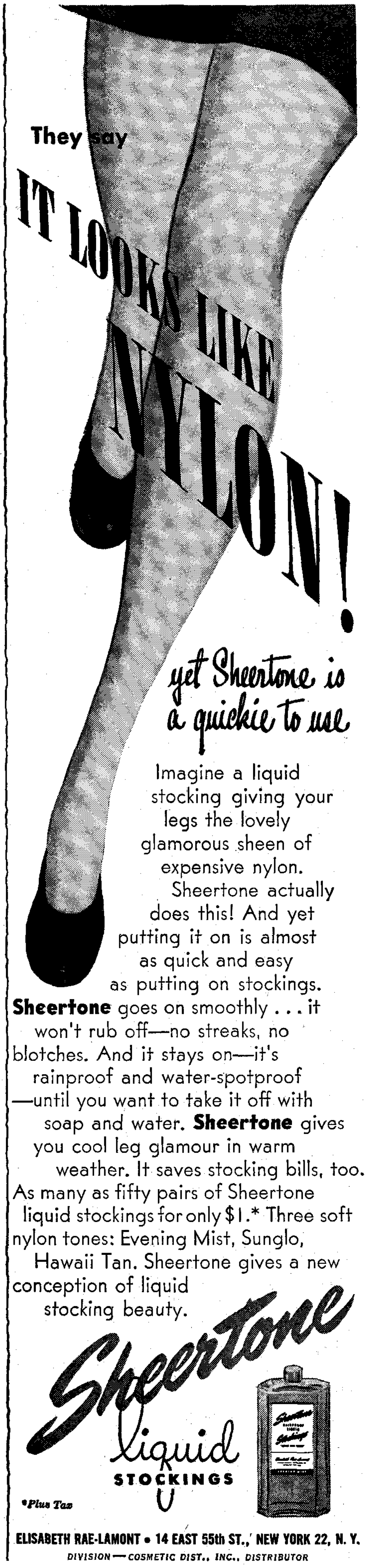
And then, of course, the movies can show you countryside and trains and automobiles and streets and houses, all just as they are, or perhaps more glamorous or less glamorous, or however they should be to help you share in a mood. Mr. Nathan says he has seen some pretty entrancing stage sets, and I'm sure he has. I'll bet, too, that they were applauded when the curtain went up. Audiences are always pleased to find natural, nicely painted scenery on a stage.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

WILL TRADE Apex Vacuum Sweeper, like new, for hog. House of Wonders, 1713 West 6th.—*Adv. in the Amarillo (Tex.) Daily News.*

House of Reaction, you mean.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IT LOOKS LIKE NYLON!
yet Sheertone is a quickie to use

Imagine a liquid stocking giving your legs the lovely glamorous sheen of expensive nylon. Sheertone actually does this! And yet putting it on is almost as quick and easy as putting on stockings. **Sheertone** goes on smoothly . . . it won't rub off—no streaks, no blotches. And it stays on—it's rainproof and water-spotproof —until you want to take it off with soap and water. **Sheertone** gives you cool leg glamour in warm weather. It saves stocking bills, too. As many as fifty pairs of Sheertone liquid stockings for only $1.* Three soft nylon tones: Evening Mist, Sunglo, Hawaii Tan. Sheertone gives a new conception of liquid stocking beauty.

Sheertone liquid STOCKINGS

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ELISABETH RAE-LAMONT • 14 EAST 55th ST., NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
DIVISION—COSMETIC DIST., INC., DISTRIBUTOR

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

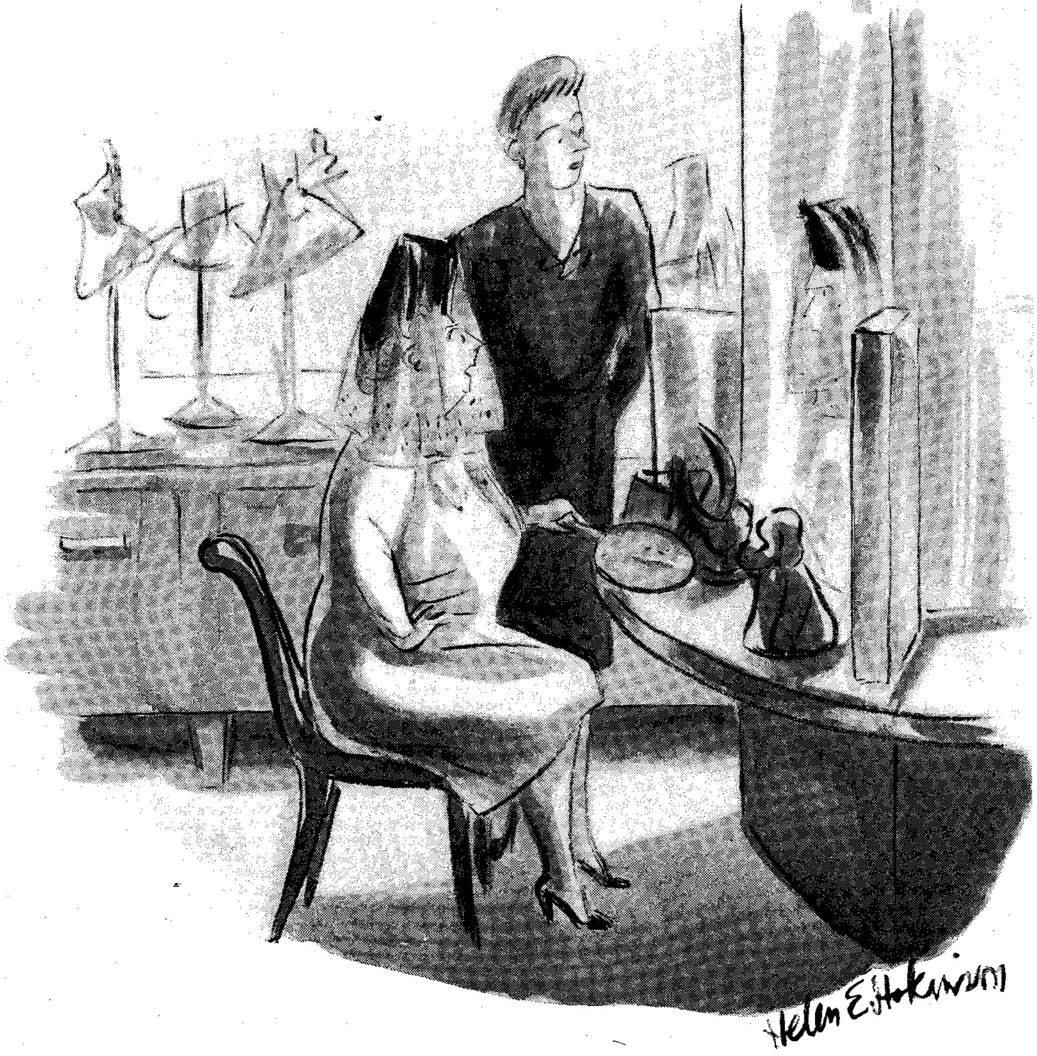
UP to not so very long ago, inexpensive clothes were designed on the fascinating theory that all women except the rich were short-waisted and were dumpy at the hips. The manufacturers, the darlings, have changed all this. Now you'll find clothes with long, well-tailored lines at every price. Bonwit Teller, for example, doesn't forget the small women, but it doesn't make fools of the tall ones, either. Its sports department is apt to have the best clothes available, whether you're looking for the simplest sort of slacks (excellently tailored and straight down the hips) or more frivolous dresses. The shop's shoulder-strap sun dresses, wonderful for dining at home either in the city or in the country, include such treasures as a rose-flowered chintz, with a slight dirndl skirt and buttons down the back, and a similar pink cotton affair with spangled bows on each shoulder strap. There is also a sprigged seersucker with a ruffled bolero, and there's a honey of a dress—pale-yellow rayon crêpe with gray-and-white Barnaby figures over it—that you would wear dining in public even if you *don't* read *PM*. Its straight-around décolletage has a deep fold below it, and the wrap-around skirt has fullness at one side. This is $25, and most of the others are $10.95 to $17.95.

There are other good Bonwit cottons, mainly with covered shoulders. For instance: a shirtwaist dress of red-and-white-striped glazed chintz, with tiny brass buttons down the front and the stripes in the fabric tucked to form a red V (not for anything but design, I trust) on the stomach. Or a checked blue-gray cotton with a fine red stripe; this has a soft ruffle around the oval neck. It's $10.95, a representative price. Another one, and heavenly, is a sleeveless affair of a vast blue-green and yellow plaid and having wide shoulder caps. Young people will adore these things, of course, but older ones will leap for many of them, too.

For all ages and occasions, Bonwit still has the dress which has been a hit ever since the shop introduced it—rayon shantung in white and pastel colors, with a V neck and big buttons from under one arm down to the hem; $7.95, and I said $7.95. A classic sports dress of rayon oxford has short, action sleeves; $22.95. Then there is the shirtwaist-dress standby, with white vertical stripes on a pastel rayon crêpe ground, long sleeves caught into tailored cuffs, and a white belt. It's what the professionals call "a lot of dress" for $25, and older women dote on it. For them, too, there is a collection of pure-silk crêpes and shantungs made up in simple shirtwaist style, with fine detail like the stuff Boivin used to do—deep box pleats, a bit of hemstitching, and the like. They are $59.95 and $69.95 and of a type that is hard to find these days.

I'm not through with Bonwit yet. There are also inexpensive black dresses for wear in town. A favorite of mine is a severely tailored affair of black rayon shantung, with a convertible collar, a deep diagonal yoke, and short sleeves. It's $25, and a knockout. For those cool days in the country, you will find wool jerseys that you can wear the year around; for samples, a navy, black, or beige dress with a set-in belt, and a more elaborate dress with a V neck, buttons down the front, and a ruffle of the fabric up each side of the bodice. This number appears in deep pink, jade, a nice pale blue, and so on.

BENDEL'S Young-Timers shop has some especially good print day dresses, many with white grounds, that look very *grand couture* indeed and are simply yet regally cut. A tailored one-piece dress is made of white rayon crêpe



"You don't think it makes me look too interesting, do you?"

No One Need Pay More than $40 for a Quality Hearing Aid!

America's Overwhelming Swing to the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid Proves It!

SUCCESS speaks for itself! America's hard of hearing—eager to enjoy a fuller life, to take a more active part in working for Victory—are buying the Zenith at a rate undreamed of before in the hearing aid industry! Here, indeed, is conclusive evidence that no one need pay more than $40 for a quality hearing aid!

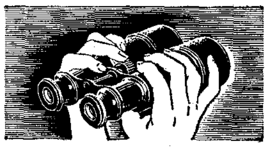
How can Zenith bring its finest quality thus within reach of all? One reason, of course, is Zenith world leadership in the exclusive manufacture of radionic products. Another is this: The Zenith is built not to a price, but to an improved, modern *principle* of hearing aid design: INSTANT PERSONAL ADJUSTMENT. You, yourself, "focus" this instrument for your particular hearing needs—for different voices and surroundings—as conveniently as you focus a pair of binoculars!

That's why the Zenith requires no elaborate testing and frequent adjustments by high-paid, high-pressure salesmen... no special offices, home calls or other expensive "trimmings." *Zenith Quality Is in the Instrument Itself!*

No longer is there any reason to delay hearing a demonstration. You owe it to yourself—to your country—to all who have your interest at heart. Your local Zenith-franchised optical establishment invites you. No one will urge you to buy, or call at your home. For free descriptive booklet, sent in plain envelope, mail the convenient coupon below—today.

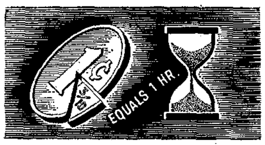
$40 COMPLETE, READY TO WEAR
Available at Zenith-Franchised Optical Establishments Throughout America

Only Zenith Gives You These Great Advantages



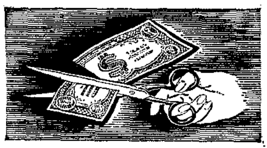
1 New "Self-Focus" Hearing Control

The flick of your finger brings hearing into range for your particular needs—for different voices and surroundings—as conveniently as you focus a pair of binoculars. Outmodes the old-way "fixed-adjustment" principle.



2 New Low-Operating-Cost Battery Circuit

An exclusive circuit—especially developed by Zenith engineers to insure outstanding performance throughout the life of the batteries. Brings average operating cost to only 3/10 of one cent per hour.



3 Zenith's Finest Quality —About ¼ the Price

You get the fine precision that modern knowledge and engineering made possible, at about ¼ the price of other quality vacuum tube instruments! One model—no "decoys." One quality—Zenith's finest. One price—$40.

Guarantee
AND 5 YEAR
SERVICE POLICY

4 Zenith Guarantee 5-Year Service Policy

Guaranteed by Zenith, world's leading manufacturer of radionic products exclusively, for a full year. You also get unique Zenith 5-year Service Policy with coverage enjoyed *exclusively* by Zenith wearers.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

Accepted by American Medical Association Council on Physical Therapy

• • •

Good News for Our Canadian Friends. The New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is now available in Canada—*direct by mail only*—at $40 complete (Canadian currency) with no additional charge for transportation, duties or taxes. For particulars write our Canadian Distributor, Zenith Radio Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Guarantee Trust Bldg., Windsor, Ontario.

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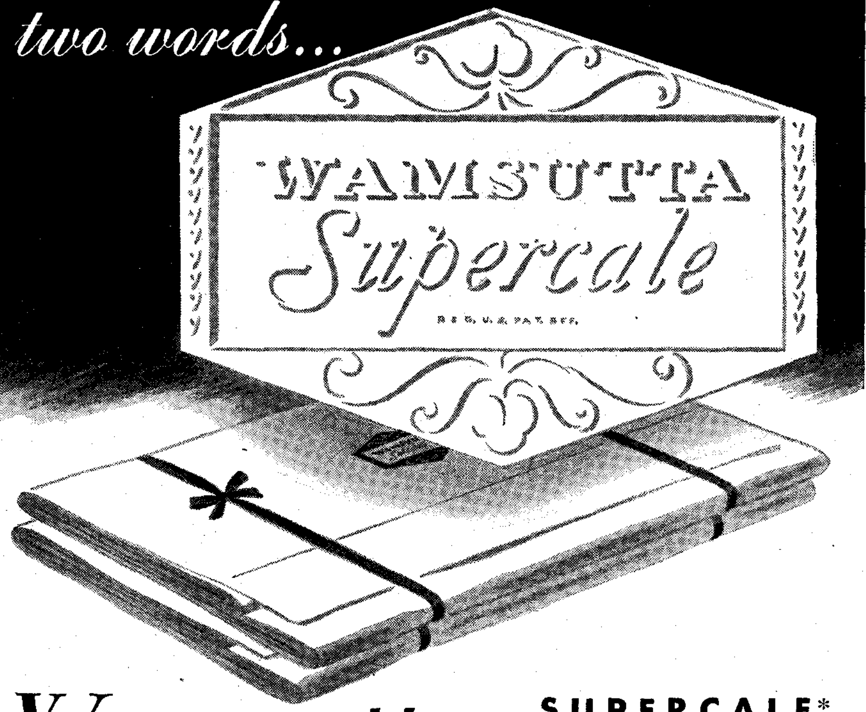

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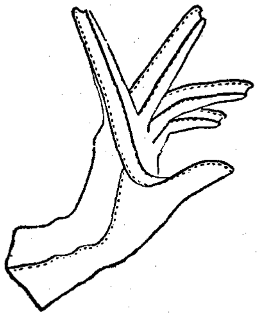
Somerset Towels • Springfield Blankets

*Finger Free

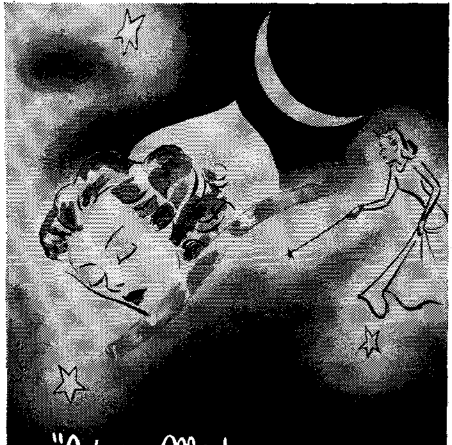
most comfortable
gloves in the world
✱ *designed by merry hull*



DANIEL HAYS

DANIEL HAYS
GLOVES SINCE 1854

✱ U. S. PATS. 2,125,673—2,194,934—2,226,604



"It's a Midsummer Night's Dream"

For sweet Summer slumbers, sink into bed under a Lady Seymour Summer Light blanket. Kitten soft and light as thistledown, all wool Summer Lights are designed to keep you comfy through fickle Summer temperatures. Scarce, like all lovely things today, but your city's smartest store probably has them.

SEYMOUR WOOLEN MILLS Est. 1866
SEYMOUR, INDIANA
Also Makers of Seymour All Wool Flannels

Lady Seymour
ALL WOOL BLANKET

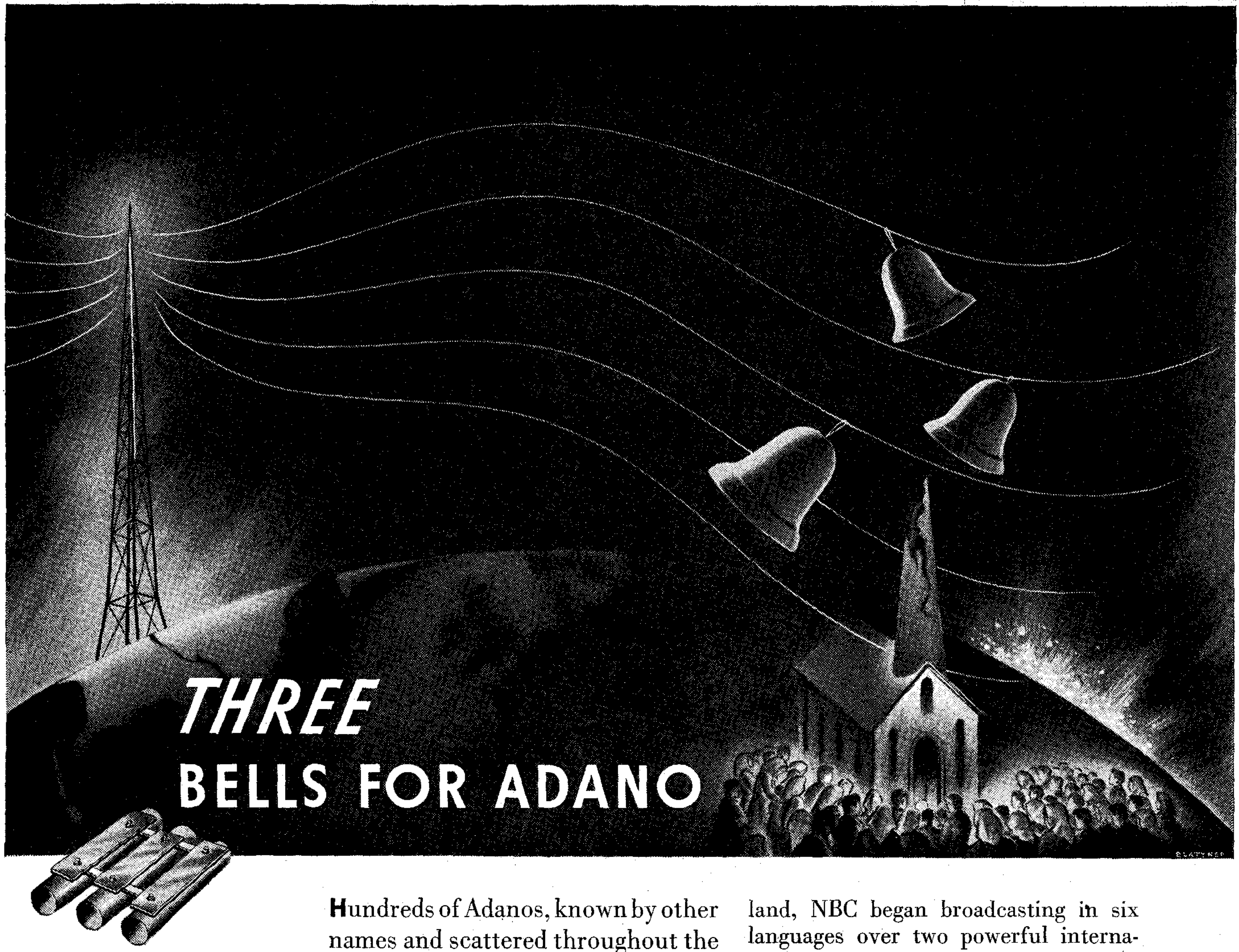
printed with black horse-drawn surreys and trimmed with black grosgrain ribbon. A two-piece white rayon crêpe printed with red palm trees, camels, and a springing lion (it's a jungle, maybe) has a fullish tunic overblouse and a prim turnover collar. The shop's own Bianchini print—a dashing girl in black surrounded by a red scroll on a white ground—makes a dress with a fitted overblouse, shirred at the sides, and a gored skirt. This group is all under $40.

Note to women who *hate* boned girdles: Bendel has a thirteen-inch affair made of rose-sprigged pink rayon, with elastic mesh sides and four real elastic garters. It comes in sizes twenty-six to thirty, costs $10.95, and is perfectly fine. Washes and washes without losing resiliency or shape—I *know.*

THE Surf Shop at Altman has always been able to put together an unusually good collection of bathing and sun suits. This year it has lots of two-piece printed rayon jersey suits, with bra tops and sarong skirts that wrap around to form panties. These are $9.95. For young girls, the same idea is developed in checked gingham trimmed with white organdie ruffles; $5.95. There are attractive white piqué affairs showing the midriff, made with a square-necked, short-sleeved bodice and a separate short skirt, both trimmed with Tyrolian-type hearts-and-flowers embroidery. There are also good-looking washable corduroys in dusty pastel colors. Myself, I'd hardly wear corduroys for swimming, but it's a free country. Then there are bra tops, slacks, short shorts and knee-length ones, and solid or two-toned tailored jackets with long sleeves. The top price for any of these items is the $17.95 you'll pay for the jackets.

Among the shop's collection of faded-blue denims there are pinafore dresses with square necks, buttoned-down backs, and deep patch pockets, all exceptionally well cut and just $3.95. And there are blue-and-white-striped denims with extended shoulders, high, round necklines, and wrap-around skirts that fasten with plastic hooks and eyes; $10.95. Naturally, you can find more conventional summer-in-the-country things too—overalls, slacks, and such.

BEST has swell ideas in Sailing Blue denims, including well-tailored long-sleeved jackets ($4.50) and button-down-the-front skirts ($3.25), a combination which makes a suit so handsome that you'd wear it anywhere in the country and that would get by in town



THREE BELLS FOR ADANO

Hundreds of Adanos, known by other names and scattered throughout the world, find daily consolation in bells the Axis hasn't been able to silence—the NBC chimes.

Every night and day of the year, America's best-known radio signal rings through friendly and enemy countries alike, carrying hope among the downtrodden . . . sounding a warning to this nation's enemies . . . echoing a welcome and familiar note to Americans fighting abroad.

An Italian prisoner now in the U. S. writes: "*When I think how the voice of NBC brings daily comfort to so many Italians suffering in the homeland under the German heel, I should like to shake your hand.*"

Long before Hitler marched into Poland, NBC began broadcasting in six languages over two powerful international short-wave transmitters beamed to various parts of the world. Countless hundreds abroad learned to rely on NBC for news and entertainment.

Pearl Harbor marked the beginning of increased, and ever-increasing cooperation between the Government and NBC. Its International Division became a hard-hitting front-line weapon in the field of psychological warfare.

★ ★ ★

NBC's international broadcasts began as an experiment . . . just one of the many types of experiments NBC carries on constantly to maintain its leadership in radio. It is the results of these experiments . . . experiments in many fields . . . which help keep NBC out in front, help make NBC "*The Network Most People Listen to Most.*"

Stay tuned to the

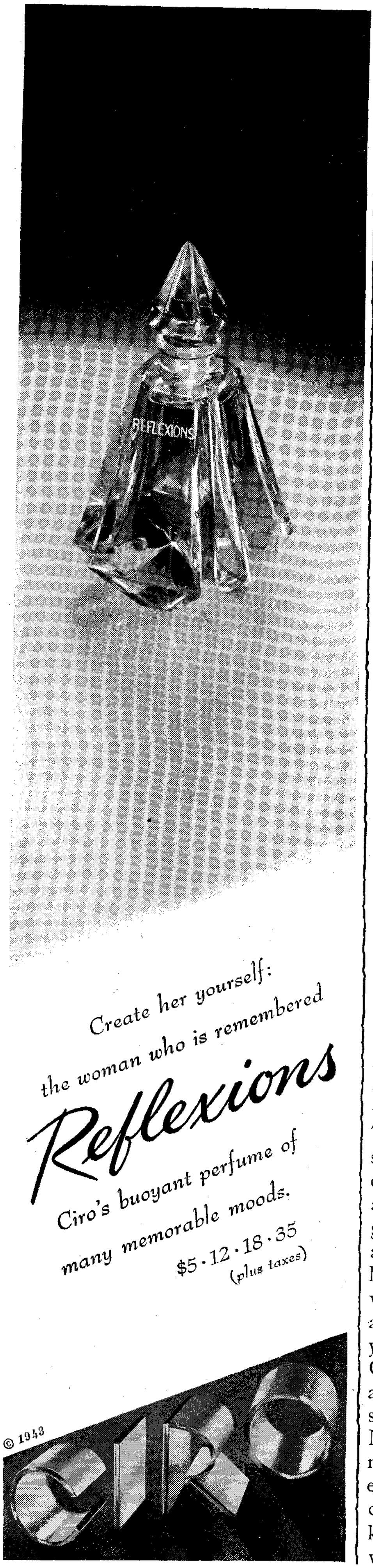
National Broadcasting Company

It's a National Habit

America's No. 1 Network

NBC

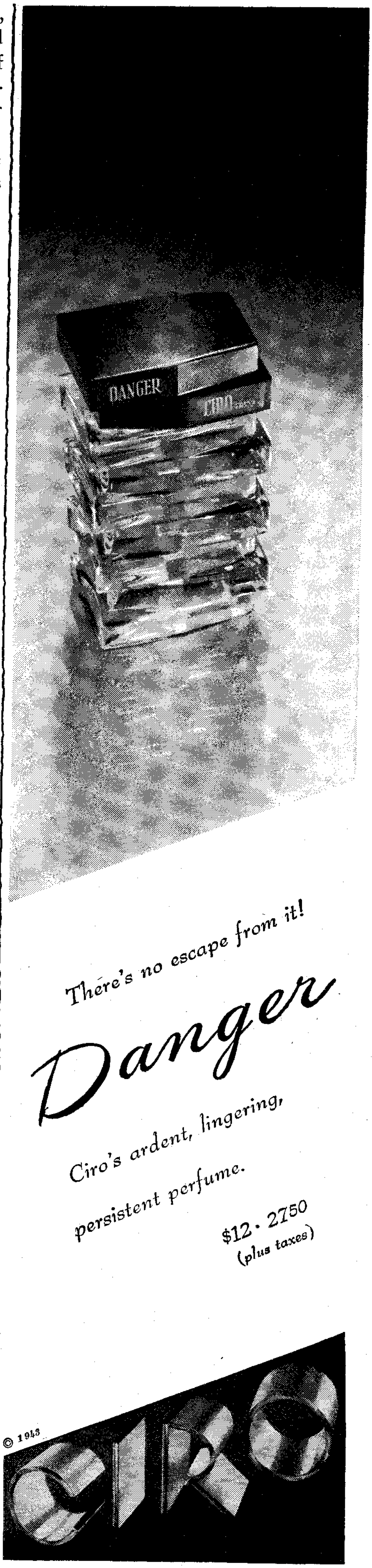
A Service of Radio Corporation of America


REFLEXIONS
Create her yourself:
the woman who is remembered
Reflexions
Ciro's buoyant perfume of
many memorable moods.
$5 · 12 · 18 · 35
(plus taxes)
© 1943
CIRO

as well. The shop also has short overalls, slacks, coveralls with short sleeves, and shorts—a fine selection of the kind of thing that is equally excellent for sailing, ranching, active gardening, or spanking the children.

Among the Best bathing suits there are attractive white rayon sharkskins that have bra tops and short skirts bound with yellow, pink, or tangerine bands. Other suits have rayon jersey bras printed with bright blue and green ferns; the bright blue rayon cotton elastic trunks that go with them have a printed jersey panel in front. These are $10.95. Girls with good figures who hate the water (some do, I hear) will love a jaunty little ensemble consisting of a strapless brassière and a practically nonexistent sarong skirt, both of a faded, underseas sort of rayon jersey print. Also for this type of girl is a skimpy rayon linen costume with a one-strap bra that is half strawberry pink and half grass green; a green sarong skirt completes this one. Either of these could be (but isn't) called the Whee! For good sense, there are a lot of one-piece bathing suits at around $7.95, such as princesse affairs of glazed chintz in a morning-glory pattern. Straps on both shoulders, too.

THIS AND THAT: Jacqueline Cochran's is one of the most impressive of the new, improved leg makeups. Her Suntan is a wonderful warm color, pours easily, goes on smoothly, and doesn't get powdery when it's dry. She says that the silky stocking sheen results from the fact that the base is emollient, but who's going to bother about that? Cochran also has a cream foundation called Chromablend, made up especially for each customer by blending seven (I could be wrong about that seven) dreamy varieties of the stuff, among them turquoise, chocolate, and pistache. The formula is kept on file, like a prescription or your fingerprints. The cream will help make sallow skins rosy and florid ones paler. A few dabs will give you a creamy, cared-for look. It's a dollar, at Bloomingdale and Franklin Simon. . . . If you are not happy without stockings (and many women are not, no matter how hot it gets), you may be interested in some of the Gotham numbers which are in, among other places, the new Gotham shop at 634 Fifth Avenue (51st). Malines is a horizontal mesh, with a mesh heel, that costs $1.17, and my experience is that it wears well and clings fondly around the knees and ankles. There is also Stratosphere, a sheer vertical mesh, with a rayon heel and a


DANGER
CIRO
There's no escape from it!
Danger
Ciro's ardent, lingering,
persistent perfume.
$12 · 27.50
(plus taxes)
© 1943
CIRO

lacy top. This is made on a fine-gauge jacquard machine, and they say that it is the first time since the disappearance of nylon that a yarn this fine has been produced for stockings. I'm just telling you what they say. The stocking is $1.31. There are only two shades—Honey, which is a pinky beige, and Almond, a neutral beige. . . . Now that everyone seems to be having a baby, harassed friends of newly fledged mothers might be glad to know that Alice H. Marks, at 6 East 52nd Street, is as handy at making up infant gift sets as she used to be at making up steamer baskets. She has all kinds, from a set at $4.50 (baby bottle with a hand-knit cover, booties, and a rattle) up through ones with bath towels, thermometers, and other gear, to a $35 masterpiece that includes a hand-crocheted carriage cover. . . . Werner of Switzerland, at 608 Fifth Avenue (49th), is a very good and not very expensive hairdresser who gives excellent permanent waves of every sort at prices that start at $13.50. He is sorry, he says, that women don't pay enough attention to their back hair, about which he has Ideas. He likes it in a short swirl, or short and brushed straight up from the nape of the neck for summer, or in a modest chignon that is composed of hair not more than three or four inches long. Everything is done to make you comfortable during the operation—air-conditioning, hot or iced tea, stationery for that note you know darn well you're never going to write. A place as competent as it is charming. —L. L.

•

Ray Fraley, who, a year ago, came to Bucks County under the auspices of the United States Department of Agriculture, to assist in the farming of Frazier Hunt's "Little Valley Farms," has returned home to Kentucky to engage in coal mining. Under the new wage scale, coal miners receive well over $1.00 per hour which makes it more remunerative than farming, but it is far more hazardous. Even with the legally required placement of mine posts and headers at four feet apart, there is constant danger of slides and of the miner being engulfed in tons of coal.
—*Newtown (Pa.) Enterprise.*

Well, so long, Ray! Take care of yourself!

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Publicity release from Little, Brown & Co.*]

Clifford Dowdey is in California working on a new novel.

Ditto for Walter D. Edmonds of Cambridge, Mass., but he hasn't left Cambridge.

Marlboro
America's Luxury Cigarette
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
PM & Co
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENT
PHILIP MORRIS & Co LTD INC
MADE IN U.S.A.
FOR VICTORY
BUY
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LUXURIOUS LADY ...in slit sheath and tunic. Smoking a luxurious **Marlboro** Cigarette. *What other cigarette* belongs *in such distinguished company!*

Richly blended... keenly pleasurable... superb **Marlboros*** cost only a penny or two more!

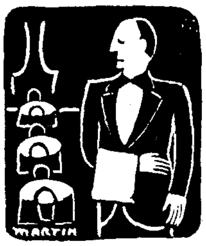
Cigarette of successful men, *and* lovely women.

*IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

TABLES FOR TWO

Upstairs and Lowdown

THE summer roof seems to be a dying institution. For that matter, unless my combination pocket thermometer and mean-average-rainfall indicator is a very sly puss indeed, summer is a dying institution itself. This year, all the city has to offer the foolish wayfarer who still believes that New York is the ideal summer resort is three roofs, and only one of them is actually a roof (or a room) with a view. This is the one on top of the St. Regis, and it is still its old sedate, pink, and beautiful self—domed ceiling, mirrors, candelabra, chandeliers, and all. (The weather painted on that dome, by the way, is a whole lot better than the stuff that blows in at you if you open one of the St. Regis casement windows.) A couple of small orchestras burble quietly in their niche, now and then someone wanders through a bit of magic, and now and then a couple of other someones wander through a bit of dancing for the edification, and quite possibly the instruction, of the customers. The place is at its best, though, when the urge to dance strikes everyone at once and the floor is filled with waltzers.



The roof at the Waldorf, which has stars (homemade) but no noticeable windows, is a place of several moods. When Mischa Borr's smooth little band is playing waltzes or rumbas, it's one sort of place; when George Hamilton's great big band is on the stand, it's another sort of place; when Morton Downey, the Irish thrush, sits down to his piano to sing, it's Monday matinée at the old Palace. I mean the *old* Palace—the one P. T. Barnum later took over when he brought Jenny Lind to this country and which the city afterward turned into the Aquarium. Mr. Downey is slick, genial, and falsetto, with the proper stage effects (you know, mauve spotlight for "Did Your Mother Come from Ireland?," white spot for comedy numbers); he is apt to stick around for three-quarters of an hour; and, as the last of the red-hot Irish thrushes, he gets by, all right.

That leaves the Astor Roof, which isn't especially outdoorsy and hasn't any stars in the ceiling, either. It has, of course, Harry James and that melancholy trumpet of his, as well as a large and active supporting cast of musicians. In spite of Mr. James' occasional weakness for sobbing notes, the presiding spirit of the establishment is, I should say, one of rompery.

MISS BILLIE HOLIDAY, at times one of our neatest blues singers, seems to have got herself back in the groove where she belongs. Maybe what she needed all along was the Cedric Wallace Trio, her new accompanists, or maybe it was the cool, bracing rectitude of the Ruban Bleu, her new home. Now, if someone will only steal her microphone and make her sing full voice and full face to her audience . . . Miss Holiday's habit of having her voice occasionally part company with the key may worry a few people, but that's what good blues are made of, just the same.

WHAT has come to be known as The Tax continues to have a beneficial effect on the music-for-music's-sake establishments, where, mostly for better and rarely for worse, there is no more dancing. Hickory House, which has been in the doldrums for a couple of years, has installed Red Norvo and a small new band behind the bar, and the Onyx, which had already seemed rather well fixed with Oscar Pettiford's band, Al Casey's Trio, and Hot Lips Page, has brought in another trio to help out on the nights when either of the other orchestras is taking a breather. I use "trio" in its looser, or Onyx, sense; the new group is a pair of saxophones, a trumpet, a piano, and traps. The feature of this collection is a Mr. Frank Colley, a Negro who works in a crouch with his saxophone between his knees, rather like the Kipling elephant's child trying to get his trunk away from the crocodile. Despite Mr. Colley's predicament, his music is very fine indeed. It's a new Hot Lips Page, too; somewhere between then and now, he has dropped a lot of poundage and picked up a double-breasted, pin-stripe banker's suit. Only his ties, as flamboyant as his trumpet, are unchanged.

Down at 15 Barrow Street, the comatose Club Latino has been revived with a little red and yellow paint, a few locally executed murals of semi-nudes (complete with *Esquire* sort of inscriptions), and a new and talented quintet headed by Max Kaminsky. ("Quintet" is still just five men in the Village.) Mr. Kaminsky has with him the little old trumpet, now held together with court plaster, which accompanied him during his Navy days in the South Pacific, and he also has Rod Cless, the clarinetist, and Frank Orchard, a valve trombonist new to this department. The club has been rechristened the Pied Piper, a useful name for a place like this, and one which has apparently been lying around the public domain all these years without ever before being appropriated. The Pied Piper has a nice low ceiling, eminently suited for welkin ringing. On nights when Sterling Boze looks in to add *his* trumpet to Mr. Kaminsky's, the band is equipped to rouse not only the welkin but the whole aforesaid public domain. Another, and permanent, guest is James P. Johnson, who brings his magnificent Mona Lisa smile and his solid left hand to the piano when the band is not playing. Mr. Johnson does a lot of things well; I like best his St. Louis slow-drag music.

Over in the Ringside, at the corner of Forty-ninth Street and the Barbary Coast, opposite Madison Square Garden, the juke box has been pushed into one corner of the platform to make room for the de Paris brothers' band, whose brass section, as has been pointed out before in these pages, is as lively and ingenious as they come. The Ringside is the down-to-earth sort of bar-and-grill you'd expect, with a long bar facing the bandstand and tables in the back room. The place is not specifically for Mother and the girls, but it combines jauntiness and circumspection in about the proper proportions. It wouldn't do anyone any harm to see life on Eighth Avenue, especially if, on every night but Tuesday, he can listen to the de Paris band while he is making his tour of inspection.

HAVEN'T any of you amateur magicians ever felt thwarted when you contemplated Cleopatra's feat of dissolving pearls in her drinks? You need no longer hide from your friends. Now you, too, can perform this amazing miracle, perhaps no more than a stone's throw from where you live. Not in the first, or come-on, drink, but certainly in the second. Don't delay. Write in today for our big free list of the bars and clubs where you can redeem yourself. —R. E. M. W.

•

BRICKER PROMISES
DEFEAT OF JAPAN
—*Headline in the Sun.*

Don't you forget, Governor!

WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT ?

The face of the young Chinese lighted. "Minneapolis? Could you tell my brother, Christopher Tang, in Minneapolis that our family is safe at Taowalun . . . and please, can he send me an English dictionary?"

Scene: Changteh, China. Minneapolis reporter: George Grim former Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune radio director who had gone into China's ravaged "rice bowl", on the heels of retreating Japanese, to get the story of Minnesota soldiers and missionaries. The message to Christopher was delivered as part of that 2,000-word "local story" on the Battle of Changteh for readers of The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune.

These newspapers have made reporting of local news for readers of the Upper Mississippi Valley a national and global job.

Staff Correspondent Len Welch, former Minneapolis police reporter, now roams the South Pacific covering the deeds and experiences of American boys on that fighting front. Another staff correspondent reports from Italy. Recently, Executive Editor Basil Walters went to England and Washington Bureau Chief Richard Wilson of The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune to both England and the Mediterranean theater.

Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune newsmen traverse the nation as they travel the city hall run or Nicollet Avenue to cover the news. Typical week finds Reporter Ben Holstrom in Washington to familiarize Upper Mississippi Valley households with plans for rehabilitation of their soldier sons; Columnist George L. Peterson digging up new data for Minnesota dairy farmers in Washington or writing from the Yukon about Minnesotans building the Alaskan highway; Research Editor Bill Elston visiting other cities to learn how they cope with war and postwar problems like Minneapolis' half-million inhabitants face . . .

"ANYBODY HERE FROM MINNEAPOLIS?"

To the national and world coverage brought to The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune by all the leading news services, far-voyaging staff members add *local* news for Upper Mississippi Valley readers from around the world—whether it happens in Changteh, Kwajelein, Anzio, Seattle or Cincinnati.

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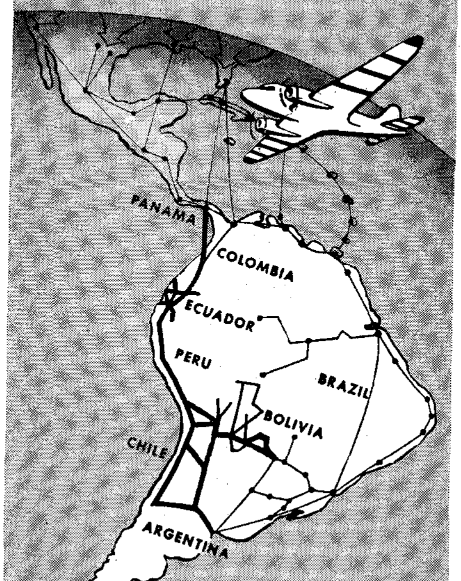

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THE RACE TRACK

Almanach de Gotha

IT was a pleasure to watch Twilight Tear win the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont last weekend, even though she beat nothing more than a small collection of Class C fillies. If, when the season ends, I have seen another three-year-old as nice as this young lady from Calumet Farm, it will have been a first-rate year for me. But I don't expect anything of the sort to happen.

The Oaks would have been quite dull, however, if Miss Biscuit had not carried Twilight Tear along at a fair pace for the first half and if Plucky Maud had not tried to take the lead at the stretch turn. In fact, Plucky Maud's boldness so surprised McCreary, Twilight Tear's rider, that he hit his mount once with his whip. Anyhow, everyone who bet on Twilight Tear got his money's worth. A lot more money was wagered on her to show than to win. Most of the horseplayers apparently said to themselves—and horseplayers really do go around talking to themselves—"Here's one I'm going to cash," and dashed to a window where show tickets were sold. Those tickets paid five cents on the dollar.

I daresay you noticed, if you saw the paddock parade, that Twilight Tear's ankles were painted with mercurochrome. It seems that she got to kicking up the other morning and scraped herself against the screen door of her stall. What worried me more was that she wore tendon bandages on both front legs and that she walked a bit gingerly after the race. Well, she won't run again until the Washington Park meeting at Chicago in July.

I had rather hoped that F. Ambrose Clark, who still wears that gray bowler, would drive over to Belmont in one of the road coaches he has in his stables at Westbury, so the members of the Coaching Club could watch the Oaks from it, but he didn't. However, one of my outside men reports that Clark drives to the track and home again every day in a mail phaeton—something of an achievement, considering how cluttered the roads are with A-card motorists.

IT is hardly time to list the ten leading two-year-olds, but a filly who caught my eye last week was Foxcatcher Farms' Surosa. Another I liked was Ed Bradley's Bird of War, a sister to Bee Mac. In case you are wondering whatever became of Bee Mac, who won the Spinaway and the Hopeful last year, she's in retirement. As it happened, it was Twilight Tear who kicked her on the knee and right out of racing. Warren Wright, by the way, has a half-brother to Pensive of whom he's very proud. The colt is by Blenheim 2nd, and his name is Full Stride. He won't run until later in the season—probably at the Saratoga meeting, which I'm pleased to hear will be at Belmont again.

While I'm going on about names, I recommend for your approbation Coincidence, who is out of Small World, and Expression, who is out of Never Change. Epicure, a George Widener colt, is well named too, for his mamma is Dinner Time. A more complicated name is Paricutin, after Mexico's most recent volcano. Paricutin's mother is Nea Lap, a sister of the famous Phar Lap. Nea Lap and Phar Lap are Singhalese or something for "thunder" and "lightning," which should give you the background (with sound effects) for Paricutin's name. Paricutin, incidentally, tries to live up to his name. Before he beat Longchamps Farms' $33,000 Baron Jack and a lot of others, one day last week, he had an explosion of temperament that delayed the start seventeen minutes.

Although the Jockey Club doesn't like horses to have trade names, there is one around called Copacabana. Perhaps the registrar, who passes on all such applications, just curls up evenings with a good book and an apple.

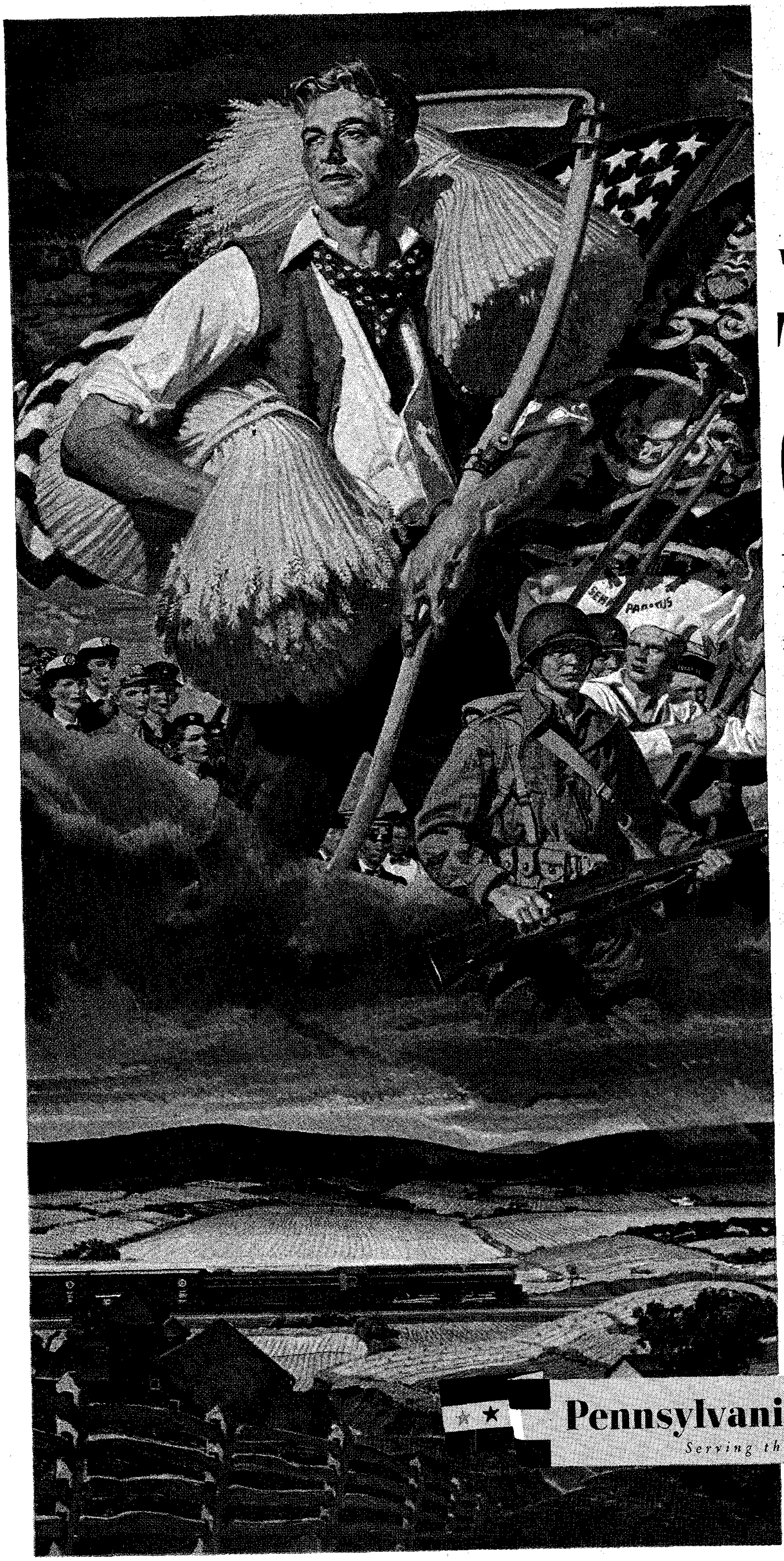
I THINK it's a fairly safe guess that Pensive will beat Platter again if they meet in the Belmont Stakes this weekend. The odds on Pensive, however, should be better than they were on Twilight Tear. . . . Next week, Aqueduct. How all the people who go racing these days can be fitted into that stand I would rather not know.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

I don't know what lessens we had, except that there were oral spelling-matches, in which naturally I didn't shine.—*From "Persons and Places," by George Santayana.*

Naturally.



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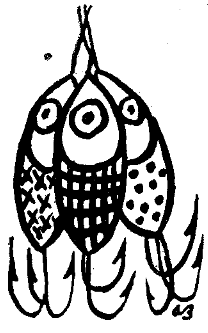
GAS

THE lovely blond receptionist looked at the appointment book and said that I would have to wait twenty minutes; the dentist was behind schedule. She was friendly and very talkative. I gathered that patients had come and gone all day with assembly-line precision until an hour ago, when a hysterical wisdom-tooth patient had caused a bottleneck.

"They sometimes get nervous beforehand," the receptionist said. "They're scared of the gas." She pushed back her beautiful curls and gave a tiny yawn.

I sat on a white leather chair in a corner. Since patients came here only for extractions, and awkward ones at that, nervousness seemed to me rather natural. Perhaps because I am an Englishwoman, I try not to show when I am afraid. I felt no hysteria or excitement, but I was rather sad. The other occupants of the waiting room—an elderly woman and a young man—seemed melancholy, too. There were old numbers of *Life* on a glass-topped table, but nobody looked at them.

A door opened and a young woman came out, accompanied by a nurse. The young man leaped up and went to the young woman, who was holding a handkerchief to her mouth. "Darling!" he murmured, putting an arm around her. She pushed him away. The nurse led her through the waiting room to one of a series of curtained cubicles which adjoined it and told her to lie down. The young man dashed in after her. Anxiously, he drew up a chair beside her cot, murmured consolation, and stroked her hair. The young woman answered with a sob and another push.



The nurse turned to the elderly lady and playfully seized her by the shoulder. "And now, Miss Bristow," she said, "I think it's your turn. Come this way."

After a very few minutes, Miss Bristow, apparently anaesthetized, began to howl like a coyote. The howl went on and on and I began to feel restless. I walked over to the receptionist and asked her if many patients howled like that and if they felt any pain.

"No," the receptionist said. "They don't feel a thing. The conscious mind is asleep. That," she said, nodding her head in the direction of the howling, "is the subconscious."

"And is that the only noise the subconscious can make?" I asked. "Doesn't it ever vary?"

"They mostly howl the same way," the receptionist said. "Only some of them go under the gas feeling scared, and then they don't have such pleasant dreams."

"Dreams?" I asked, appalled. "Does everybody dream?"

"Sure," the receptionist said. "Sometimes the patients say they dream things so wonderful you couldn't imagine. They can never tell you about them, though," she added skeptically.

I decided to investigate the dream business before my turn came. Miss Bristow was still howling, so I had lots of time. I went over to the young woman's cubicle. She was weeping onto a pillow and the young man beside her was desperate.

"I'm going to have an extraction, so I'd be glad if you'd tell me what it was like," I said to her.

"Terrible! Terrible!" she said, and began to sob again.

"But did it hurt?" I asked.

"No," the young woman said. "No." And she sobbed harder than ever.

I went to the receptionist again and asked her if she could explain why patients cried when they weren't suffering. The receptionist leaned across her desk and said, in a stage whisper, "They're a honeymoon couple and I guess she wants to make him feel bad."

"Impossible," I said. "No woman could cry like that just to make her husband feel bad."

"You'd be surprised," the receptionist said.

The howling in the surgery diminished and died.

"That's over," I said. "I guess it's my turn next."

"It is," the receptionist said.

After about three minutes, the surgery door opened and the nurse led Miss Bristow out and took her through the waiting room to a cubicle. I followed them. "How do you feel?" I asked Miss Bristow.

"Your turn," the nurse said to me.

"Just a minute," I said. I bent over Miss Bristow, who was now lying on a cot. She looked up at me and her bloody mouth smiled.

"It was wonderful," she whispered. "I was in a wonderful place."

"What sort of a place?" I asked.

Her old face crinkled. "Beautiful," she said. Tears poured down her cheeks.

"This way, please," the nurse said, and marched me back to the receptionist. The fee, the nurse said, was ten dollars for one tooth and it would be better if I paid now. I paid and went into the surgery.

THERE, in his lair, was the dentist. He looked as strong as a lion and was as big as a bull. He wore a bright smile and a spotless coat. Before I could take two breaths, I was in the dental chair, a small white card was pushed behind the erring tooth, and the X-ray camera buzzed. When the card was removed, I started to tell the dentist the history of my tooth, but he didn't appear to be listening. "You're English, aren't you?" he said. "You've got the accent. They don't have good dentists over there, I guess."

"They do!" I exclaimed.

"Not up to our standard," the dentist said firmly.

I was about to argue, but the nurse started tucking a waterproof sheet around my neck. She tied a towel over the sheet. "Now, relax," she said. "Cross your ankles and clasp your hands."

"Look," I said. "My aunt once had a tooth out with gas and she woke up too soon. I'd like to stay asleep until the end, if you can manage it."

"That was in England, I guess," the dentist said. "You're in America now." He thrust an absorbent-cotton gag into my mouth.

"Breathe," the nurse said.

"I'll tell you when I'm going off," I said through the gag.

"You won't need to," the dentist said.

I smelled something like gasoline and breathed hard. I heard the telephone ring in the next room, and then the chirp of the receptionist. I decided to watch carefully for the point at which consciousness would fade completely. It should be interesting. I began to speculate on the nature of consciousness, because, though I hadn't strength enough left to lift a finger, my mind seemed quite lively.

"Still conscious," I said, thinking they might be interested in my reactions. The nurse said sharply that I wasn't expected to be unconscious yet. I hadn't had half enough gas.

At this point, I began to feel guilty and to wonder if I was holding up the operation. I breathed fervently, letting the sickly-sweet gas pour into my lungs. I was still conscious, though I

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couldn't say so. I struggled to speak and finally succeeded. "Conscious!" I shouted.

And then the extraordinary thing happened. My sluggish brain cleared and began to think in a new and surprising way. Ordinarily, human reverie is a poor and shabby affair; even a high intelligence, the psychologists say, pours out a vast amount of rubble along with a few pearls. But my mind began to toss out pearl after pearl, all linked together by superb logic. And I was aware of the metamorphosis. I knew that the shackles had fallen off my brain, that it was functioning with precision, profundity, and rapture. I could contain my joy no longer. I shouted it to the world.

"WAKE up," the nurse said. "And rinse your mouth with this."

"You've got strong teeth," the dentist said. "That was some root."

I stepped down from the chair and staggered away.

"Come back!" the nurse said. "Rinse your mouth!"

I went back, gave my mouth a quick rinse, and then started toward the reception room and a cubicle. The nurse trotted after me through the door. In the waiting room she stopped, glanced out of the window at the noisy street, and then said sweetly, "Get ready, please," to a little woman in black.

The honeymoon couple had gone, but behind a curtain the gentle Miss Bristow was still sobbing. I went into the cubicle next to hers, lay down on the bed, and began to cry. Together we wept, quietly and persistently, because we knew what life was, and also what it might be. The contrast upset us for a full half hour.

—WINIFRED WILLIAMS

•

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What dishes, for heaven's sake?

•

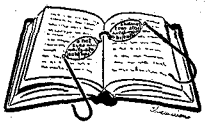
WHICH COLUMNIST IN THE "NEWS" D'YA READ, IF ANY?

The odds are now that Hollywood won't produce Wendell Willkie's "One World."—*Danton Walker in the News.*

Zanuck expected in N. Y. to confirm the deal for Willkie's "One World."—*Ed Sullivan, same paper, same day.*

BOOKS

Two Reports on Modern Japan: The Embassy and the School



It was a good idea to publish so soon after the events, as Simon & Schuster have been doing, the records, in diary and dispatch, of the missions of American ambassadors. "Ten Years in Japan," by Joseph C. Grew, lacks the element of self-dramatization that made "Mission to Moscow" conspicuous, and I doubt whether Warner Brothers will ever try to transpose it into a movie. Mr. Grew is quite unlike Mr. Joseph E. Davies, that eloquent Welsh idealist and acute corporation lawyer; he is a more or less typical example of the traditional career diplomat—a Bostonian, a graduate of Groton and Harvard, a cousin of J. P. Morgan. The ten years that he spent in Japan covered the rockiest period of our relations with her. He arrived in 1932, just before the recognition of Manchukuo and the withdrawal of Japan from the League of Nations; he was in Tokio when the political assassinations of February, 1936, occurred and had been entertaining Admiral Saito at dinner a few hours before the latter was murdered; he was there when Shanghai was bombed, when the Panay was sunk, when Japan finally joined the Axis; he witnessed, in 1940, the regimentation of Japanese life in the interests of totalitarian policy, and by the fall of the following year he found himself carrying a gun; he was there, still negotiating with the Ministers, when the attack on Pearl Harbor came, and he was obliged to stay on for six months, imprisoned in the Embassy compound and subjected to as much indignity as the officials dared to inflict. And through all this he seems as unperturbed, as equanimous, cool, and dry, as sure of his superior authority, as if he were living on Beacon Hill in sight of the dome of the State House. Yet his story, like Mr. Davies', is a first-hand historical document which helps to satisfy curiosity about the United States' relations with the rest of the world. Within the sphere of his observation, Mr. Grew is always definite and lucid.

The book, in fact, holds you sufficiently, it carries you along so steadily on the stream of its even surface, that it is only after you have finished it that you come to reflect how little of the life of a country may be visible to a professional diplomat who has gone straight into the service from college and never known any other occupation. Mr. Grew seems to have observed almost nothing but those elements of the Japanese governing class with which his duties brought him inevitably into contact. That he was not absolutely incapable of interest in phenomena which he encountered in this way is proved by his describing quite carefully a number of official functions—several dinners, a theatrical performance, a wrestling match, an evening with the geishas—to which he had been invited (he notes, for example, that it is typical of Japan that an otherwise perfect dinner should be spoiled by unshaded electric lights). But even among the people whom he frequently sees he seems only to make distinctions between those whom he takes to be "liberal" and those whom he takes to be "militaristic," between aristocrats who are stony and stiff and aristocrats who have easier manners. The most generous compliment that he can pay a Japanese is to call him "one of the world's greatest gentlemen"—that is, to try to admit him to his cosmos by assimilating him to western ideals; and, after spending eight years in Japan, he reflects, at the funeral of a Japanese prince, that "The Tokugawas, Konoyes, Matsudairas, Matsukatas [members, he has just explained, of the outstanding families and clans] might have been Saltonstalls and Sedgwicks and Peabodys. We knew their positions, their influence and reputations, their personalities, and their interrelationships as well as those of a similar group in Boston. And we felt too that they regarded us as a sort of part of them."

"This may sound a little snobbish," he goes on, but the point that he wishes to make is simply that he and his wife no longer felt like outsiders. Substitute, he suggests, for these more lustrous names, Okubo and Suzuki and Hayashi and Smith and Jones and Robinson, and the situation would still be the same. Yet the fact remains that Mr. Grew had evidently very little acquaintance with the Japanese Smith, Jones, and Robinson. He tells us nothing about Japanese industrial life, nothing about the life of the farmer, nothing about the activities of the young students, avid for education and affected by western ideas. The closest you get to the ordinary man is through the letters in bad dictionary English which were sometimes received at the Embassy and which are inserted for comic relief. This is

"Oh, shucks! Dog bite it! Gosh! Mercy me!"

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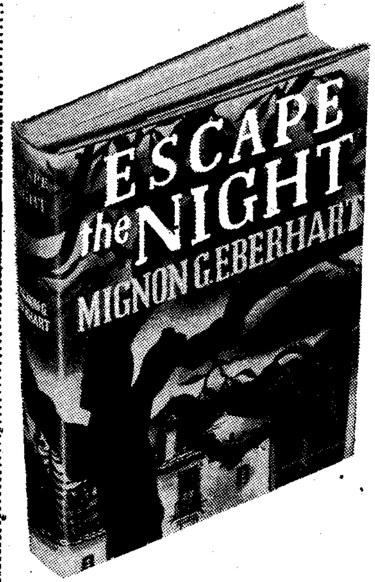
—N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW



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A RANDOM HOUSE MYSTERY

not to say that Mr. Grew does not seem, in his restricted way, a humane and enlightened man. He is friendly and direct and sincere; he is quite free from Metternichian cynicism and scorns the older and more devious school of diplomacy. He was obviously liked by many Japanese, who felt his complete good faith and who smuggled in food to the Grews during the months when they were held in the Embassy. But it is perfectly amazing that an educated man should spend so long in a foreign country and pay so little attention to its culture, fail so utterly to analyze its society.

ANOTHER book on Japan, just published, comes to supplement Mr. Grew. "Nippon: The Crime and Punishment of Japan" (John Day) is, in spite of its melodramatic title, a quite sober and informative book. The author, Mr. Willis Lamott, taught school for nineteen years in Japan, and, though he does not express himself very brilliantly, his book, like Mrs. Fischer's on Russia, has the interest of a report by an observer who has worked in a foreign country and had intimate experience of its daily life. Mr. Lamott has learned Japanese and he has looked into Japanese history. He has anxiously inquired into the paradoxes which Mr. Grew merely notes and allows for. It is typical of the difference between the two men that, whereas for the former Ambassador a participation in the Japanese Tea Ceremony is a social occasion in a "lovely home," "delightfully graceful and impressive," the institution should be for Mr. Lamott a stock entertainment for tourists and interesting only for the significance of its beginnings in the fifteenth century, when it "offered a Buddhistic catharsis for blood-soaked samurai minds."

Mr. Lamott is particularly concerned with showing how the worship of the Emperor, the legend of the divine origin of the Japanese, and the Spartan morality of the samurai, all of which had been rather fading out, were deliberately revived at a given point and systematically inculcated in the schools, just as the myth of the Aryan hero was in Germany, by the patriotic totalitarian movement. The glorification of hari-kari was at one time, he tells us, pushed to such lengths that the pupils would sometimes "go and commit suicide in front of some great hero's picture immediately the lesson was over." When Mr. Lamott ventured to publish an article asserting that Japanese education was becoming anachronistic, the magazine in which it appeared was suspended, and he at

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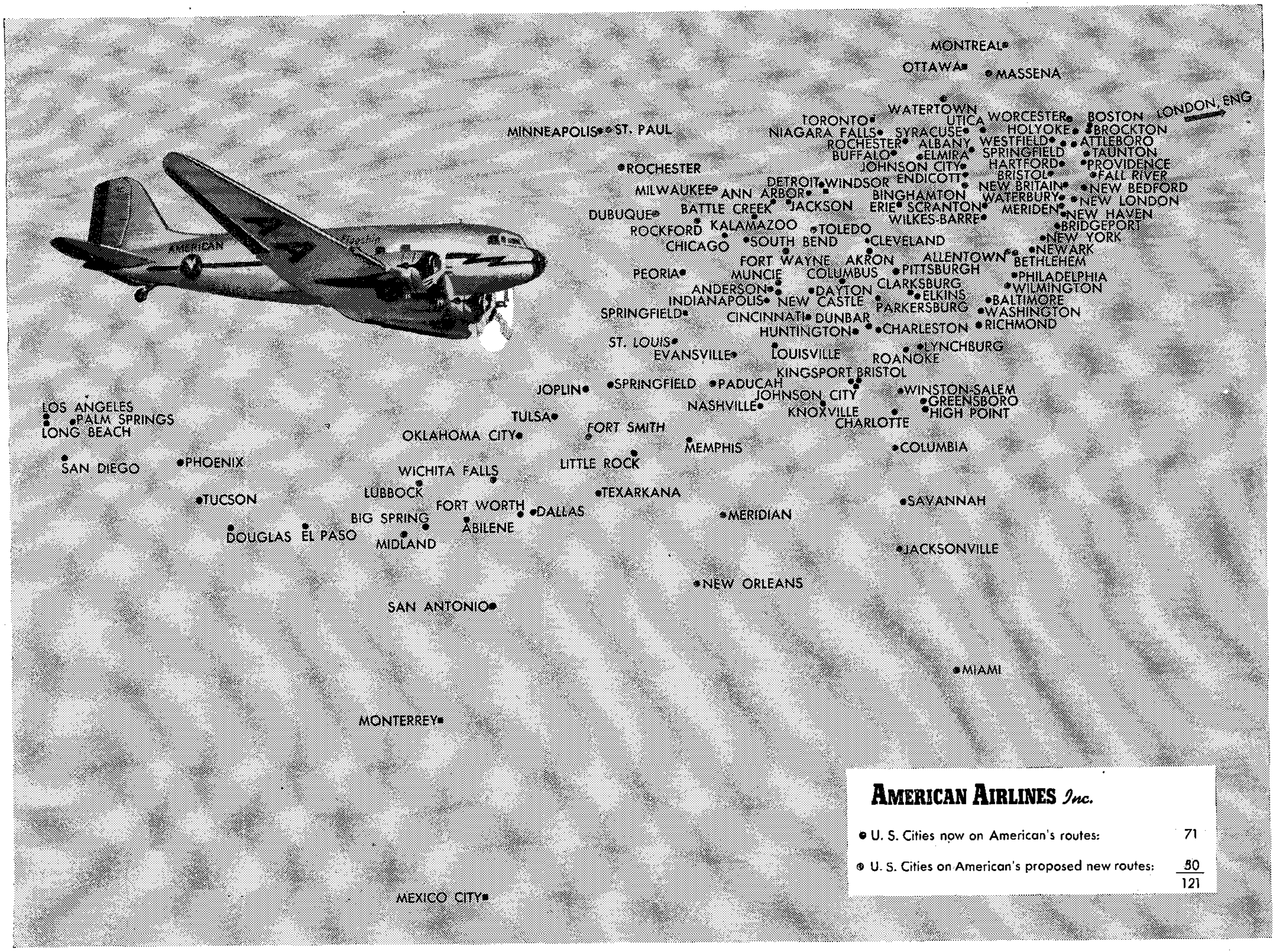

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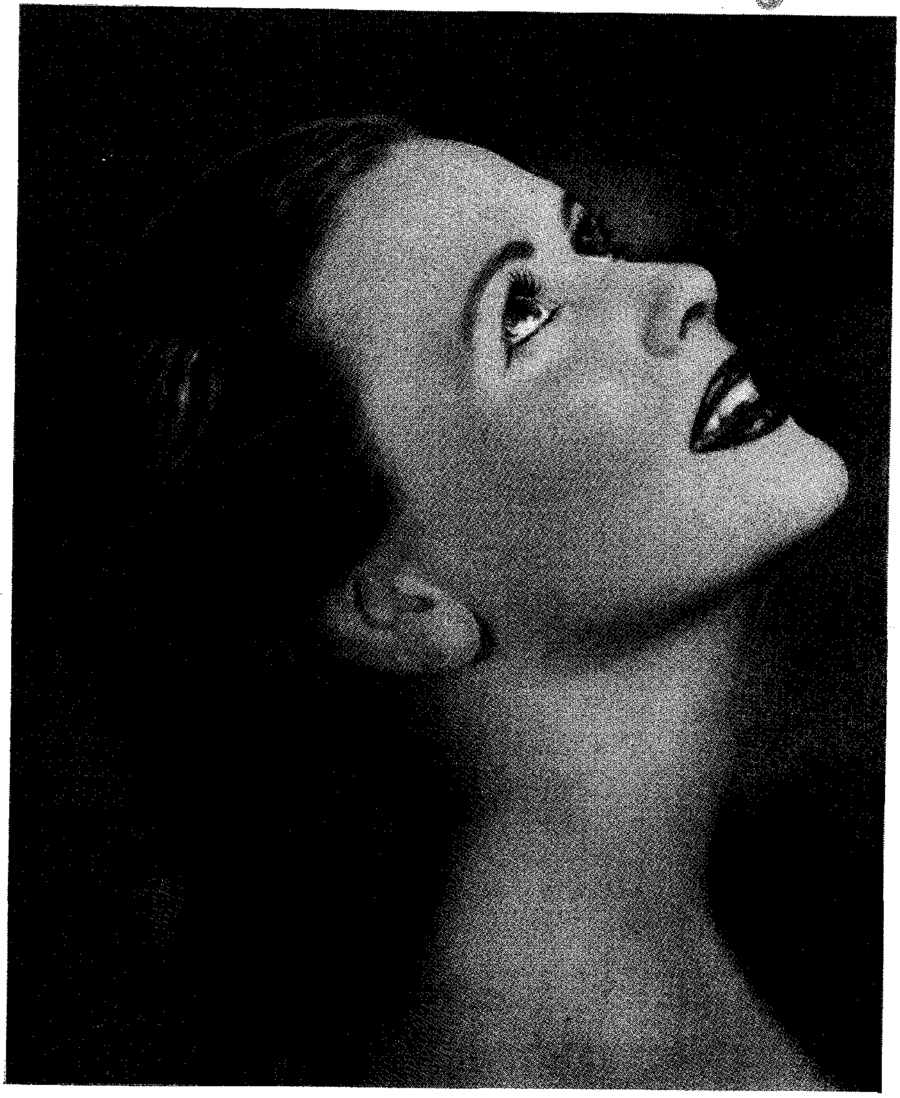

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once found his life made intolerable by investigations, penalties, and threats. He came home in 1938.

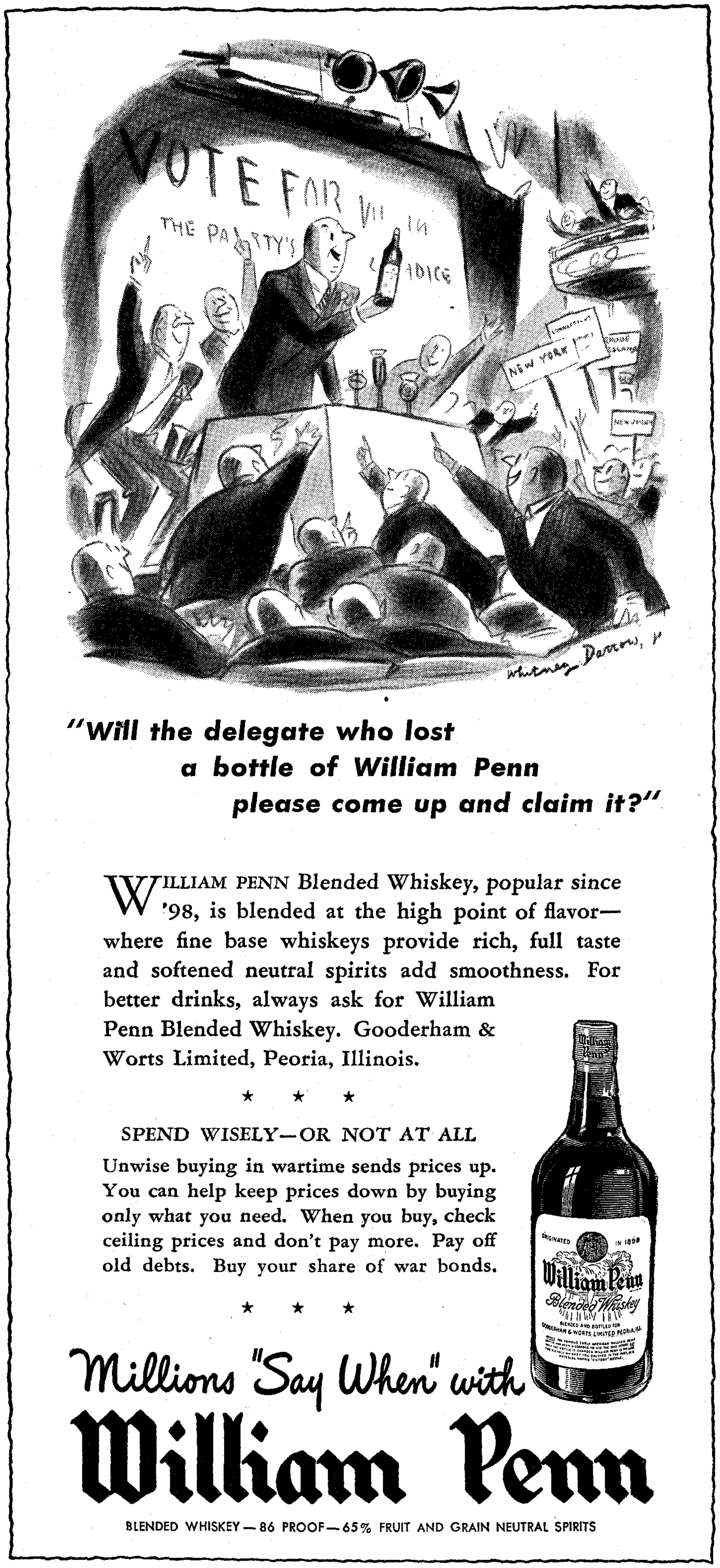
Mr. Lamott is sympathetic with the Japanese, and he emphasizes, as does Mr. Grew, the existence of civilizing forces which the new samurai-Fascists are suppressing, but he confesses that he was dismayed, after years, to run up always, under the friendly surface, against intractable antagonism to the white race. He believes that "we shall be disappointed if we expect the nations of the East to build their life upon the patterns of political democracy fashioned in eighteenth-century Europe and America;" that we must leave the Far East to work out its own problems "without the threat of either a dominant Japan or a dominant Anglo-American coalition;" that we may as well be reconciled to the prospect of seeing the influence of the Soviet Union prove more powerful than ours in the East, and the peoples of China and Japan adopt some more or less communistic system; and that the failure on our part to allow the East to follow its natural development will be likely to result in a crisis in which "a powerful Oriental nationalist movement will call the Asiatic nations to fight against the dominant power of the white race."

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WOMEN ON THE PORCH, by Caroline Gordon (Scribner). The story picks up the heroine, Catherine Chapman, as she arrives at her grandmother's Tennessee plantation, to which she has rushed in great distress on learning that her husband has been unfaithful. Besides the grandmother, there are in the old home a spinster aunt and an elderly cousin. The pasts of these three aging women are sketched with great delicacy and sound a ghostly note throughout the book. In its plot the novel is simple enough—the heroine drifts half-heartedly into a love affair with a rich neighbor, the grandmother suffers a paralytic stroke, the aunt's splendid young horse is killed, and the husband eventually follows his wife to the plantation. It is in her talent for creating by suggestion that Miss Gordon's distinction lies. Catherine lives, the three old women of the plantation live, even the glum Negro cook lives, not because the author tells much about them but because she makes



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you feel more than she tells. It's hard to say why, with her admirably direct style and an understanding of her characters that is reminiscent of Katherine Anne Porter, Miss Gordon has not turned out a wholly satisfactory novel. Perhaps it is because, although a sense of tragedy pervades the book, she seems in the end afraid of tragedy.

PRESIDENTIAL AGENT, by Upton Sinclair (Viking). Those who have not yet had enough of Lanny Budd will be interested to know that the fifth installment of Mr. Sinclair's fictionized history of modern times deals with the years just before the war. The hero becomes the confidential agent of Franklin D. Roosevelt, continues to receive satisfactory communications from the spirit world, and keeps in touch with an enormous circle of high-placed friends and relatives. In order to collect information for Mr. Roosevelt, Lanny bounces all over Europe, talking to Hitler, Hess, Göring, Baron Schneider, English appeasers, French Cagoulards, and Spaniards of all political parties. It seems, by the way, that our hero really wrote the President's quarantine-the-aggressor speech. Lanny is, of course, right in on all the European intrigue of the period, but although he knows that the world is heading for a terrible war and foresees all of Hitler's coups with startling exactness, the book conveys no sense of that atmosphere of imminent breakdown which was then hanging over Europe, nor is there any real exploration of the minds of the important men with whom the hero is on such easy terms.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, by James T. Farrell (Vanguard). Readers who have deplored the fact that Mr. Farrell seemed to have bogged down in his world of Chicago Irish will be pleased to note that in the thirteen short stories which make up this volume his interests appear to have broadened somewhat. Among the characters who are not stock Farrell there are a couple of young New York intellectuals at loggerheads over the upbringing of a small child; an ex-Hollywood star, a New York broker, and a writer who lives at the Brevoort. Even though Mr. Farrell does not appear entirely at home with these people or, for that matter, with the short story, this material adds a certain freshness to his writing.

DOWNFALL, by Zalman Shneour

When your sandwich list is run-down,
And your "mixes" all fall flat.
When the guests flick up bored eyebrows,
Look tired, and say "Oh, that!"

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(Roy). The story of a well-to-do merchant family of Polish Jews in Warsaw in 1915. The father's substantial business is wrecked because he refuses to let his daughter be seduced by a German officer in the army of occupation. After this financial disaster, a series of misfortunes completes the ruin of what was once a happy family. *Kultur* in 1915 seems to have differed very little from the New Order in 1939.

GENERAL

THE LAND OF PRESTER JOHN, by Elaine Sanceau (Knopf). The story, admirably told, of early Portuguese exploration in Ethiopia, the land of the mythical ruler Prester John. Miss Sanceau, rummaging about in one of the forgotten pockets of history, has come up with several fistfuls of curios such as a beautiful queen who lived in an isolated mountain fortress and a lost hermitage inhabited solely by mummies, and her pages are full of place names such as Tarim, Hadhramaut, Zeila, and Kuria Muria. She never tries to exploit the romantic nature of her material, but her narrative, even so, often takes on a tone highly reminiscent of both Marco Polo and H. Rider Haggard. Armchair adventurers and hammock explorers can hardly go wrong with this one. Maps.

OUR HERITAGE, by Sol Bloom (Putnam). One of the strangest what-is-its to be washed up on the literary beach this or any other season. It weighs exactly three pounds, dressed, and its 662 pages are divided into four parts—a short biography of Sol Bloom, Sol Bloom on George Washington, Sol Bloom on the Constitution, Sol Bloom on foreign affairs, accompanied by a collection of tributes to Sol Bloom from such eminent persons, among many others, as Franklin D. Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, Will Rogers, and Cordell Hull. It is impossible to imagine that anyone is really going to read this huge bundle of printed paper, but even those who merely thumb through it are apt to come away with three dominant impressions—that our most important heritage is Sol Bloom, that Sol Bloom wrote the Constitution, and that the father of his country was Sol Bloom's own little boy.

CHRISTIANITY AND DEMOCRACY, by Jacques Maritain (Scribner). Mr. Maritain, one of the more renowned Catholic philosophers, treats at length a theme he has frequently touched

CAN YOU NAME
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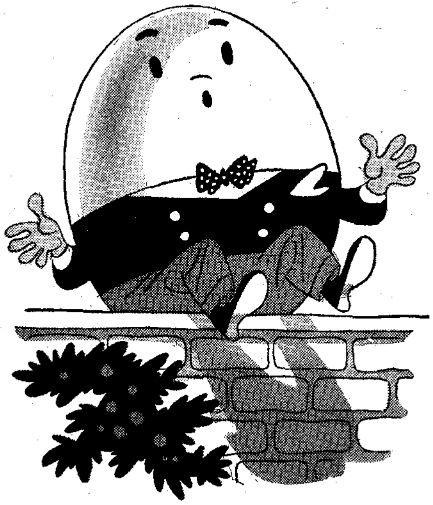
Lover?

• He didn't wear Arrow Shirts, but was considered a very smooth apple just the same.



egg?

• After his accident, even an Arrow Collar wouldn't have improved his looks!

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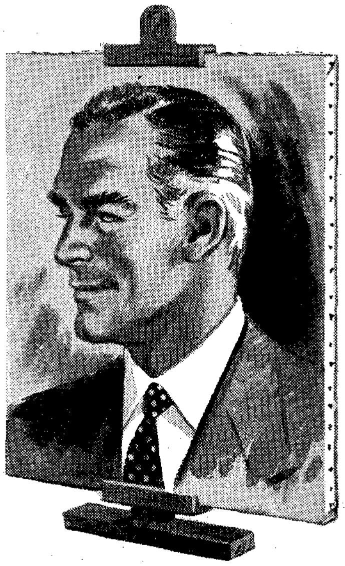

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Answers: *1. Romeo.* *2. Humpty Dumpty.* *3. Arrows.* *4. War Bonds.*

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upon before—the interlocking nature of Christianity and democracy. He brings both lucidity and intelligence to his discussion, and even the secular-minded, who will naturally not agree with everything he says, may find a certain amount of profit in his pages.

PRAIRIE CITY, by Angie Debo (Knopf). The life and mores of a small Oklahoma town, from its settlement at the time of the land run of 1889 to Pearl Harbor. The author's Prairie City is a composite of many places, which makes it rather more "typical" than any actual Oklahoma community, and there are times when her use of fictitious names tends to blur the effect of her story. A valuable study, nevertheless, of America and the American process at work. Illustrated.

ASIA'S LANDS AND PEOPLES, by George B. Cressey (Whittlesey House). A well-written and excellently organized geography of Asia by one of the recognized authorities on the subject. It covers all of Asia, with particular emphasis on China, Japan, India, and the Soviet Union. Several hundred maps, charts, and photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BLACK PATH OF FEAR, by Cornell Woolrich (Doubleday, Doran). A hardboiled but very sentimental young man named Scotty ducks in and out of Havana's hottest dives, one jump ahead of the police, as he tries to prove himself innocent of the murder of his girl, who was knifed while the two of them were having cocktails at Sloppy Joe's. A nicely planned story, which will keep you on the edge of your chair even though it doesn't shock you quite as much as it seems to intend to.

DEATH BY DESIGN, by Anne Nash (Doubleday, Doran). Dodo and Nell, the women proprietors of a flower shop out in Pinecrest, California, become interested in the murder of a prominent San Francisco rounder whom they've seen about with various Pinecrest ladies. The florists' clues are passed on to Mark Tudor, a private detective who has lent a hand to Dodo and Nell before and who interprets the evidence very neatly at the end. Pleasant enough, in its chatty way.

•

A MOMENT WITH AN ORACLE

[*Hanson W. Baldwin in the Times*]

There are three possible outcomes to the invasion: Complete defeat, complete success, or something in between.

Potato Salad De Luxe
So easy to do, too!

Boil 4 large potatoes in jackets, peel and then while still warm, dice, add salt, pepper, one chopped onion. Blend ½ c. Durkee's Dressing, ½ c. mayonnaise; mix well into salad. Add Durkee's celery seed, 3 sliced, hard-boiled eggs. Garnish with sliced, stuffed olives. Chill, add dash of Durkee's Paprika before serving.

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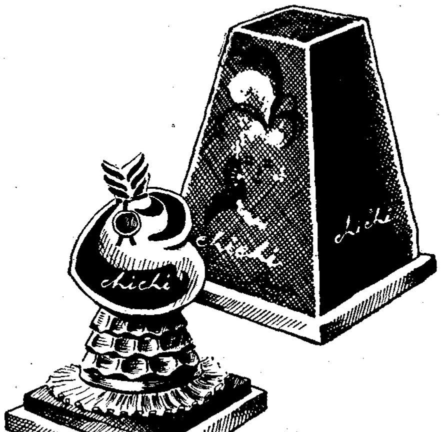

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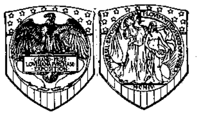
GrandPrize...Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904. This is one of the more than 60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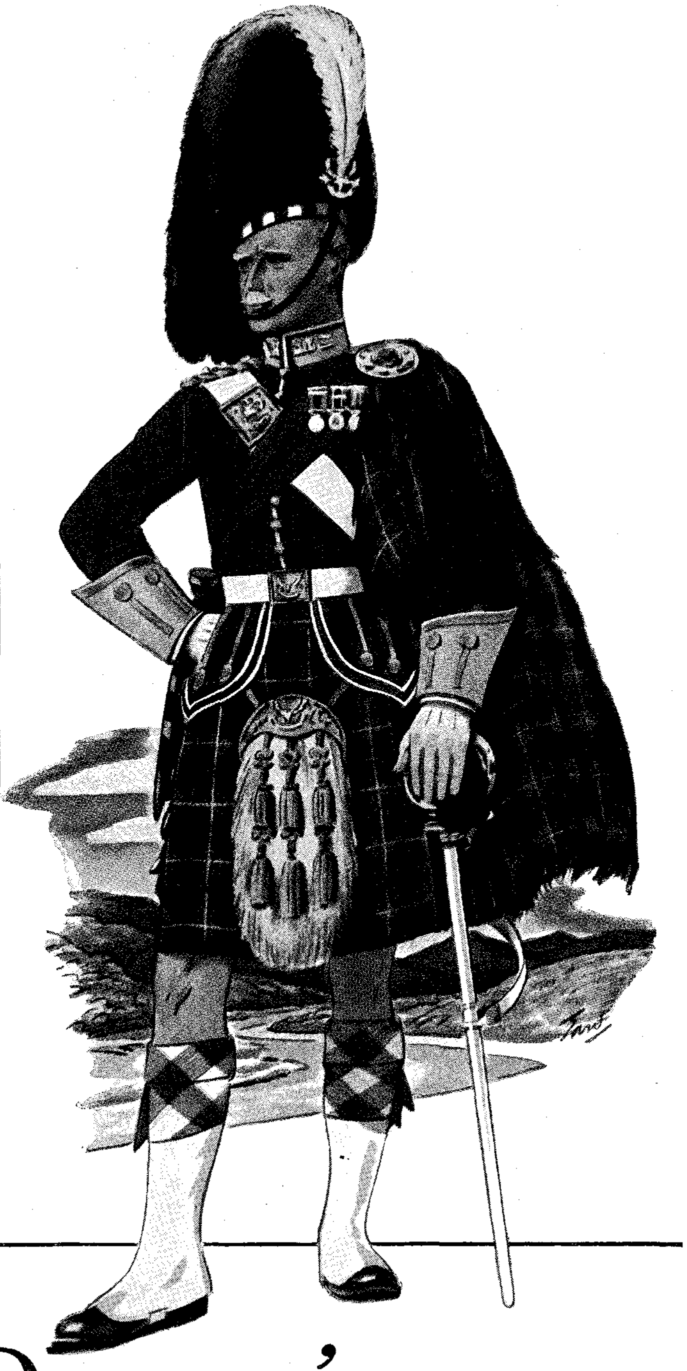

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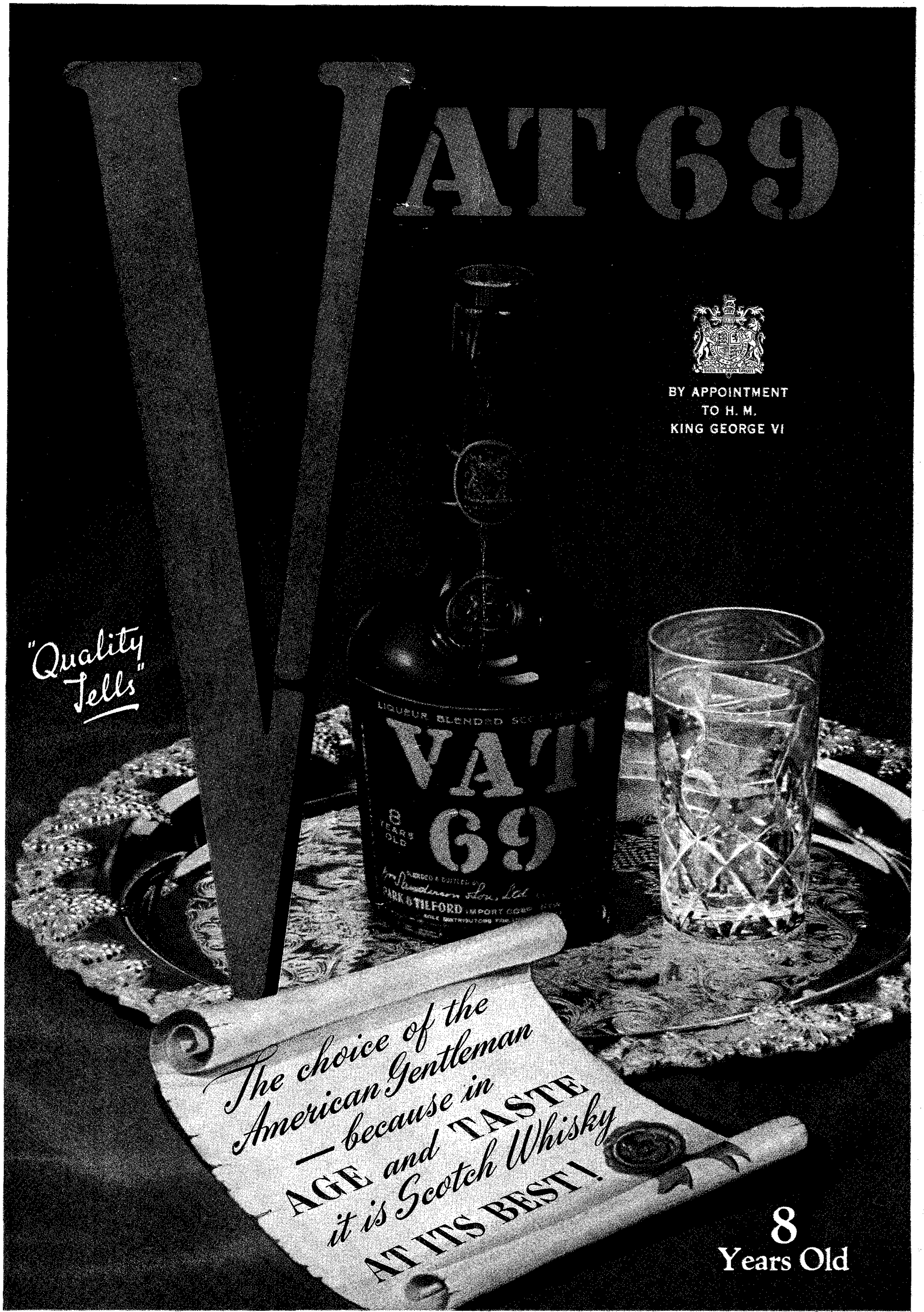
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